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ART AND ETHICS.

Beauty and morality spring from the same eternal fount. They are an expression of the same immutable truth. Beauty is centered in God and is worshiped in Him. Art is the representation of the infinite and must, therefore, be religious in character and aim. In ethics as in æsthetics, order, proportion and comeliness are as instinctively discerned as good. Desire for the noble or the beautiful, which is the fundamental idea of art, is, as Aristotle says, "the basis of all morality, the common element of all virtue." The painter, the novelist and the musician are ministers of the ideal whose function it is to present amid the sordid realities of daily life the image of a fairer and a better world.

A nation's art reveals that nation's history. Moulded by the characteristics of a people it is a test of the spiritual qualities of a race, a standard by which ultimately its share in the progress of humanity must be measured. Art is the permanent expression of the soul, of the desires and aspirations by which it has been inspired. The best that a nation has to express will be expressed in its art. True character is the source of noble art. It is argued by many that the immediate end of art is pleasure, but even if this is conceded, is there not a rightful delight in God's works? May not a man, made in the divine image, pursue noble pleasures? DeQuincy says: "The final object of art, as truly as that of science and much more directly, is the exaltation of our human nature."

Not only the laws of art and the laws of nature are to be recognized by the artist, but also the laws of ethics, by which his power is conditioned. In the names Giotto, Angelo, Raphael, Milton, Shakespeare, do we not at once recognize the broad and vigorous morality of the men? They were not free from faults but can we question their moral sanity? Without this there cannot be a great artist because there cannot be a truly great man. Moral law must be supreme in every sphere of human life. If such qualities as right and wrong exist they belong to all activities of man. It is the artist whose work most powerfully influences others. It will not do that it is merely beautiful; it must be for the prosperity of the race. Conformity to the laws of beauty can never absolve that supreme allegiance to the laws of conduct which binds every man in all his actions. Forever the voice of duty summons us to choose between good and evil in all things. The artist must acknowledge the jurisdiction of morality over himself as a man, and over his works as a part of human life.

The pleasure which we derive from art must be of such a kind that we will "look out and not in, look up and not down, and lend a hand," for humanity's sake. It must console us in sorrows and strengthen us in the conflicts of life. It must bring us nearer to God, help

us in the attainment of a lofty character, make us love God better by showing us the beauty he has made. Will the absence of natural beauty from the lives and even the conception of the masses of the poor not affect their morality? How sad a thing that thousands have no chance of reading God's autograph of love and blessing which he has inscribed in the stars of heaven and the hues of earth. Little more do they know of nature's interpreter, art. It is too often a mere luxury for the rich; let us help to make it a free gift for the poor. Where good art is neglected as an agent in education, bad art will exercise unchecked its demoralizing, almost dehumanizing, influence.

Art cannot create morality, but is its helpful ally. It embodies evil that we may hate it, and good that we may love it. Shall we not welcome all sweet cadences of music and of words, all fair colors and breathing forms, all worthy monuments of heroes and magnificent temples of worship, all works which teach us to hate the base and love the noble?

The best art is always true to the instincts of our nature: never representing disease in the guise of health, never rejoicing in the exercise of morbid fancy, many sided without being unbalanced, tender without weakness. Nothing can be falser than to suppose that morality is served by representing facts other than they are. No, we must stand upon the holy hill with hands uplifted, like those of Moses, and see the battle of good against evil with a deep and inexhaustible sympathy for righteousness, and a sense of triumph and victory in our hearts. The highest service art can accomplish for man is to be the voice of his nobler aspirations, the steady disciplinarian of his emotions. It will help him to see divinity in flower, plant and fossil shape. We think of art not as a luxury for idlers, but as a most precious, a most important good for humanity.

Man is by nature an artistic animal. The hidden man of the heart leaves his impress upon all external life. If there have been golden ages in art there have been ages fantastic, sentimental, soulless. The latter too truly describes a certain class of modern art. It lacks the attribute of soul, but should not be allowed to prejudice the mind against true art. We refuse to accept the false and base. We welcome that art which has been the foe of tyrants and the herald of liberty, which has revealed the imperishable beauties of nature and the dignity of simple manhood, which has deepened the love of home, of country and of humanity, which has lifted the race to a nobler level of moral life.

Let us not shut our eyes to a part of the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Let us demand from our artists work which shall cheer and bless and strengthen us; art which shall help us to live more nobly and happily, the beautiful embodiment of that word proceeding from the Spirit of all truth and beauty. 'Whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.

D. C. B.

SELF-CONTROL.

Self-control is nothing more or less than exercising complete mastery over one's self. It requires the best of courage. It is one of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind to become its own master. But he who obtains this mastery does more than many of the great men of antiquity. Some of the greatest heroes of the battle-field —as Alexander and Napoleon—utterly failed when they attempted the conquest of self. The former could conquer the world, but could not curb his own passions. The latter van-

quished nearly the whole of Europe, and yet was a slave to his own ambition. The man of self-control is pre-eminently the temperate man. He is also the honest man, who has the resolution to resist every temptation to defraud, and in short, he is the man that acts from conviction, not from mere impulse.

The man who devotes himself to the gratification of his desires destroys his prospects. He is the under current that leads down to ruin and failure. Socrates said, "He who knows what is good and chooses it, who knows what is evil and avoids it, is learned and wise." We can easily see that the noblest of all victories is the absolute control of self. The man who has gained this is the man of moderation, manly character and wisdom. God endowed us with no faculties but those which He gave us power to control.

"Have ye vices that ask a destroyer,
Or passions that need control?
Let reason become your employer,
And your body be ruled by your soul."

Notice the vast difference between the man who controls self and the one who is governed by his own evil inclinations and lusts. The former enjoying his appetites to the highest, has preserved the power of enjoying them. His organs not being destroyed by abuse will reach the goal of existence together. But look on an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man! The vigor of life exhausted and yet the first steps of an honorable career not taken; in himself a lazar-house of diseases; dead, but by a heathenish custom of society, not buried. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobium! How she hangs labels all over him to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example. The Creator, in his infinite wisdom, endowed mankind with faculties which are not common to the other members of the animal world, and thus we are made responsible on account of the infinitely higher privileges we enjoy. Men should be governed by reason and not by instinct, since if they do not regard the former and are governed by the latter, they surrender their position in the animal kingdom. To be morally free—to be more than animal—man must resist instinctive impulses. This can be done only by the exercise of self-subjection.

A vast majority of the wicked desires that injure society to such a great extent, and the crimes that disgrace it, can never prevail against valiant self-discipline, self respect and self-control. Words as well as actions should be guarded. Character exhibits itself in curbing speech as much as in any thing else. A person having his actions in subjection invariably controls his words. By asserting a manly independence in the regulation of both words and actions, we command the respect of our fellow-men. Without government there can be no progress. The state or nation possessing the best government makes the most rapid improvement. The natural forces of the human soul urge it to activity; held in subjection they bear it onward and upward, uncontrolled they impel it to probable ruin.

No person enjoys freedom who has not the will power to keep himself in subjection. Of all victories over self none are of more importance than those of appetite and temper. "He who is enslaved to his passions is worse governed than Athens was by her thirty tyrants." To oppose strong impulses, to overcome powerful inclinations, to quiet the voice of vehement longing, is a strong and noble virtue. The beauty and grandeur of the virtue depends wholly upon the strength of the impulses subdued. True virtue is one of the noblest traits of the human character. Does it seem probable to you that strong passions can be subdued without considerable power and determination? Having attained such a power we will be better prepared for the stern conflicts of life. Power of will and power of self-restraint are two excellent proofs of a strong character. The reason why these are

important becomes evident when we consider that strong feelings and desires require a strong will to curb them. A man's strength must be measured by the strength of the feelings subdued, not by the power of those that subdue him. Did you ever see a man receive an insult without becoming angry? This is one of the strongest proofs of Christianity.

Good temper is one of the most noble attributes of character, while a bad one is just the opposite. Anger and rage naturally follow from letting our tempers get the better of us. Homer says, "Do thou restrain thy haughty spirit in thy breast, for better far is gentle courtesy." We should make the utmost endeavors to control our tempers under all circumstances. Man is born to dominion, but he must enter it by conquest, and continue to do battle for every inch of ground added to his sway. His first exertion must be put forth for the acquisition of the control of his own will. With his first efforts to reduce his physical powers to subjection he must simultaneously begin to subject his mental faculties to control. Through the combined exertion of his mental and physical powers he labors to spread his dominion over the widest possible extent of the world without.

Thus, self-control and control over outward circumstances are alike the duty and birthright of man. But self-control is the highest and noblest form of dominion. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." G.

THE IMAGINATION, POWERFUL.

The mind of man is a workshop, some faculty of which is always in action. The imagination is one of the faculities of the mind with which the Creator has endowed man; and as the chief source of human activity and improvement is the mind, so the highest pleasures of the mind are pleasures of the imagination. The imagination is powerful either in elevating or perverting the mind. It can cast all existing events, whether bright or dark, from the line of time. "throwing around grief the azure scarf of hope." Who is so well pleased with what he now is—with his present surroundings, attainments and possessions that he does not sometimes turn his thoughts from his actual being and find pleasure in conceiving himself what he is not, but what he might wish to be?

> "Do what we will, we cannot realize
> Half we conceive—the glorious vision flies.
> Go where we may we cannot hope to find
> The truth, the beauty pictured in the mind."

By means of the imagination we may enter into the feelings, the wants and distresses of others, thus cultivating our sympathy and charitable affections. One has truly said: "Without imagination there can be no genuine ardour in any pursuit or for any acquisition; and without imagination there can be no genuine morality, no profound feeling for other men's sorrows, no ardent and persevering anxiety for their interests." Crime appears terrible in proportion as we realize its consequences. And thus, as has been said, there can be no genuine morality without imagination. A man's actions depend largely upon it. One may feel that he really wishes to kill another. The plot is laid, all is ready. But his imagination carries him beyond the present moment and vividly pictures the consequences of the act. He sees the widow clasping the mangled corpse and kissing from its brow the dews of death. He hears the cries and sobs of orphans. He feels the weight of his bloody secret pressing on his heart. He hears the clank of the prison bars, the trial and the sentence. He sees the scaffold and so plainly suffers the horrors of his fate that his hand is stayed.

Another lacking imagination, thirsting only for revenge, sees nothing beyond the accomplishment of the deed. He buries with thoughtless hate the dagger in his victim's heart.

The men most distinguished as philosophers, scientists, inventors, discoverors, novelists, dramatists, painters, sculptors and musicians have been men of powerful imaginations—men who have sought out something new rather than appropriate the achievements of their predecessors. It gives to the scientist happy suggestions of laws and powers which had not heretofore been discovered, as well as the power to illustrate and execute those already known. Many discoveries and most inventions are works of the imagination, and, indeed, without it discovery or invention would be impossible. The man of poetic imagination having seen the leaf and drop of water can construct forests. Before him the clouds are formed. They float. The catracts fall and the mists arise.

"And," to use the words of the oft quoted Shakespeare,

> "As imaginat on bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

Milton, though blind, mentally pictured the poems, "Pardise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," which seize with power on the minds of all, and prove the poverty of our ordinary poets who lack this power and are not true poets. The dramatist and novelist make representation more vivid than the actual scenes of life present—awake more powerful emotions then are caused by any actual events, and thus have added considerable more to our knowledge of human nature than biographers, historians or metaphysicians. The dramatist or novelist calls into being a character, endowed with such qualities as are suitable; he is placed in contact with other imaginary beings. His conduct is decided upon and the scenes in which he shall have part are arranged even to the minutest detail of word or action. Shakespeare, looking at a coat of mail, instantly imagined the society, the conditions that produced it. He saw the bold baron and the rude retainer. He saw the moat, the castle, the drawbridge, the lady in the tower, the knightly lover. He saw the down trodden serf and all the misery of feudalism. What, the poet, the novelist and the dramatist portray by means of words, the painter and sculptor reveal with brush and chisel. Millions have read the four gospels and the accounts given of Christ's arraignment before Pilate, but it remained for Munkacsy's brush, guided by his woderful imagination, to produce from them one of the finest works of art. It is said to be "Patient," "Intense," "Throbbing with Life" and "With a Thousand Sermons as a Moral Lesson." To art all things are suggested by the forms of nature. Yet art has produced more graceful and perfect lines than nature has ever furnished. To this extent it surpasses nature; but the imagination reaches far beyond anything art ever has accomplished, or ever can accomplish. The musician depends on his imaginative faculty to aid him in the composition and rendering of harmonies and symphonies, which move and thrill vast audiences, and in times of special crisis touch, perhaps, the hearts of a whole nation. The man of imagination has lived in the castle and in the hut, with kings and with slaves. He has lived in every land, in every clime, in every age. He has seen the Drop, "The Bride of the Nile," the sunny stream itself on whose historic banks rests the dust of Egypt's ancient kings. He has seen them ruling on the throne and felt within his heart the passion which caused them to rear the vast and monstrous pyramids. He knows the very thoughts that wrought the form and

features of the Sphinx. He has seen the Hebrews toiling in the fields, has heard their groans and tales of woe, and when at last deliverance came, their joy was his. He has worshipped, marched, fought, conquered, and in turn been conquered with them. He has lived with them through all the changing years. He has seen the star, heard the angelic chorus sing, viewed the trial, the scourging, and the terrible agony upon the cross. He has lived in Athens in the days of Pericles. He has walked and talked with Socrates, and stood beside him as he drank the hemlock and peacefully passed into the other life. He has watched Phidias chisel shapeless stones to forms of beauty. He has seen the renowned Xenxis, not sparing of time for he was painting for eternity. He has walked the ways of ancient Rome when hostile armies laid the city low. He has seen from the ruins rise a mighty city, "mistress of the world." He has seen her victorious legions in the field. He has viewed the internal strife, the ceaseless warfare of the rich upon the poor. He saw the assassin's steel that took the great Cæsar's life. He has felt the powers of Cicero's voice and grieved at his sad and cruel fate. During our weary journey here the imagination clears our eyes and makes our path straight in small and great alike. Leading us from the trifles of this rugged and inhospitable world, higher and higher, until in thought we pass through clouds, through planets, through suns, through depths of unfathomable ether, we scale the walls of heaven and walk the golden streets, beholding God in his glory. M. R.

SLAVERY.

More than two centuries ago a rude ship set sail from a tropic land. It was in the early morning and the rising sun with its cheering rays lights up the scene. It shines on the trader's vessel, on board of which is gathered a small group of weeping savages, young men and women torn from home and friends by the cruel but enlightened foe.

> "Last morn beheld them full of lusty life,
> Last eve in [pleasure's] circle proudly gay,
> The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
> The morn"—captivity.

And now they are gathered here, ignorrant of their destination, knowing only that they are bound to a strange and distant land, a land whence for them there can be no return, to a bondage worse than death. Through blinding tears they look for the last time on their happy homes and hunting grounds in that sunny continent of the south, and then the ship sails slowly westward across the stormy sea. In due time it enters a little harbor of the New World and its human cargo is quickly disposed of to the eager colonists—some to kind and gentle masters, others to harsh and cruel ones. Of their after history it is unnecessary to speak, for it became a part of our own and is familiar to us all. Slavery! Say but the word and our thoughts turn at once to the negro and the whipping-post, to Uncle Tom and Topsy, to the cotton fields and rice swamps of the South, to John Brown at Harper's Ferry and the secession of the Southern States, to Bull Run and Gettysburg, to Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, to Grant and Lee and to those soldiers who,

> "With purpose pure and bright,
> In grey or blue, fell, tried and true
> To what they deemed the right."

We think almost with hatred of the slaveholder and pity the poor slave, or we sym-

pathize with the master and despise the servant; and we forget that "we are slaves, slaves to a horde of petty tyrants, base, ignoble slaves," "slaves to passion, avarice and pride." True, the war did fulfill its mission and the black man is no longer subject to the white, but is slavery a thing of the past? Is this the land of liberty? No; other and fiercer struggles are before us ere we can truly say that we are free. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against rulers of the darkness of this world."

King Mammon sends out a decree and we all with one accord fall down and worship the image which he has set up. At his command we present no petition to anyone but him. Our Sabbaths are trampled under foot. Our poor are crushed and wounded. Time and talents are given up to him. All the love, joy and peace of the earth and even eternity itself are sacrificed to win his approving smile.

Intemperance, that mighty foe of humankind, whom the king has made his prime minister, whom he has placed as ruler over the third part of the kingdom of Avarice, has his iron heel on the necks of some of the noblest of our land. There are few families that do not mourn the untimely death of loved ones caused by this heartless fiend. None of us but have felt his cruel scourge. None of us but have friends who have fallen victims to his relentless sword. He causes misery on every hand. He wrecks our trains for pastime. He burns our homes for sport. He laughs in Satanic glee at all efforts to throw off his yoke. His subjects hate him, but seem powerless to escape his rule. There is for them no protecting Canada, no queen strong enough to save.

When we look upon our poor oppressed land and see the many evils that have dominion over us, evils due to the curse of rum, we are almost discouraged. We feel as if the struggle is too great, the enemy has too strong a foothold, we can never hope to be free. Politicians are his most abject followers. They think that he and he alone can give them the positions which they crave and for which they would sacrifice their land. Christian men, for the sake of the few paltry dollars which they vainly fancy he will save them, stifle the voice of conscience and meekly submit to the burdens which he lays upon them. His dominion reaches over all. There is no place to which we can flee and find freedom from the foe Do we seek it among the mountains of the North, lo! rum is there before us. Do we go to the swamps and silvas of the South, intemperance has his stronghold there. Do we flee to the canons of the West, he is already settled there. Do we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, to the wilds of Central Africa or to the islands of the sea, even there the foe is found, *even there* sent by this land we love.

In our despair we cry, Is there no way of escape from this cruel bondage? Yes, there is a way, and in the words of Abraham Lincoln, "It is peaceful, generous, just; a way which, if followed, God must forever bless." It is but to accept the leadership of Him who has offered himself to do battle in our stead, "who doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand." It is but to follow where he leads and to listen to the voice of his word, to "do with our might whatsoever our hands find to do," to rise in our might, the might which he doth give us. Then will the shackles fall from off our hands and feet and we shall stand erect in that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free.

H. E. S.

FORGOTTEN.

In these days when so much is said of the value of memory systems and memory training, the value of the opposite, the art of forgetting, is quite overlooked. One is apt to think that if only he had a memory which would retain everything he wished with but a slight effort on his part, that the royal road to learning would be fairly entered upon. And yet, could we not forget, what an almost insupportable thing it would be to live. If we were not able to forget the slights and injuries we have received, the disappointments we have experienced, the failures and mistakes we have made, the sorrows we have borne, the accumulated gloom of past misfortunes would overpower us. Sometimes we meet with persons who live only in the past; no interest in the present; no anticipations for the future. They are seldom cheerful; they cannot be for life must be barren to them, no matter how full their memories may be of past scenes and experiences.

With all its disadvantages it is a good thing to be able to forget. One, in speaking of the common saying, "forgive and forget," says it should be "forget and forgive," for we forgive because we forget. We forget the affront, we remember the pleasant intercourse before, and all is serene again. Yet we cannot always forget so much as we would like. Many things that have come to our knowledge we would very gladly forget if it were possible. We cannot command our memories to remember this and forget that, and oftentimes the very effort to forget causes that which we would blot out of our minds to become indelibly fixed in them. Many a hardened criminal would forget if he could childhood memories of a mother's training and prayers, of the old pastor's faithful warnings and instruction, of Bible verses learned years ago in Sabbath school. He could feel so much more comfortable in his reckless career could he utterly blot out these remembrances.

Childhood's memories stay with us, in some degree at least, until childhood comes the second time. In contrast to the case just mentioned, here is one who has risen from the slums to a respectable manhood. He would give a princely reward to one who would find him a Lethe through which he might forever blot out those memories of youthful crimes, of evil habits or of wicked or unclean words. His life has been sullied, and though for a time this leaf of his life may pass out of remembrance, yet base memories will come to him at most unwelcome moments. What would not the murderer give to be able to forget the white face of his victim, stiff and stark in death! The haunting memory of such deeds are in themselves a constant retribution of sin.

And yet time by forgetfulness dulls the keen edge of all experiences. What yesterday was a most exquisite joy is to-day but a pleasant memory; to-day's bitter sorrow will to-morrow be but a regret. The kaleidoscope of life is constantly changing, and we must change our views too, for we shall but uselessly blind our eyes in striving to see always the same combinations. So rapidly are the changes made that we forget our views in the past, as each succeeding turn takes its place. We may retain a general impression, but that is all. We cannot recall in detail our past experiences.

Different persons differ widely as to the kind of things they remember best. Take the reminiscenses of a day's pleasure, six months or less after its occurrence, by the various persons participating in it. One remembers the insufferable heat and the swarms of mosquitoes; another the elegant collation; one the jolting, dusty ride; another the beautiful scenes everywhere seen along the way; one has not yet recovered from a teasing speech, while another's life has been richer and fuller ever since because of a helpful word, unheard or unnoticed by most of the company. And so, by knowing what one usually remembers, much of their

character is disclosed. For we remember always what impresses us most deeply.

It is because we forget that we do not see how we have grown morally and intellectually. It is good, sometimes, to try to live over again some of our past lives. We cannot see how we have progressed unless we can compare the self of to-day with the self of a few years ago. As we look over those bygone days and attempt to recall how we felt then, how we were affected by various little trials which would now be quite unnoticed, what trifles delighted us, what were then our most exalted hopes, we pity ourselves in those past times and wonder how we ever could have been so foolish. It may be we have reached far above the height of our childish ambitions, and yet we are as far from being satisfied now as we were then.

It is a consolation, cold and unsympathetic as you may call it, yet we can more easily bear the petty trials that harass us by thinking how soon they will all be forgotten. Nothing else shows quite as clearly of how little moment they really are.

Our satisfaction in a good work accomplished is enhanced by forgetting all the trials and difficulties in spite of which we achieved success. We see only the glory of the finished work, forgetting in detail the hard experiences which it cost. The days and hours when we thought we should never be able to complete what we had undertaken glide quickly out of remembrance, and we remember only that 'there were some obstacles, of course, but we overcame them with but little difficulty.' And it is well that it should be so, or we would not have the courage to begin another difficult piece of work.

In this forgetting is found the secret of the varying judgments of persons. Each makes up his estimate of the man, or the event, or whatever it may be under consideration, by the characteristics which he remembers, so one has a favorable impression, while another remembers only the faults and failings. The memory of the world is very fickle. One is overtaken and overcome by a sudden temptation; in a moment his past good record is forgotten. However favorable may have been his reputation before it is quickly revised in accordance with this last misfortune. It is a sad proof of ourtendency to depravity that the worst things are longest remembered. That is why he who has once been a convict finds it so hard to again regain his footing in society. He regrets ever so deeply the misstep taken, and may strive to atone for it by an honest and upright life, yet that one memory outlasts all others. This fact should be a restraint to all tempted to leave by the slightest deviation the path of right; but no one can realize how hard it is but the unfortunate one on whom has been set the seal of crime. It is like the mark on Cain's forehead, an ever-ready witness of past wrongdoing.

To render a just verdict it is necessary to sift and give due weight to all the evidence on both sides. That is one comforting thought about the Judge of all the earth. He who notes a sparrow's fall and rewards the cup of cold water given in His name, remembers every little deed of kindness we have done. We may forget and ask when did we all these things. He knows them every one. He notices the faintest aspirations towards a better life; He knows the struggles against temptation and He has promised his children that He will blot out our transgressions and will not remember our sins. S.

JESUIT AGGRESSION IN CANADA.

Some years ago, an old gentlemen in New York State having heard some mention of Canada, inquired, "Where is Canada, anyhow? Is it near Ireland?" An interesting chapter might be written on American ignorance of Canada—quite as interesting as those written on English ignorance of America. Americans, however, are becoming yearly more interested in and better acquainted with the young confederation north of "the States." There are several causes for this. The fishery question, the relations of Canadian trunk lines to the Inter-State commerce law, and the closing of the Behring Sea have served to keep the Dominion prominent in the view of the American public. The completion of the

Canadian Pacific Railway has opened to the world the vast resources of the Canadian northwest—a territory which at no distant day will be the only unoccupied public land on the continent. On account of its northern climate Canada is getting to be a great resort for summer tourists and campers. It is much nearer for people in Western Pennsylvania to go to northern Ontario than it is to go to the mountains of New Hampshire or Vermont, or even to the sea coast.

The population of Canada is made up of two races, French and English. Canada had been a French colony for a hundred and fifty years before it passed into the possession of Britain. The French settlements, of which the chief ones were Quebec and Montreal, were along the middle and the lower courses of the St. Lawrence river. After the conquest a British population began to form. It did not mingle with the French population, but pushed west of the Ottawa. For a time the two peoples were under the same government and laws, but the British population became dissatisfied and Canada was divided into two provinces. Lower and Upper Canada. The one was thoroughly French in laws, language, customs and religion, and the other as thoroughly English. To the present day there has been little or no assimilation between the two peoples. There has necessarily been more or less friction between them from time to time, but, all things considered, the feeling between the two races has been remarkably good. Some recent events, however, have occurred which have tended to array the two races against each other.

The Jesuits were the most zealous, enterprising and indefatigable of the French explorers and pioneers in the New World. They were held in high veneration at that time in the Catholic world, and their order was richly endowed in New France. Subsequently they fell into disgrace with the Pope and the King of France and their vast estates were confiscated and their order expelled from the province. In the early part of this century the Pope reinstated the order, and its representatives again appeared among the French inhabitants of Canada. For years the Jesuits have aimed at getting the control of public affairs. The French population follow them subserviently and they are thus enabled to hold the balance of power between the two political parties—the Conservative and the Reform. Whichever party gives the highest bid to the Catholic vote is sure to be successful at the polls. The Catholics are not confined to the province of Quebec. There is a strong Catholic element in Ontario—such as is to be found in any of the states on this side of the line. The Catholic vote controls both Provincial and Dominion elections. The Provincial governments in Quebec and Ontario are both Reform, while the Dominion government at Ottawa (corresponding to our Federal government at Washington) is Conservative. M. Mercier, the present Premier of Quebec, was elevated to power through Jesuit influence—the result of a "deal" by which he pledged himself to secure for the Jesuits a measure for which they had long been scheming. This was nothing less than to indemnify them for the losses which their order sustained when their estates were confiscated more than a century ago by the French government. A bill was passed through the Quebec Legislature about a year ago appropriating $400,000 for that purpose. The bill was fought by the Protestants in the Legislature, but their opposition there was futile. The Protestants in Ontario became aroused. In Canada the revenues from each of the provinces is handed over to the Dominion government, and an appropriation is then given to each province sufficient to meet the expenses of its government. By this system the greater part of the Jesuit appropriation comes from the pockets of the Protestants of Ontario. The Protestants made a vigorous attempt to have the action of the Quebec government disallowed by the Dominion government at Ottawa. In this they were unsuccessful. They appealed to the Governor-General, but in vain. The Jesuits are in the ascendency. The Protestents realize that nothing is to be hoped for from either of the political parties, and are organizing for united action independent of them. Such is the situation at present. The event will be watched with the greatest interest by the friends of liberty everywhere. The Jesuits are not all in Canada.

R.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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R. REED McCLURE, } . . . MUSIC AND ART NOTES.

C. G. JORDAN, '91 EXCHANGES
F. H. McCLYMONDS '90, . . . BUSINESS MANAGER

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

COLLEGE opened on the 4th inst. with a larger attendance than for many years, if not larger than at any time in her history. The demand for accommodations at the Ladies' Hall has made it necessary to furnish rooms that had never been occupied. The advantage and success of "the building on the hill" has proved that it is a necessity and have silenced the objections long urged against it. The departments of art and music are not only attractions for the young men and women who wish to make these a special study, but are of inestimable benefit to the Literary department of the college. The college classes were never so full as now. Professors McGranahan and Swan have taken charge of their Chairs in their accustomed quiet way, but as masters of the situation, and are doing most satisfactory work. The new room fitted up by Prof. Swan is large and commodious, and the increased facilities it gives to the Junior class for the study of laboratory chemistry is an improvement that cannot be estimated. Westminster has every reason to be proud of the progress she is making and the bright prospect she has in the future.

IT HAS recently come to our notice that the law that has always existed in the college requiring the students to become members of one of the Literary societies has been repealed. We are not given to criticise and find fault with the college regulations, but this is a matter in which the societies, under existing circumstances, are deeply interested. The propriety of such a law may be questioned if it had never been compulsory, or perhaps if the circumstances were different, but to make it optional at this time we have no hesitancy in saying is a mistake and cannot but work injury to the societies. There are four societies in the college and their membership is limited to the students in attendance. To be successful each society should have its full share of all the students. Whatever authority the societies have in enforcing their constitution and laws comes from the fact that every student is required to become a member of a society and cannot withdraw at his own pleasure. To make it optional with the student makes it possible for those who have joined to withdraw upon the least provocation, and the success of the society is destroyed by those who can with contempt violate its laws. Within the last year three of the societies have gone to great expense, involving themselves in considerable amount of debt, to make their halls attractive and pleasant and a credit to the institution. The larger the membership the easier it will be to remove this indebtedness, but now there is as great, if not greater influence brought to bear on new students to stand aloof. We have not and will not recognize

factional or society quarrels, but in justice to those who have no interest or concern in the complications of the past year but who are affected by them since the repeal of this law, the societies should ask that some arrangement be made that will relieve them from these difficulties. We are certain that if the facts are respectfully submitted to the Faculty they will not allow any thing to stand in the way of the success of the societies.

If it should remain optional, the new students should not be influenced by any thing to stay out. These societies are as old and as famous as the college itself. Every alumnus has been identified with one or the other, and to be an alumnus in full standing is to have been an Adelphic or a Philo, to have helped fight their battles and have shared their victories.

THE lecture course this season will be under the management of a joint committee of the Adelphic and Philo societies. The announcement will be made to the public in a few days, and we have every reason to believe the course will be up to its usual standard. Being in the circuit with the larger towns and cities of western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, the very best talent is available and will be procured. The college and the public deserve great credit for the success that has always attended this annual course of lectures for so many years. No where has a lecture course remained so permanent and with as high an order of entertainments as at this college. In fact, it has the reputation with letcure bureaus of being the best lecture town in the country, and demands the best men on the platform, as none but those of the highest class are appreciated. The benefit these lectures have been to the students and to the public is certainly great. During these years they have had the opportunity of hearing and seeing the great men of the American platform. Phillips, Gough, Tilton, Talmadge, Cook, Conwell, Wendling, Burdette, Bruce, Horr, and many other national characters have been here. In later years the course has included musical entertainments of a high order. Indeed, few communities can boast of such advantages. The uninterrupted success is in a large measure due from the fact that it has never been conducted as a private enterprise or for the benefit of any association or society. The reading-room association having been abandoned, the societies have elected a committee who will take charge of the course this season, but will not conduct it for any financial benefit to the societies.

JOURNALISM now occupies an important place in college work. No college of any standing is without its periodical. It is beneficial to the college in two ways. A well edited paper is one of the best advertisements a college can have, and the training which it gives the students connected with it might almost be called a new department in college work. We do not know how many students acquire a taste for this kind of work through editing a college journal, and are thus induced to make it their future vocation, but it is possible that some of our future editors are now taking their first lessons in their life work by editing a college paper. In editing a college paper care is taken that the different departments into which it is divided do not conflict, but harmonize, thus making a complete whole. If the future editors learn this lesson thoroughly, an improvement in this line may be expected in the editing of newspapers. While almost all our large daily papers are decidedly moral in their editorial columns, the matter with which they fill their other columns can not be said to harmonize with it. A very good example of this was seen last summer when the famous Sullivan-Kilrain prize fight occurred. Every newspaper in the country was striving, by illustrations and descriptions, to give its readers the best possible account of the affair,

while in some secluded corner of the editorial column could be found a short article condemning such exhibitions and those who take part in them. On the one hand it encourages them by giving space to their description, and on the other expects to keep up the reputation of the paper through the editorial columns. Such inconsistency is certainly out of place in so great an educating power as our newspapers are supposed to be.

ANOTHER step in the right direction. Westminster has at last a free reading-room and now every student can enjoy reading newspapers and magazines without paying a revenue. Formerly it was conducted by an association whose fees and dues supplied it with reading matter and was open to members only. There always has been some objection to this and now the college has taken charge and will furnish the periodicals and papers which will be free to all the students.

ART NOTES.

—Miss Stella Swartwood, '89, expects to be among us for a short while and will devote some time to art.

—The Art Department is starting out with very bright prospects, indeed—more so than ever before at the beginning of the year. The following are the pupils enrolled: Miss Lizzie Gibson, Mary Stewart, Maggie Anderson, May Kennard, Clara McConnell, Carrie Kraer, Miss Thompson, Sadie Elliott, Grace Perkins, Maud Chapin, Mr. Russell.

—Here are some questions for the famous mathematicians of the Sophomore class: "If a boy and a half eat a green apple and a half in a minute and a half, how will they feel in an hour and a half?" "When it is 1 minute past 8, it is past 8; when 30 minutes past it is only *half*-past 8." How account for this?

MUSIC NOTES.

—Dr. Louis Maas, the eminent pianist and composer, and an instructor in the New England Conservatory of Music, died at his home in Jamaica Plain, Mass., on the 17th of Sept.

—The success attendant upon the opening of college this year has been manifested in an even greater degree in the music department. Owing to the increased attendance the regular hours of teaching were found inadequate and extra time had to be added.

—An often expressed desire has at length been satisfied, and students of violin may now obtain equal advanteges with piano students. The instructor is Miss Clara Whissen, of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, who is eminently qualified for the position. We are glad to note this addition to the course and hope that it may be liberally supported by a large attendance.

—The chorus class, which was organized at the beginning of the term, gives promise of being the largest, best balanced and most efficient in the history of the institution. A new feature this year will be the orchestra, which is expected, besides lending additional interest to the music, to furnish better support to the voices than the piano alone.

—The music library, which was begun about a year ago, is continually being added to. The latest addition is Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. This is the most extensive work of reference in musical literature. It should be frequently consulted by students, for the study of the life of an author and his style of composition greatly assists in the correct interpretation of his music.

—If students in Natural Philosophy who do not understand the principles of "molecular attraction" and "adhesion" would watch the human molecules that parade the streets in the twilight, they would have no further trouble with them. They are illustrated so well.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Glorious! Glorious!

—Baughman's latest—epikenurious.

—"Now let's have the razzle-dazzle."

—Andy Elliott was in Texas this summer.

—Telford has a new cornet. "Look at us, ma."

—Bert Aiken will not be in college this year.

—J. I. Stewart, '92, is not in college this year.

—Pete, can't they get along without you at the hall?

—Bovard sold $700 worth of books during vacation.

—What makes Anderson look so lonely this term?

—Mr. J. D. Barr, '88, is principal at the Argyle Academy.

—Rev. J. Parker, '83, was in town the first week of school.

—Prof. J. N. Swan has been elected secretary of the Faculty.

—Sunbury Academy, T. E. Moffatt, principal, has 86 students.

—Rev. N. L. Heidger, '84, of Rushville, Ind., brings a new student.

—Miss Flossie Scott, former studant, is attending Meadville this year.

—Miss Paul, '83, has been elected instructor in the Oil City High School.

—The ladies' hall has about as many occupants as can be accommodated.

—Miss Jennie Baker, Greenville, is the guest of Miss Susie Foster, '91.

—Howard Campbell will attend the medical lectures in New York this year.

—W. R. Irons, '87, will attend the medical lectures at Philadelphia this year.

—Mr. Arch Hope, '87, has been elected principal of the Jamestown school.

—Rev. J. B. Borland, '64, of Buttercup, Pa., brings his daughter to school.

—Mr. Will Jackson, former student, is principal of the West Middlesex school.

—Rev. L. M. Lewis, '79, has received a call from the Cannonsburg congregation.

—W. W. Campbell, the famous base ball pitcher, enters the Junior class this year.

—Miss Hattie Shontz, '88, has been elected teacher in the academy at Argyle, N. Y.

—It is reported that J. P. Price, '83, has struck oil in the Washington county field.

—J. W. Elliott, '81, leaves next week to attend the medical lectures at Philadelphia.

—Why are the ladies who play tennis popular? Because they often have "40 love(rs)."

—Harry Mealy starts this week for Cleveland, where he will attend the medical lectures.

—Mr. J. B. Haley took charge of the post-office Sept. 9. It will be moved to his drug store.

—The degree of D. D. has been conferred on Rev. A. H. Harshaw, '74, by Muskingum College.

—Miss Maggie Telford, '88, has been elected instructor in music at Knoxville (Tenn.) College.

—There was a S. S. convention held in the M. E. and U. P. churches September 12th and 13th.

—Student, to four-year-old.—"Will you have beef, mutton, chicken or lamb?" Kid—"Yes, sir."

—Prof. McGranahan has been appointed librarian instead of Prof. Mitchell, who resigned last June.

—The management of the Lecture Association has been transferred to the Philo and Adelphic societies.

—Miss Mattie Poppino, '86, received a large Baxter Bible as first prize at the advanced normal at Chautauqua.

—W. J. Shields, '85, who was Professor of Greek last year in Knoxville College, Tenn., goes to Cornell this fall.

—Bert Spencer spent his vacation in Texas. He was canvassing for subscriptions to the Gaskell Literary Club.

—Rev. S. J. Crowe, '66, of the Reformed church of Mercer, preached in the chapel on last Sabbath evening.

—It is said that McIntyre has to come back to Wilmington during the summer to visit friends. Who knows?

—Rev. T. W. Swan, '84, has been installed pastor of the large and flourishing congregation at Pittston, Pa.

—The indications are that there will be an excitement this year over lawn tennis. Keep cool, you always feel better.

—People who have ripe grapes in town had better put a screen over them. There is danger of the birds eating them.

—The members of the new lecture committee are R. K. Aiken, R. L. Ralston, A. A. Graham and J. Y. McKinney.

—J. P. Whitla, '83, is pursuing his legal studies under J. N. Martin, Esq. He will go to New Castle in a short time.

—The Freshmen and third Preps. met on the ball field last Saturday with a score of 19 to 17 in favor of the Freshies.

—The Seniors are studying Mental Philosophy. They are beginning to find, too, that they do not know *quite* everything.

—Rev. T. W. Young, a former student, preached in the college chapel Sabbath night, Sept. 8. He brings his son to college.

Rev. G. H. Getty, who spent the summer here, returned to his congregation, at New Kingston, N. Y., the first of September.

—The game of ball between the college boys and town nine on Saturday last resulted in the score of 7 to 2 in favor of the town.

—The Juniors are beginning to shake their pates and listen to the rattle within to see if they can spare anything for their orations.

—A tennis court has been made at the dormitory. This is another attraction of the place. The ladies know what kind of baits to put out.

—"Gad," that gentleman about whom everybody talked so much last year, is being driven out of town. What will be the next slang?

—John Dunn, '88, was in town last week. Wilmington will bring the graduates back—some at stated intervals. Attractive town, isn't it?

—Dr. A. Allen, '68, who has spent the summer at the seashore, has returned home much improved in health, but has not yet resumed his practice.

—The recitation rooms and the inside of the college have been repainted, and present a much more cheerful appearance. Mr. Kuhn, the janitor, did the work.

—Dr. Ferguson and Prof. Thompson are attending Synod at New Brighton. Prof. Robinson has charge of Prof. Thompson's classes during his absence.

—J. A. McLaughry, '84, was admttted to practice in the courts of Mercer county at the last term. He is now associated with his preceptor, J. A. Stranahan, '70.

—J. B. Ricketts, '87, was in town this week. He is on his way from Nebraska, where he has been preaching this summer, to the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—Mrs. T. F. Cummings, '88, is visiting friends in town. She expects in a few weeks to sail for India with her husband, who has been appointed missionary to that place.

—It is rumored that D. C. Morrison, '87, is to be married shortly, but we won't believe it until we receive the official report. Rumor had him married once or twice before.

—Rev. John K. McClurkin, '73, formerly pastor of the First R. P. church of Philadelphia, now professor in the Theological Seminary of that denomination in Allegheny, Pa., has just returned from an extensive tour

through the West. His trip covered about 8,500 miles through Washington, Utah, Colorado and Nebraska.

—R. L. Hay, '86, W. C. Adair, W. M. Barr, T. W. M. Huston, H. R. Snyder and J. S. Thompson, of the class of '88, and W. A. McClymonds, formerly of the class of '88, are attending the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—Westminster can now boast of a free reading-room. The management of it was recently transferred into the hands of the Faculty, who make it free to all students. It will be furnished with the leading newspapers and periodicals.

—The Seniors in Chemistry are ready at any time to wash dishes, bake and do housework in general. They all have their aprons ready. Ladies, if you want to sit in the parlor and be "lady" instead of kitchen girl, in time to come don't forget the Seniors.

—The chorus class starts off with a boom. Prof. Austin is as energetic as ever and directs the class with remarkable skill. He will have an orchestra to assist in the music. The orchestra will consist of Miss Whissen, assistant musical director, and Reed McClure, violinists; Miss Johnston, organist, and Messrs. Lock and McLaughry, cornetists. With things in such a shape there seems to be no reason why the chorus class should not be a grand success this year.

—We take the following "biblical" queries from the *Index*, a Wooster publication: (1) "If Moses' father was the brother of Moses' uncle, what relation was Moses to himself; to his father; to his uncle?" (2) "Did Noah get seasick in the ark?" (3) "How old was Adam when he was born? Did it deform him to take the rib out of his side?" (4) "What did Eve say the first time Adam kissed her?" (5) "We are told that David ascended Mt. Olivet. Do you think that he ascended all of it (Olivet)?"

—The Y. M. C. A. gave their annual social in the Philo Hall, Tuesday evening, Sept. 10. It was largely attended and all seemed to enjoy themselves. Socials, especially at the first of the school year, are of vast importance to the students. Many new students are in and need to get acquainted. Unless there are meetings of this kind it is usually more difficult for the newcomers to make acquaintances and, consequently, there is a lack in the sociability which should exist among students. So we say, "Let the good work go on."

—The Faculty, after considering various means for the improvement of the order during our chapel exercises, have finally filled up the front seats and broken up "cliques" by having the students seated according to classes, each student being assigned his seat. The students are no longer required to answer in class for presence at chapel, but each teacher notes the presence of his class, thus relieving the student of the difficult task of remembering whether he was at chapel or not. The arrangement is giving general satisfaction, and a decided improvement in order is noticed.

—Did you hear that McNary had a new bicycle? Well, he has, and he is learning to ride it, too. He doesn't run on the "bee line" principle yet; he is trying the "worm fence" method and is wonderfully successful. His zigzags come in regular order and with remarkable accuracy. To go in one direction all the time becomes monotonous, so to avoid this he takes a zigzag course. But there may be another reason also. As the bicycle riding territory in this part of the country is limited principally to the roads, it is necessary to take such a course to ride far enough. But then, you know everybody has to learn how if he wants to ride a bicycle.

—We have good reason to believe that the college will be more successful this year than ever. It has been prosperous for many years, but under the direction of the present Faculty we think its standard is being raised and

everything placed on a more firm basis. A larger number of new students than usual came in this year, and more interest appears to be manifested in the college work. New apparatus has been furnished the chemistry department and there are new facilities in the music department. The college is in good condition financially and everything seems to be in shape to furnish the best results. So we may say, with almost absolute certainty, that more and better work will be done than in previous years.

—Now it came to pass that when the summer months had come, that J. Y. McKinney said to himself, "Lo, I shall go and sell books and get gain." And so it was. And it came to pass as he journeyed that he entered a certain city called Titusville, and behold there met him a man having on a blue coat and brass buttons, and he said unto him, "Why dost thou sell not having a license?' And he answered "I knew not that it was required." And he said, "Thou shalt come with me." And he took him to an inn and took care of him because he had not wherewith to release himself. In the evening when his chum, Bovard, returned, then did he pay what was required and set J. Y. at liberty. Then did they feel relieved and went on their way rejoicing.

—The following is a list of the new students: B. May White, U. G. Marks and T. W. Kennedy, Junior class; Messrs. E. G. Baily, J. R. Magoffin, A. L. Russell and C. S. McKinney, Sophomore class; Misses Rebecca Jonk, Carrie Kraer, Gertrude Latimore, Nannie C. Morrow, and Messrs. William A. Leeper, B. B. Snodgrass and H. S. McMaster, Freshman class; Missess Estella Gray, Della Crawford, Lilla Kelley, Blanche Marshall, Jennie B. McCallen, Alice Elliott, Mary Kuhn, Irene M. Robinson, Bessie L. Robertson, Jennie F. Richards, Emma F. Robertson, and Messrs. John Crooks, Hugh Dawson, E. J. Kennedy, H. S. Miillegan, George Ligo, Frank Phillips, R. R. Lininger, F. E. Porter, G. W. Robertson, Herbert V. Smith and A. B. Young, Second Preparatory class; Misses Alice Updegraff, Agnes S. Robinson, Lizzie M. Porter, and Mr. W. W. Morrison, First Preparatory class; Misses Ina M. Hanna, May Kenard, and Mr. Wm. Whitten, unclassified. Several music pupils besides these.

—Of last year's graduating class five have gone to the seminary: J. S. Swogger, R. W. Donald and Daniel Redmon to Allegheny, Paul Stewart to Xenia, W. B. Clark to the Western T. S., Presbyterian. A. R. Robinson will probably attend the seminary, but at this writing it is not definitely known. Two will read medicine: R. E. Johnston at Cleveland, O., and E. J. Alter at Freeport, Pa. Eleven are teaching: J. H. Black, Minnie Lewis and W. E. Porter near New Wilmington, Venetta Fee at Quinby, Iowa, Ella Madge at West Middlesex, Pa., Anna Currie in the mission school at Chase City, Virginia, Eva Porter in a boarding school in Indian Territory, J. A. McCracken at McElwain Academy at New Lebanon, Pa., T. M. McKinney is principal of Waitesburg Academy, W. T., Lemira Mealy is assistant principal in the high school at Greenville, Pa., T. E. Moffat is principal of an academy at Sunbury, Pa. Two are taking a post graduate course: Jessie McNaugher and Maggie Anderson. Reid Kennedy is working in the steel works at Homestead, Pa. S. S. Warnock will read law in New Castle, Pa. Anna M. Wallace is teaching music in the ladies' seminary at Painesville, O. The remaining members of the class, Mary Anderson, Daisy Barnes, Hattie McLaughry, Florence Mealy, Charles E. Mehard and Stella Swartwood are at home.

EXCHANGES.

The colors of some of the larger colleges are: Harvard, crimson; Princeton, orange and black; Amherst, white and purple; Cornell, carnelian and white; Columbia, blue and white; University of Michigan, blue and maize; Vassar, pink and gray; Williams, royal purple;

University of Virginia, cardinal and gray; Johns Hopkins University, blue and black; Yale, blue.—*Ex.*

Our first visitor this college year was the *Elevator*, of Clark University, Ga. This paper comes from a State where the race problem is to-day agitated. Its editors have attacked this question with the true zeal of a Lincoln, feeling in their hearts and knowing from the sanction of humanity that they are right. It may seem to some that such a stupendous question should be left for older minds than a student's; but the student, if it devolves upon him to take care of the future, must take care of the present. The race problem is every year becoming more intricate in its elements. It must be met, it must be conquered not by the biased, prejudiced politician, but by the broad, conscientious young men of to-day. It is not a question of philosophy or of Latin and Greek roots, but a question of humanity, inviting the thoughts and the actions of every man whether northerner or southerner.

The *Webster Journal* is making strenuous efforts to obtain a place in the journalistic world. The last edition shows that the future through the agency of work will realize their hopes. It contains an article on "Robert Elsmere" which shows some literary talent on the part of its author. Must Robert Elsmere go the rounds this year and receive the scars and caricatures of the pulpit and college papers? What has been the source of the almost phenomenal sale of this book? Why has it been found for the past year the companion of so many? Not on account of its merits, or its death would not have been so instantaneous; but because the pulpit and press were its great advertisers. It is the dream of a theorist, and the work of a theorist must either find mighty fact for a foundation or be crushed with the sweep of time. Its life was short; it lived on a bubble of passion, avoiding the breeze of reason. It has at last, after a brief reign, met the invincible truth. Robert Elsmere died, while truth lived sublimer after having conquered.

We hail the *Monmouth Collegian*, one of our first visitors this year, in its new pamphlet form. It has arrived at the conclusion (and truly a wise one) that its outward appearance had become burdensome to the eyes of the reader. True, with a paper as with a man, it is not the outward appearance that speaks sublime, but the lofty truth within. Yet beauty attracts the eye; and the eye attracted invites the mind to read. A college paper should be beautiful without and beautiful, embellished with lofty ideas, within. It must be understood that it is a students' paper, and that his or her eye must be first attracted ere the mind is reached, then commanded. Too many of our papers seem to forget this, I was about to say, fact, but maybesome may take exception; yes, fact.

The *Collegian* not only improved in its outward appearance, but its contents are above the average. The article on the Classics is the fruit of an educated mind. In the peroration he says, "The mathematics, the modern languages, and the sciences have their place, but it is subordinate to that of the ancient languages. In the educational world the classics are stars of the first magnitude. The mathematics and modern languages are inferior worlds. The sciences are nebulæ which it requires the powerful telescope of a matured and developed mind to resolve into systems. The classics are not dead. Whatever is excellent is permanent. Homer can still move the heart. Demosthenes does not grow old. We yet learn lessons of wisdom from the pages of Tacitus. And as long as men value the true, the beautiful, the elevating, the influence of the master minds of antiquity will still survive the changes of literature, the transfigurations in language and the revolutions of nature."

THE HOLCAD.

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POEM FOR CLASS REUNION 1886–1889.

Three years! yes three have passed since as a class,
With joy and grief co-mingled, here we parted,
The busy speeding years so quickly pass,
Seems but a day since from these halls we started.

And now we meet again. Alas, not all
Of those who left us then assemble here!
A goodly number gather at the call;
Distance or business keep the rest, I fear.

A blithe and happy family once were we.
In knowledge and in guile we daily grew.
In most respects we managed to agree,
And in the classroom helped each other through.

If learned Doctor or Professor keen,
By questions oft a lack of work descried,
A text-book opened near him, all unseen,
Or whisper from a friend, the want supplied.

When, one examination, racked with dread,
Some hapless member found his knowledge fade,
A fellow-sufferer with a fuller head
Supplied the lack, and thus increased the grade.

Thus, by a well-worked scheme of mutual aid,
The class together all were pleased to float.
All passed with ease, some honored records made,
'Twas few who knew not how to pass a note.

We smile at this; but wherefore do we smile?
Cheating is cheating wheresoever found;
And, though it serves its purpose for awhile,
'Twill on the ones who practice it rebound.

Would we not all be stronger than we are
Had each one on himself alone relied?
And would we not to-day feel better far,
And talk of college days with greater pride?

There was excitement in the risk, I know,
A pleasing sense of danger then which charmed;
The evil of the practice did not show,
'Twas afterward we found how much it harmed.

When, after years of work, with course complete,
With that much coveted and prized degree,
All left to win success or bear defeat,
Some wore B. S. and others their A. B.

All separated; all went different roads,
In many different lines their efforts made,
In many separate States found their abodes,
And there the basis of their future laid.

How soon the interests of life diverge,
Once all united for a common end!
Those efforts which before were wont to merge,
How soon we see in various pathways bend!

In school the students come from many parts,
Talents and feelings all of varied kinds,
And yet the same thing—learning, joins their hearts
And all throughout their course unites their minds.

No sooner are the days of college o'er
Than paths once side by side begin to part,
And those united for so long before
On unexplored and different pathways start.

Thus did we part, and now again we meet,
United still by some mysterious bond,
And as we all with joy each other greet
Let's see how Time has changed us by his wand.

We left here simply students, little more,
Theology, law, medicine untried.
We meet again, still students as before,
But since we left we've made a forward stride,

We look around to-night, and lo! we see,
Beauty? Of course; but that was always ours.
Look further, you'll behold a grave M. D.,
He'll talk to you on medicine for hours.

We look again, and straightway on our view
There come four keen professors filled with lore.
A very goodly number these, 'tis true,
Of such the world has need of many more.

Three reverend preachers likewise we behold,
And others in an embryonic way.
The first have reached the depth of lore untold;
The second still are hoping that they may.

And now the lawyer, where, oh where is he?
For sure of such a one the class can boast.
Alas, we find him, with his brief and fee,
Far off upon the calm Pacific's coast!

And what's the matter with the teachers, pray,
Who gather here to-night from fields diverse?
Well, they're the finest in the land, they say,
Rich in experience, no doubt rich in purse.

A few there were who feared to go alone
Along the rough and slippery path of life,
Who, fearing danger lurking all unknown,
Chose, one a husband, two chose each a wife.

And we who still remain with merry voice,
A greeting to these members now extend.
We say, in truth, that we admire your choice,
And know you'll never rue it in the end.

The matrimonial prospects of the rest—
A theme of greatest interest—what are they?
Dame Rumor whispers much; but it were best
Perhaps on this occasion not to say.

To-night we meet, but soon again to part;
And this time not for three, but twelve long years.
At home, in office, or in busy mart
We'll labor on, 'mid joy and hope and fear.

As yet we're still young women and young men,
But fairly started on our course we seem;
How strange to think that when we meet again
'Twill be out in the middle of life's stream.

And whether all shall meet again or not,
'Tis not for us to know, 'tis ours to wait;
To labor on, but doing as we ought,
Filling our stations, be they small or great.

Thus part we; filled with courage not with fears,
Keeping o'er all life's greatest end in view.
Thus we'll grow stronger with the coming years,
And ever to ourselves and all be true.

MODERN INDUSTRIALISM AS RELATED TO THE FAMILY.

Progression carried too far may become equal to retrogression. Food is good and necessary, but if taken to excess, instead of preserving life, it may destroy it. The great end of a thing is attained when its highest purpose is efficiently secured. More than this is always detrimental.

On the signs of many of our large, manufacturing establishments, the eye of the observer is attracted by the word "Limited." This significant term should be inscribed on a mammoth sign and suspended over our National Capitol—American Industries Limited. It is the pride of the nation that she has outstripped all other countries in her rapid strides of advancement. Her industries have taken every form. Their products are as varied as human wants. The sound of flying spindles and the hum of revolving shafts and wheels have not only attracted the workmen of other nations, but have intoxicated our own. It is not with the intention of diminishing these products that we would hoist this ominous inscription. As in the midst of life there is death, so in the midst of success there is danger. Of recent years you have seen the word "fast" used with respect to modern society. With your permission we will use it with respect to modern industries. What it means in the first instance we would have it mean in the second. In the giddy whirl of fashionable life proprieties are overlooked and duties neglected; so in the headlong rush of modern activities the most important duties of the individual are made a matter of secondary importance or neglected altogether. These are the duties to the family.

The family is the focal point from which radiate the myriad energizing rays that give life and usefulness to all industry. Subtract the family from the sum of all present existence and your remainder will be equal to zero. It is for its subsistence, health and happiness that the earth brings forth her abundance. The Creator commanded that it should be so: "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth and every tree," and also, "every beast of the earth and every fowl of the air, and everything that creepeth upon the earth wherein is the breath of life." All the inventions of men are only appliances to assist in the preparation of the earth's products for the use and convenience of the family. Our flouring mills and woolen factories, our steamboat lines and railroads, all contribute to one chief end, the well-being of the human family. If our great industries stand in this important relation to the human family in the aggregate, Aristotle's dictum will justify me in saying it of a part or the individual family.

But our industries do not only exist for this

institution, but by it. Its members are the prime motors in our whole industrial system, and so imperative have become the demands of this system that we are led to ask: Does it not frustrate the object it was intended to serve? For the many homes that are made happy with every luxury that can satisfy human desires, are there not other homes made miserable? It must be answered in the affirmative. Misery, by whatever cause, and tranquility are not allies. They cannot be found together. As heat underneath the reservoir soon sets in motion the quiet water, so misery will set in commotion the waves of social discontent.

That there is some subtle influence working beneath the surface that is irritating the domestic constitution, we see the evidence on every hand. What is the nature and what the exact location of this disturber are questions which are occupying both time and attention in economic and political circles. Capital blames combined labor for some of the present evils, and on the other hand labor assigns all to the tyranny of capital. It is certainly evident that neither can be entirely freed from this charge. Labor and capital are not working in harmony as they should. Nor is it likely that a remedy will be found so long as investigators keep the beaten path of the present trend of discussion. The cause of social discontent is not inherent in one or the other of these important factors of civilization. It is the resultant of influences which rise and fall in direct proportion to industrial energy. When the nation's nerve and muscle is under the strain of accelerated business pressure, there is no time for reflection on domestic and social condition. But as soon as relaxed from this abnormal strain the workman comes to the realization of the fact that his home has not been spared, but is blighted by the ruinous evils which attend the feverish activity of our modern civilization.

Within the past ninety years of this century the whole social fabric of our country has entirely changed. With the introduction of steam the nation's pulse has quickened until now its ever increasing throbs are watched with anxiety and alarm. So rapid has been the change from fast to faster that there is constant dread of approaching calamity.

At the beginning of this century the family circle was surrounded with a halo of unity and sacredness. Parental affection and endearing love encompassed the little ones with a shield that bade defiance to the unhallowed influences attending much publicity. Their admonitions and caresses made home happy. Bread to supply the little group was always forthcoming. Toil was not associated with that irksomeness which is so characteristic of labor at the present day. Around the hearth free from luxury, and consequently free from vice, was found that domestic scene pictured by the poet Burns in that immortal poem "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

> "His clean hearthstone, his thrifty wife's smile,
> The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
> Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile
> And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil."

To-day our industrial system has robbed the home of this unity and sacredness. Its members are separated. The benign influence of a father's advice and the kindly words of a loving mother have given place to the rude conversation of regardless libertines. For such characters American factories are noted. Formative childhood and youth are spent amid influences which prepare for a life of crime and an end of woe. The places where child labor is employed, both in Europe and America, are the hotbeds of infidelity and atheism, anarchy and socialism. The brutalizing effects of the system is produced by both negative and positive influences. They are contaminated by their associations and deprived of everything that tends to elevate. By this nefarious system of child labor both body and soul are jeopardized. Yet in Massachusetts alone thirty-four thousand one hundred and

sixty-nine children are engaged in factories, with an increase of twenty-one per cent. every decade. Not only is the moral and physical nature of the child despoiled, but it is deprived of that intellectual training without which it is impossible to be a good citizen. The nature of our institutions demand intelligence. Ignorance is the bane of our nation. Yet it is estimated that at present one million three hundred and forty-two thousand children between the ages of six and fifteen years are engaged in mines, mills and factories in the United States. Our own State of Pennsylvania is not exempt from this state of affairs. In the *Forum* for June, 1884, we find that in the upper part of Luzerne county alone three were over three thousand children who worked on the coal-breakers six days in the week throughout the entire year. Why cry against the influx of illiteracy by foreign immigration and so utterly neglect the welfare of our American homes? Deprive the home of the children and you have broken the strongest bond that unites husband and wife. Deprive the home of the children and you have eliminated the very center around which cling the anxieties and cares, the hopes and fears, the very heart strings of wedded life.

For this neglect of the interests of the home the nation will suffer in after years. Dr. Holmes, when asked when the training of a child should begin, replied: "An hundred years before it is born." To-day we are reaping the fruit of seeds sown by our ancestors, but the twentieth century will receive at our hands over a million and a quarter of illiterate husbands and wives, having no qualifications for bearing the responsibilities imposed by the marriage relation.

Another marked feature of our modern industrialism is the extensive application of machinery. Along with this it has been found that division of labor cheapens the product. Labor, by these changes, has now been reduced to its lowest terms. Variety of action has almost entirely ceased. Genius in an ordinary laboring man is no longer necessary. There is no premium put upon intelligence. Skilled labor will soon be a thing of the past. The workman performs but one act, and the performance of this one thing day after day, year after year, for a whole life-time has a ruinous effect on the laborer. It destroys every feeling of independence and degrades the man to that of a machine. Variety is the spice of life, but if this spice be eliminated the life of our modern operative must be monotonous indeed. The incessant repetition of the one simple act narrows the mind and belittles the man. There is nothing to stimulate interest and enthusiasm. His mental powers wane for lack of exercise. There is no chance for play of the imagination, that faculty which, if in healthy action, can make a palace of a prison cell or a heaven in the abode of devils. He becomes morose and sullen, and is at length incapacitated for the performance of the duties developing upon him as a parent. These traits must appear in the family. The law of heredity is inexorable. Disposition and character will repeat itself. Just as sure as the child bears the facial resemblance of the parent it will also inherit his disposition and character.

Again, our modern industrial system is productive of seeds, which, under its influence, soon develop into divorce. With the marvelous increase of railroading there is a corresponding increase of dissolution of the marriage relation. In the *Princeton Review* for 1884 we find these words: "It is safe to say that divorce has doubled in proportion to marriages and population in most of the Northern States within the last thirty years." The colonial history of the State of New York shows that for over a century divorce was a thing unknown. There is no better index of domestic felicity or the lack of harmony than the increase or decrease of the divorce list. Every consideration is in favor of the assumption that whatever causes frequent or continued

separation of man and wife is productive of the prime causes of divorce. That the tendency of industrialism at present is toward continued separation of the husband from the family is conceded. The conclusion is evident: the family suffers.

But amid these signs of domestic degeneracy we see forces at work well calculated to counteract the blighting effects of this industrial fermentation. He who permitted disease to come into the world also created the materials of the *materia medica* of the healing art. Providence has provided a remedy for every ill. Circumstances may delay the cure, but restoration is not impossible. Disease may rack the system until the physician has diagnosed the case and applied the remedy. Then relief may be expected. He who instituted the family relation and permitted it to be affected with injurious influences has also provided the *materia medica* for its restoration and preservation. The Church is awake to this, her great opportunity. She has diagnosed the case and is applying the remedy. The good news of relief is already breaking upon our ears.

On every hand we hear the whisper: The home must be preserved or the State is impossible. It is the foundation of every other society, whether social, religious or political. The families are the individual wires from which is made the great cable upon which hangs the destiny of this Nation. Noble chord, wrought in celestial workshops of infinite wisdom, how precious is thy burden!

"Imagine, if possible, the home, the hearthstone, the family circle with all their loves, their tender friendships, their lifelong sympathies, their parental, filial and fraternal ties, their hopes, fears and cares of infancy and youth, in joy, health and life, in sorrow, sickness and death; their rights of heritage and heirship, of lineage and name, all shattered and gone forever and the race turned loose into a pandimonium of selfish and indiscriminate lusts and crimes. No Dante could paint such a hell; nor could its fires be extinguished save by the slow expiring ashes of universal dissolution." DANIEL REDMON.

TO BE, NOT TO SEEM.

The first and paramount thing required of man is reality. A statue, if well dressed, may *appear* to be a man; so may a human being. But to *be* a man and to *appear* to be are two very different things. Human beings *grow*, men are *made*. The individual that grows to the stature of a man is not a man till he is made one.

It is only on reality that any power of action can be based. He who would establish himself in life must lay the foundations of reality and steadily build thereon the grand structure of noble manhood. Our life is shaped by realities, not by appearances. It is not what we profess to be, but what we are that commend us to our fellowmen. Only *genuine* coin passes for its full value. It is not necessary that we tell others what we are, for actions often speak louder than words. We can easily see what is done for effect and what is done for actual merit. Use what language you will you can never say anything but what you are. What one can effect depends upon what he is, since a person's whole self is found in whatever he does.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles. Those who are deceived distrust the deceiver, and forever afterward will regard him with the vigilant eye of suspicion.

Is there anything that can compete with human deceitfulness? Its origin is always to be found in the motives of those actuated by a spirit of thorough selfishness. When men have some personal end to accomplish then is seen the full flower of deceit. That form which is cunningly laid, and unworthily carried out under the disguise of friendship, is, of all others, the most detestable. There can be no greater treachery than first to raise an expectancy, and then deceive it. Dignity is too often only pretension, refinement an artificial gloss, and intelligence only verbal display, based upon knowledge barely sufficient to make a show.

"Nature forever puts a premium on *reality*" We always see her as she is and never under disguise. We cannot help but be filled with admiration on beholding the realities and beauties of nature. As she is adorned with flowers of richest hue, so should man be clothed with those virtues which belong to true manhood. Every earnest glance we give to the realities around us more firmly impresses upon our minds the great fact that life is real. Above all her works are indelibly stamped these words, "I am what I appear to be." Since she has set us such an excellent example, and is well worthy of our imitation, why not take her as our model?

Let us be what we seem to be at all times and under all circumstances. If you are a villain don't appear to be anything else, for it matters little how hard you attempt to conceal it self will be made manifest. The world has ten times as much respect for a rascal who does not profess otherwise than it has for one who appears to be a man, but is just the opposite. Can we imagine anything more worthy of our highest regard than a person who. actuated by his duty to God and his fellowman, deems it below the dignity of true manhood to appear to be anything else than what he really is?

A man's true position in society is that which he achieves for himself ; he is worth to the world no more, no less. There is nothing more to be admired than a manly firmness and decision of character. Nor is there anything so unseemly as the conduct of a person who never knows one minute what he will do the next. There is no more beautiful trait of character to be found than that of a determined will guided by right motives. Saying that we will do a thing, and doing it, differ as widely as being and seeming. We must ourselves *be* and *do*, and not rest satisfied with reading and meditating over what others have been and done. Our purpose should always be to be the noblest, not to appear to be, since if we *are* truly noble there is no doubt of our high moral standing being secured. "To make our word or action sublime we must make it real."

A person never seems so ridiculous by the qualities he has, as by those he affects to have. He gains more by being contented to be seen as he is than by attempting to appear what he is not. He who stands on the actual foundation of noble manhood needs no other recommendation. It is a fortune that cannot be calculated in dollars and cents. But the person that is content with appearances shall be rewarded as he deserves.

Hypocrites live in the continual dread of being found out. They desire more to seem good than to be so, while the Christian desires more to be so than to seem so. They are saints by pretension, but Satans in intention.

Would you have the esteem of those with whom you associate? Do you desire the approbation of mankind? Then shun the very appearance of pretension. There is no time at which this course of deception is so dangerous as when we are forming our characters. It is at this time that hypocrisy ac-

complishes its deadly work. It shows love, but is hatred; shows friendship, but is an enemy; it shows virtue, but is wicked, perverse.

It is the love of approbation, and not conscience that enacts the part of a moral sense in the great majority of people. There are many good seeming men who, if all their day's thoughts and feelings were to be suddenly developed into acts visible to the eye, would be sorely amazed on finding out their actual condition. What greater blessing to any man than that of a clear conscience? And what curse so terrible as that of a guilty one?

In order that we may enjoy the blessings of a clear conscience a good character is a very important requisite. A man's fortunes are the fruit of this stately tree. A good character is a precious thing above rubies, gold, crowns or kingdoms, and the work of making it, the noblest work of man. Its elements are harmony, consistency, and *reality*. Every man who respects himself and values the respect of others must highly value this inestimable treasure. In short he must *really be* what he seems or purposes to be.

Can we help but be astonished when we consider to what extent deception is practiced? We find hypocrites even among professing Christians. Nowhere does show more wickedly usurp the dominion of substance than in the realm of religion. In the world we might expect to see hypocrisy. But the true religion is above our earthly heritage "My kingdom is not of this world," said its founder. But men have sought to make it a world of show, to carry the deception and Pharisaism of this world up into the Redeemer's kingdom and palm them off there for the golden reality that shall be admitted to heaven. When the hypocrite appears before the bar of God he will find this inscription above the pearly gate: "No coin but the true coin passes here." No guilding will hide the hollowness of false soul. No tawdry displays will avail with that eye whose glance, like a sword, pierces to the heart. Hypocrisy lures men away from truth; wastes their energies on a shadow; wins their affections to fading follies, and gives them a disrelish for the real, the substantial and enduring.

The great purpose of living is twofold in character. The one should never change from the time reason takes the helm; it is to live a life of manliness, of purity and honor. Our great purpose should be to live such a life as would compel others to respect us as persons of true nobility. The other is to have some business in the due performance of which you are to put forth all your exertions. It matters not so much what it is as whether it be honorable, and it may change to suit the varying change of circumstances. When these two objects—character and high aim—are fairly before a youth, what then? He must strive to obtain these objects. If he expects to succeed in any business or profession he must overcome difficulties, but each obstacle surmounted gives him greater strength for overcoming the next. He will find one of the most important requisites of strength in being exactly what he professes to be. "He who stands upon what he is has a destiny above destinies."

It matters little how small the transaction may be, we should be strictly honest in every particular. Just as soon as there is an attempt to deceive anyone we are mistrusted "When we trifle with *appearances* we lose our grasp on *reality*."

There are a great many persons who think they are concealing self by appearances, but through this transparent varnish reality is ever shining. We deceive no one as badly as ourselves. But some people are willing to sacrifice manhood and all, if

they can only appear to advantage in the eyes of the world. They never think of consequences. The attempt to disguise the realities of our life is one of the most heinous of sins.

Since it is only on reality that any power of action can be based, and since our success must depend upon what we are, should not this question of being and seeming have our careful and earnest consideration?

But some one might ask, what shall we take as our guide throughout the journey of life? Our answer would be, conscience. If we always *be* and *act* in accordance with this guiding star, a conscience, clear, void of offence and enlightened by divine truth, then there will be no possibility of going wrong. Having followed the dictates of an approving, enlightened conscience to the end of our earthly pilgrimage, then we shall awaken to the glad realities of the world beyond. S. M. G.

THE RAINY DAY.

"The day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary,
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall
But at each gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary."

Such was the picture a rainy day presented to the poetic soul of Longfellow, and perhaps the same picture is seen by all, though few have so clearly portrayed it in language. Man loves the sunshine; it drives away the gloom and cheers him in his work; its absence he looks upon as a misfortune. The rainy day is to him dreary indeed. It not only shuts out the sunshine, it even brings upon him the teardrops of nature which fall from every drooping bough. The flower that yesterday stood erect and firm is now bowed down as if sorrow were upon it, and even the blades of grass droop their heads in sympathy with nature. The joyous song of the bird has ceased; there is no stir of man or beast; each has sought shelter from the storm. All nature seems silent and sorrowful—and all because it rains! What a dire calamity is rain!

But view the scene on the morrow. The clouds have passed over and the sun is again shining. The flower lifts up its head and the grass is at least an inch higher; the bird sings more joyously than ever before, and man seems to have a new energy—and all on account of the rain. The vegetation that was parched is now fresh and growing. The air that was hot and sultry the rain has cooled and purified. Without the rain the land must have become a desert: life would have perished. But the rain could not come without the rainy day. The clouds must hide the sunshine ere their drops can water the earth.

"Some days must be dark and dreary."

Life, as well as nature, has its rainy days. In the same strain the poet adds:

"My life is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary,
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past
But the hopes of youth fall thick and fast,
And the day is dark and dreary."

Man has his ups and downs. Now sunshine makes cheery his path, and again the falling rain muddies it. He has his hours of joy, but sorrow follows only too quickly.

Friends who were once true are now cold and indifferent. The future is dark and uncertain, and he sees no hand to guide him forward. Disease lays hold of his body, and death seems to stare him in the face. Sorrows fall upon him as fast as the rain drops upon the earth and the wind of misfortune seems to blow upon him continually. He thinks of happy days gone by and longs for their return. He recalls the hopes he once had, but they have been disappointed. Truly the day is dark and dreary.

But we see him again. The clouds have been dispersed by the sunshine, which is

brighter than ever before. Friends are dearer to him for his having awhile been friendless. Temptations met and conquered have made him nobler and stronger. The light seems all the brighter having groped so long in darkness. Deprived of health and vigor he has learned the blessings they bring. The steady rain of sorrow has softened the heart of stone, and the wind of misfortune has purified his life. His happiness now is greater for the sorrow and pain he bore. A life of continued pleasure, like the desert, would be barren and fruitless.

"Too much of joy is sorrowful,
So cares must needs abound;
The vine that bears too many flowers
Will trail upon the ground."

Sorrow is the complement of joy. Without the one the other could not exist. There has never been a night without a day to follow. If we have sorrow to-day we may look for joy to-morrow. Though the clouds keep out the sunshine, and though the rain falls steady and long,

"Be still, sad heart and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

PREJUDICE.

In every vocation of life, when we are called upon to decide upon the merits of any thing or upon some course of conduct, we are almost invariably influenced by preconceived opinions; instead of ascertaining the facts and then basing our conclusions upon them, we, in order to satisfy the bent of our minds, persuade ourselves that certain things are true and then form our opinions accordingly. This peculiarity of human nature may be accounted for in different ways. It may be prompted by vindictiveness—for man is vindictive by nature, or it may be on account of some personal interest that one has in the matter. The former is nearly always the most potent in the formation of opinion upon matters of state or national importance. Men almost invariably are of the same political hue as are their fathers. Almost before they have left their mother's knee, and when they are merely able to remember the name of the candidate of the party which their fathers support, they begin to cheer vociferously for him, and when old enough to carry a torch or banner they may be seen in every campaign procession far and near. This is only the beginning of their blind bigotry, for when their position is assailed by the opposing party, instead of endeavoring to discover the truth from the facts in their possession, they boldly assert that their position is the true one, and then invoke every power above and below to verify their assertion. Ample evidence of this fact can be found in the positions which men took upon the slavery question. Being convinced that the purpose of their forefathers in the formation of this government was to secure civil and religious liberty to themselves and their posterity, they realized that their only alternative in order to defend the institution of slavery, was to prove the colored man inhuman; therefore they conceived every imaginable method of proof, even summoning God's Word to aid them in substantiating their position.

As man has a wonderful power over the train of his thoughts, whenever any matter comes to his attention in which he is personally interested, he at once turns his thoughts in the direction of his selfish interest, and the result of his reasoning depends almost entirely upon "whose ox is gored." Numerous illustrations of this fact could be found in the recent amendment campaign. Men who were supposed to be in favor of the amendment during the campaign, when the time came for a final decision, were found recording them-

selves against it because they were bottle or barrel manufacturers, and even the cork manufacturers opposed it.

While such a course of conduct is not commendable, we are not so charitable toward such persons as we should be; we forget to consider what we might do under such circumstances. When the result of the recent election was known, men who were never known before to cast their votes in favor of constitutional prohibition, immediately began to cast reproach upon and vilify the leader of the party with which the submission of the question originated, charging him with a breach of good faith. Whether there was a deal or not between the two parties, these persons, by this action, virtually acknowledge that there was a trade on their part. If men believe, as they claim to do, that such measures are the work of God, they should support them at all times regardless of party affiliations.

Factional prejudice is greatly increased by rivalry between parties, and nowhere is this more marked than in colleges. It is something against which every student should be guarded. One is very liable to magnify the faults and underestimate the virtues of those belonging to another society than his own. This failing is not confined to the ordinary routine of life, but it is alarmingly prominent in religious creeds. Men often, instead of trying to live a consistent Christian life, spend their whole time in opposing the Roman Catholic religion or some other, and in setting up some dogmatic theology of their own.

One notices with a frequency which may well excite alarm, that the children of church-going parents often break away, as they grow in intelligence, not only from church connection, but from the whole system of family religion. In some cases it doubtless arises from natural perversity, but in others it certainly arises from the hollowness of the outward forms which pass in society and at home for vital Christianity. These forms sooner or later betray themselves. How little there is in them gradually becomes apparent. Who will deny that this is the source of much modern skepticism? A formal theoretical religion can never hold the youth of this enlightened nineteenth century. Let God be thanked that the time is fast hastening when all people of all creeds will be found marching under one banner, the stars and stripes of which will blend with the dawn of the millennium. J. M. D.

"CONTRAST."

In life, as in music, we are pained by discord. In music we are delighted by those plainer melodies which strike perhaps some chord of memory and help us with their mild and healing sympathy. This is true of music we can understand; but if the blind pianist did strike chords we could not understand, yet naught but ignorance dared denounce what knowledge said was grand. Some criticise the moral harmony of the world, while the hand that created all worlds strikes the keys of human life and nature, causing by the touch, the wail of sorrow and the shout of gladness in life, and in nature, the barren desert and the blooming oasis. Let him who thinks he sees a discord here remember, with Pope, that "all discord is but harmony not understood."

Moral and physical contrasts have a use. Good seems even better when compared with evil; evil, standing side by side with good, seems more repulsive; beauty, contrasted with ugliness, is twofold more beautiful; while villainy and filth seem never so hateful as when under the light of honesty

and purity. By the beams of light bursting out of darkness all life is made more happy than were it light always. Were there no shadow there would be no hope clinging to a brighter future and bringing, with realization, the radiant joy of a happy contrast.

The railroad brakeman, drenched with rain, his clothes stiff with ice, clings with desperation to the slippery top of his car, while in the dense blackness of the night the sleet cuts him like knives; but this hardship only fits him to enjoy to the full, the gorgeous hued foliage along the Erie, the perennial grandeur of the Rocky Mountain scenery, where for miles he may view with delight the swiftly receding landscape.

Nature is pleasing because of change. It is grand to see the waves of the sea dash mountain high when lashed as if in rage by the gale, then break in pieces upon the shore; but grander is it if we have looked on the great deep as it lay like a huge mirror, calm, and unriffled; and as on a summer's eve we delight to see the setting sun give the rain cloud its glittering rim, while behind that blackness gleams the silver lining, so quite as much may we revel in the bright side of our lives, all the brighter for the shadows that to some extent rest over all.

But what good can we get from evil? To one with a high ideal, meanness and vice are revolting; and if evil makes us hate it, it thereby does us good. The actor does good just as he makes his audience loathe him for his wickedness or admire him for his nobility. Never has he so truly and so awfully inspired his audience at one moment with the most intense love of man so grand and in a flash changed it into the most abject horror of an animal as in the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The famous doctor prepares a drug by which he throws off the double nature of good and evil and assumes a body having only his evil passions. Loved and trusted as a physician, generous and honest as a man, his is a soul whose beauty shines forth in every feature, indicating the noblest of men. But in an instant the drug changes all. Those fine white locks of hair are turned to long, dark, filthy strings; the eyes become those of a serpent; the smiling mouth becomes an ugly cavity from which protrudes two unsightly tusks; the erect and graceful Jekyll is lost in the bent, deformed and hissing Edward Hyde. But the contrast between the man and the devil serves only the more to make us love Jekyll and manhood and to loathe Hyde and passion.

History teams with men of opposite character and widest contrast. Men like Alfred, trying to better the people and promote order, have illumined past records, whose pages have in turn been darkened by a Nero looking on the burning of Rome as a bonfire to gratify his vicious desires. Heaven and hell, virtue and vice, hope and despair, go together, and in the words of Hedley, "The carriage of Dives every day throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered garments of Lazarus." What a variety of scenes as well as men the same place presents. This century saw Mt. Tabor covered with a cloud of battle, her plains shaken with the cannon and cavalry of Napoleon, and the ground soaked with the blood of French and Turk. Roll back nineteen centuries and view that hill. The Son of God stands there with his three astonished friends. Heaven has poured its brightness over that spot. Moses and Elias descend, and the meekness of the man is changed to the majesty of the God. Was there ever greater contrast than the battle and transfiguration of Tabor? Perhaps not; yet two scenes in our land have shown a most vivid contrast—the political campaigns of 1860 and 1888. The former demanded men whom gold could not buy,

whom majorities could not influence, whom pomp and power could not terrify. Such men had planted colonies in the wilds of America, and they starved; such had resisted tyrrany to the death, and when the two black clouds met in our political sky and their flashing lightning brought death and disaster, such men as these saved the Union from the grasp of its brave but mistaken and rebellious sons. But we have again fallen on evil times. Partisanship is replacing statesmanship. A blind rush for office is the substitute for patriotism. The last campaign could not but alarm the honest and thoughtful citizen. Not all the tin horns blown by a rabble frantic either with liquor or excitement; not all the piteous wailings of so-called statesmen, whose supreme agony was a trifling difference in tariff; not all the dutiful fears of a cowardly and expedient party lest the black brother of the South be driven from the polls; not all of these, opposed to a political stench that smelt to heaven, could stay the finger destined to trace on the face of that struggle the words, "Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting." It is inexcusable that statesmen(?) should be silent when in four years more, by authority of law, 400,000 bodies will be destroyed, and even now 400,000 souls are hanging suspended over that world of endless torment. It is not excusable for statesmen (?) to wink at the abolition of the American Sabbath and the substitution of the Continental Sunday. Where, where the moral element that a Christian nation is bound to respect? Buried. Buried out of sight in the pell-mell struggle for power, preference, victory and spoils!

Let us not as men, as societies, as a Government, place ourselves beside a man, a society or a Government dwarfed in every element that makes each of these great, and, because we are better, rest content; for there is danger when our ideal is no better than ourselves. Rather create an ideal whose contrast with our own natures will make us aim to be pure and beautiful and true.

M. D. T.

A SMART BOY.

A St. Louis dry-goods house advertised for a "smart boy," and they got him. They put him behind the counter. The following conversation passed between him and his first customer:

Customer (picking up a pair of gloves)—What are these?

Smart Boy—Gloves.

Customer—Yes, yes; but what do you ask for them?

Smart Boy—We don't ask for them at all; customers do that.

Customer—You don't understand me. How do they come?

Smart Boy—Why, they come in pairs, of course.

Customer—No, no! How high do they come?

Smart Boy—Just above the wrist, I believe.

Customer—But what do you get for them?

Smart Boy—Me! I don't get nothing for them. Boss pockets all the money.

Customer (losing patience)—What is the price of these gloves per pair?

Smart Boy—Oh, that's your lay, is it? Why didn't you say so afore? One dollar. —*St. Louis Magazine.*

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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R. REED McCLURE, } . . . MUSIC AND ART NOTES.

C. G. JORDAN, '91 EXCHANGES
F. H. McCLYMONDS '90, . . . BUSINESS MANAGER

OCTOBER, 1889.

REV. GEO. R. VINCENT, D. D.

This venerable servant of God died amid his friends in Allegheny on Thursday morning, October 17, 1889. His relation to this college makes it fitting that we should make some note of his death. He started the Mercer Academy in 1851, which may be said to have been the germ of Westminster college. In 1852 work was begun in New Wilmington and to his energetic management and executive ability is due the success of the enterprise. In the "Memorial Volume," published after the union of 1858, he is mentioned as the "projector" of Westminster College.

For more than twenty years he was Professor of Greek and many men now in the ministry of the United Presbyterian church received their preparation in Greek from him.

Nearly fifty years he served God in the ministry, being licensed in 1840. During his professorship here he continued his labors in Lebanon, now Lackawannock, congregation, and many persons in that neighborhood still hold him in affectionate remembrance.

He was also for a time connected with the *United Presbyterian* and was always a frequent contributor to the periodicals and papers of the church.

But he will, perhaps, be remembered longer in connection with his work in behalf of education than in any other useful work which he did. He was a pioneer in education in the United Presbyterian church, having laid the foundation of our college here, and later in life doing good work as President of Franklin College, his *alma mater*.

The funeral took place on Friday at half-past two P. M., from the Fourth United Presbyterian church. Dr. Fulton presided and brief addresses were made by Drs. Fulton, Mehard, Kerr, Young, Waddell and Ferguson. Drs. McClurkin and Ewing also took part in the exercises and many other brethren in the ministry paid tribute of respect by their presence.

Dr. Vincent leaves a wife and sons and daughters to mourn thier loss and cherish his memory. Two sons are ministers in the United Presbyterian church and one daughter is a practising physician in Allegheny.

THE missionary meeting held in the chapel a few weeks since was most gratifying to all interested. The object was to raise the amount of money the college has pledged to pay annually to help support Mr. Martin who is now in the mission field. If any one has thought the students would become indifferent and the college would have difficulty in making up its quota such fears are certainly dispelled. All the students, with but few exceptions, were present and evidently interested in the object for which they had met. Rev. T. F. Cummings was present and made an interesting and instructive address. The fact that he is one of our young men so well and favorably known and was about to say good-by to associates

and friends that he may consecrate his life to mission work, made a deep impression. When the purpose of the meeting was stated the faculty and the students responded promptly and gave liberally. There was an absence of enthusiasm, but a quiet and considerate manner exhibited that indicates that Westminster will not soon be delinquent in performing her part. At the close of the meeting the subscription amounted to three hundred and fifty dollars and will be increased easily to four hundred.

The college is certainly in line with the rest of the church and all Christian denominations in the zealous efforts that are being put forth to Christianize the world. At no time in all history has so favorable opportunties been offered and such energy and enthusiasm prevailed to do the work as now. Steam and electricty have brought the heathen and barbarian into closer relations with civilization. The door of every nation is open that truth and light may enter. Westminster is to be congratulated on what it has contributed in the past and what it promises in the future in accomplishing the great task that lies before the Christian people of every nation and denomination.

THE twenty-second Annual State convention of the Y. M. C. A. was held in New Castle, commencing Thursday, October 10th, and closing the following Sabbath. The meetings held during the week were very instructive and the enthusiam shown by the delegates was such as to indicate to the observer a prosperous future for the Y. M. C. A. The fact that when it was stated that $5,000 must be raised for State work in the coming year the amount was immediately subscribed by the delegates, shows that the association is certainly on good financial footing. The work done by this organization differs somewhat from church work. In the first place it is undenominational and on this account it does not meet with the same difficulties as the churches. In the cities, when it can be done successfully, gymnasiums are connected with their buildings and this, no doubt, greatly assists them in procuring members. Perhaps it was for some of these reasons that the convention differed from most religious conferences in that its members did not belong to any particular class of people, but all professions and trades were represented. The instructors were the leading ministers and Y. M. C. A. workers of the State, and when the convention adjourned it was with the feeling that all had been benefited by it.

To the Editor of the Holcad:

In view of the fact that the time for Junior orations is now drawing near and that the Juniors are now preparing for that occasion, we would like to give them a little advice, which, if they heed it, will be useful to them. The Junior orations given here from time to time seem to have a great deal of sameness about them, i.e., the line of thought followed by one class being similar to that of their predecessors. In behalf of a long-suffering audience we would to mention a few things which we do not care to hear discussed at the present time.

Don't tell us about civilization traveling westward from Greece to Rome and then following the sun across the billowy Atlantic. We have all read a little history ourselves, and we do not care to see the history of modern civilization all bound up in an eight minute oration.

Don't write about Sodom and Gomorrah, Pompeii and Herculaneum. Those cities were destroyed and no person wants them resurrected. A rattling of dry bones is only entertaining at a minstrel show.

Don't describe the character of the Goth, the Roman or the Greek. You may have descended from one of these or you may have descended from the monkey, and we hate to see the monkey slighted.

Don't revive the Spanish Inquisition. The Catholics, themselves, have forgotten it, and what enjoyment you find in its history is more than we can understand.

Don't compare the lives of two great men and show how one succeeded by his unswerving integrity and how the other fell a prey to his own ambition. Such things have been talked about before and we have living examples of it before us all the time.

Don't slander the Mormons. They live some distance from here and have never done us any harm. Don't pick a quarrel with them and have them invade our peaceful village.

Don't tell us about the corruption of the ballot. We know that the returns from Butler county have often been tampered with, but your remarks will not lead the soap-miner to change the evil tenor of his way.

Don't tell us about the evils of the liquor traffic. We all think the same about it that you do. It should be suppressed but your oration will not be heavy enough to suppress it.

Don't tell us how the proud Bird of Liberty traveled through Europe but could not find a place to rest its weary pinions until it flew to America. Taxes are too heavy in this part of the country for such remarks to be appreciated.

There are many other subjects which should be omitted this year but space will not permit us to mention them all. However, we would like to add another "don't" to our list, and that is, don't get mad when you find you are not one of the contestants. Your oration was no doubt good enough but there were eight better ones, and that settled the matter.

A FRIEND.

THE lecture course opened on the 7th with the Tennesseean Jubilee Singers. The popularity of this company has made the sale of season tickets larger than for many years, and the success of the opening night is most gratifying to the committee and guarantees the remainder of the course to be above the standard. The large auditorium of the Second U. P. church was completely filled with a most appreciative audience. The program consisted of choruses, quartets, duets and solos rendered with excellent effect. Encores were numerous and the program was extended far beyond its original length. Their Southern melodies were loudly applauded and the rendition of "Jesus Lover of my Soul," and "Pauline, the Cows are in the Corn," by Miss Jennie Gatewood, completely captured the audience. This is not the first time the Jubilee Singers have visited our town and should they come again they will be greeted by a large audience.

The present manager of the Tennesseeans, Mr. W. B. Thomas, recalls to us his connection with the original Fisk Jubilee Singers and their successful efforts to endow Fisk University. It was due to his energy and skillful management that they were organized and started on their mission. They made a tour of the world, singing their melodies in the presence of the crowned heads of almost every capital on the globe, they brought to their aid the sympathy and wealth of all nations in behalf of the education of their race. The University stands to-day the leading institution of learning for the colored people of the South, as a result of their own effort combined with that of its great founder whose name it bears. It is a lighthouse standing on the shore of that stormy sea across which they have been navigating, whose light is a guide to the achievement of a higher and better civilization. It is to this and similar institutions that both races must look for the solution of that problem that is so pregnant with difficult and dangerous questions, that is pressing itself upon us and must be met. The spectacle of a million and a half of voters, who are both morally and intellectually unable to exercise their rights as citizens, presents a question that excludes the consideration of all others for the present. Free government cannot long endure the

farce of so large a number of its citizens being used as foot ball in the great game of national politics. Education points out the only solution. It has demonstrated that the ignorance and wretchedness of centuries of unrequited toil will give way to the industry and intelligence of ennobled citizenship. We have already seen men who were once slaves sitting in the seats of their former masters in the Congress of the United States, aiding and influencing wise legislation for their race and country. When education has been placed within the reach of every negro, and they shall see that industry and intelligence permits them to look up to the shining summit of human endeavor. race prejudice and sectional hate will melt away in the grander sentiment of nationality.

It is not unusual for a conference of nations to be held for the settlement of disputes and wars. The Pan-American Congress has met for an entirely different purpose. Its object being to establish better commercial relations between American nations makes it the most notable conference in which this or any country has taken part. How to increase our trade with the South American States has been a question that this country has long been considering. It has watched with a jealous eye the immense trade carried on by direct lines from every port of Europe, while our own country has been under the disadvantage of reaching the countries south of us only by way of Liverpool and Antwerp. The present scheme was originated by Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State under President Garfield, and the arrangements about completed, but was dropped with the sad event which brought his administration to a close. The Congress has been finally brought together by his direction and influence. Whatever may be his faults, the American people will give him credit in this instance, with having developed and carried out a project that is worthy of the broadest minded statesmanship. The delegates are being allowed to see the country before the work proper of the Congress begins. By the time they meet in November they will have a much better idea of the country and its industries. It is not to be hoped that the full benefits will be immediate, but that a friendship will be aroused that will cause the American nations to prefer to trade with each other, and will in the course of time establish such relations as will combine the two Americas together for mutual protection and interest. In an economic sense it is the greatest event in the history of America, and morally it will teach Europe as well as our own country that Congresses may profitably convene for the purpose of trade as well as for the settlement of wars.

ART NOTES.

—Miss Kennard has finished a crayon study of horses.

—The tulips painted by Miss. Carre Kraaer are very pretty.

—At the studio at the college the same excellent work is being done.

—The Jacqueminot roses, by Miss Mary Stewart, are beautifully done.

—There are two pupils in drawing this term, Miss Lizzie Gibson and Mr. Russell.

—Miss McConnell is working on a spring scene; Miss Doyle on an autumn scene.

—At this studio there are two pupils in crayon, Miss Sadie Elliott and Miss Thompson.

—The *Art Interchange* and the *Art Amateur* are to be found on the table in the studio at the hall.

—Miss Maggie Anderson is beginning a crayon which she intends to present to the ladies' hall.

—Miss Maud Chapman has just finished a study of pansies, and Miss Grace Perkins a study of hyacinths.

—The studio at the Hall was lately honored by a visit from Dr. Ferguson and his brother, the Rev. Thos. Ferguson, of Hogestown.

—Miss Hodgen has been spending her Mondays painting from nature. The Delaware grapes, which she painted last Monday, and which were presented to her by Mrs. T. F. Cummings, is a very fine work of art. The shadows and the transparency of the grapes made it very difficult, but all is excellently done. Miss Hodgen has also painted a small bunch of golden-rod from nature.

—Brownlee has quite a nice little pony—not the kind that is used to carry one through Latin and Greek—but a real, live pony which he rides to school every day. As he goes through town he always attracts much attention and good-natured remarks are frequently made gratis. One, who evidently has been noticing the size, has a serious doubt as to whether Brownlee should ride the pony or *vice versa*; another admires the way it steps; another is ready to proffer a criticism on his position in the saddle, while still another, who looks into the future and views things on the dark side, wonders how he will keep his feet from dragging in the mud when the roads get bad. But all such remarks will be useless, as no doubt the pony will prove itself equal to every emergency and "git thar" every time.

—At the recent meeting of the Synod at New Brighton last week Rev. J. A. Witherspoon and Jos. McNaugher were elected members of the Board of Trustees, and Rev. H.H. Hervey was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Rev. French. The committee, who have charge of the finances of the college, reported a surplus in the hands of the treasurer and every thing in a prosperous condition. The resignation of Dr. W. A. Mehard received due recognition.—*Globe.*

MUSIC NOTES.

—The piano lately owned by Prof. Austin has been placed in the conservatory as a practice piano.

—The Music Department is in a more flourishing condition than ever before. Over 130 lessons are given each week.

—Prof. Austin has lately bought a Knabe grand piano. It came directly from the manufacturers and is considered by them to be the best piano they have sent out for a year. There are now two such pianos in our midst, Prof. Austin's and the one in the Philo Hall. It would be of great advantage for the college to own such a piano to be placed in the chapel and to be used for recitals, etc.

—The private recital given by the music students in the music parlors of the hall Tuesday evening, Oct. 15, was largely attended. The following is the program:

Piano Trio—"Waves of the Ocean".....Raff
Misses Johnson, Whissen and Gibson.
Vocal Solo—"Thou Art Mine".....Bradsky
Miss Della Doyle.
Piano Solo—"Gavotte".....Bohm
Miss Alice Semple.
Piano Solo—"Au Matin".....Godard
Miss Lillian Marshal.
Vocal Solo—"One Love Have I".....Cowen
Miss Jennie Foster.
Piano Solo Arrangement from Lohengrin
Miss Mary Ferguson.
Vocal Solo, violin accompaniment—Angels' Serenade...Bragga
Miss Lizzie Gibson.
Piano Solo—"Polonaise".....Bohm
Miss Kirk.
Vocal Duett......"Oh, that we two are Maying"
Miss Jessie McNaugher and Mr. Will Campbell.
Piano Solo—Coquette Valse.....Bachmann
Miss May Chapman.
Vocal Solo—'Love is a Dream".....Cowen
Miss Florence Mealy.
Piano Solo—"Gavotte Modern".....Tours
Miss May McCreary.

—The first public recital of this year was given in the chapel Friday evening, Sept. 27, by Prof. Austin, assisted by Miss Whissen, violinist and accompanist. The following program was rendered:

Beethoven..... Sonate Op. 81
Adagio, Allegro (The Farewell,)
Andante espressivo (The Absence,)
Vivacissimamente (The Return.)
Singelee.....La Somnambula
Rossini..... (Cavatina, "Sorgete"
(Cabaletta, "Duce di tanti eroi"
Mason.....Scherzo Op. 41

Bendel. Cascade du Chaudron
Dupont..... Tocatelle Op. 26
Dancla.....Air Varie
Temple.....Fond Heart, Farewell
Gounod There is a Green Hill Far Away
Chopin.....Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53

We feel that we can safely say that this was the finest recital Prof. Austin has yet given. In the rendition of the violin numbers, Miss Whissen displayed a faultless technique, perfect intonation and unusual brilliancy and verve, together with correct interpretation. The vocal numbers were received with marked favor especially the Cabaletta, which was repeated in response to a hearty *encore*. An interesting feature in connection with the piano numbers was the explanation of each one by Prof. Austin. The Sonate, Cascade du Chaudron and Polonaise were particularly enjoyed, though all the numbers were of an unusual degree of excellence. A great deal of the beauty of the Sonate was lost owing to the noise in the hall. This is not only disagreeable to the listeners, but is very annoying to the performer also. The musician, as well as the orator, depends greatly on his possession of the sympathies of his audience and the best way in which this can be manifested is by respectful attention, marked by the absence of talking. But when inattention is displayed by the audience it cannot but have a depressing effect on the performer. This fact is appreciated by all in regard to the orator; it is equally true of the musician. May we not, then, ask this favor for all performers in the future, that careful, respectful attention be given, and we can confidently say that you will greatly assist the performer in his efforts to please and instruct.

—Through the kindness of Dr. Ferguson, the Board has furnished the Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette* as the daily paper for the ladies at the Hall. They have been without a daily paper for a year, and this kindly interest our president has shown in their welfare is much appreciated by them.

—Rev. P. Swan, '78, has been elected moderator of the Synod of Iowa.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Junior orations begin Nov. 8.

—Bar, where did you find your bycicle?

—Wonder why Kraer goes to Sharpsville so often?

—Ask Prof. Swan the symbol for phosphorus.

—Rev. L. M. Lewis, '79, is visiting his parents.

—Douthett was in town the first of the month.

—Westminster has three Wooster students this year.

—Rev. J. A. Alexander, '86, was at home last week.

—Miss Lemira Mealey, '89, was at home last Saturday.

—The student's song—"There's gwine to be a Jubilee."

—Miss Elma Shontz, '76, visited friends in town last week.

—Miss Laura VanEman, '90, is teaching school at Keister.

—"Now, I come to think of it, we had better take a sneak."

—Telford wishes to be let alone in this paper, so we forbear.

—Prof. Austin gave a musical recital at the Hall Tuesday evening.

—Rev. L. M. Lewis, '79, and family are in town visiting his father.

—What anathemas are hurled at the rule requiring Junior orations.

—Boys, get your girls and go out after chestnuts. They are ripe.

—Prof. in Latin :—"Who was Pallas?" Student—"He was a goddess."

—Prof. Austin has a larger number of music students this term than usual.

—Miss Mattie McElwee, '87, is teaching school at Mars, Butler county.

—The long and short ends of the Junior class—Witherspoon and Jordan.

—Misses Lizzie Borland and Lizzie Gibson were at the exposition this week.

—D. P. Smith, '92, has been out of college for a week on account of a severe cold.

—John F. Johnston, a student last year, has been seriously ill with chronic pleurisy.

—Miss McLaughrey has given the Sophomores subjects for essays in Literature.

—J. N. Martin, Esq., '81, is inhaling the genial, Democratic atmosphere of Texas.

—Dr. Ferguson addressed the Women's Missionary Society at West Middlesex, Oct. 6.

—We learn that D. C. Morrison, '87, has been admitted to the bar at Los Angeles, Cal.

—Frank Baughman has recovered from the effects of his "header." Young men, beware!

—Dr. Ferguson has given subjects for essays to the Seniors on "Political Economy."

—Rev. C. H. Robinson, '83, has been installed pastor of the First U. P. church, Baltimore.

—Rev. I. T. Wright, '69, of the Bethel congregation, has had a severe attack of typhoid fever.

—We are glad to learn that McCracken, formerly one of the HOLCAD's local editors, is flourishing.

—W. M. Lindsey, '87, will have the final examination for admission to the Pittsburgh bar in December.

—Dr. Ferguson and Dr. Mehard attended the funeral of Dr. Geo. R. Vincent, at Pittsburgh, on Friday.

—The supply of Juniors to be found at Smith's corner is smaller than usual. What can the matter be?

—It is rumored that our respected friend, John Sinclair, is to be married shortly. Much happiness be his lot.

—What is the difference between a locomotive and a Senior? One has a head-light and the other a light head.

—Innocent Prep. (gazing in open eyed wonder at the *Congressional Records*): "Are those the college laws?"

—The lecture committee has announced a lecture for Friday evening, Oct. 25, by Miss Olof Krarer, the native Esquimaux lady. Subject: "Greenland, or Life in the Frozen North."

—A ladies' college quartette has been formed consisting of Misses Gibson, Mealy, Comin and Foster.—*Globe.*

—An old proverb says, "He that hath a head of wax must not walk in the sun." Sophs you had better be careful.

—Rev. W. R. Hutchinson, '57, has accepted a call from the Savannah U. P. congregation, Presbytery of Mansfield, O.

—Dr. to Senior: "When you first began to notice objects, where were they situated?" Senior: "I don't remember, Doctor."

—Messrs. Bovard, Porter, Keith, Dice and Eldridge attended the Y. M. C. A. convention at New Castle, Oct. 10th and 12th.

—Wanted—A young man as an escort to lectures, concerts, etc. One who can play tennis preferred. Apply at the ladies' Hall.

—Dr. Wm. F. Waugh, '68, was elected a member of the Centennial Anglo-American Medical Society, which met in Paris Sept. 30.

—Rev. J. M. Hervey, '75, wife and niece were visiting friends in town, on their way to California, where they will reside in the future.

—Mrs. W. H. Haney and daughter have returned home from Hickory, Washington county. Maud will not attend college this term.

—The Sophs and Freshies played another game of ball Tuesday of last week. The Sophs came off victorious with a score of 23 to 14.

—The game of ball, Van Orsdel club vs. Haley and Marquis clubs, on Friday was very interesting. Van Orsdel won by a score of 16 to 7.

—Rev. W. T. McConnell, '71, Kirkwood, Ill., has begun a very interesting and well-written series of articles in the *Midland* on Bible study.

—McKelvey is very much interested in the welfare of the hall, so much, indeed, that he

deems it necessary to pay it a visit once or twice a week.

—K. W. McFarland, '88, and J. S. Swogger, '89, who have been attending the Seminary at Allegheny, are at home seriously ill with typhoid fever.

—"I'm opposed to all games of chance," said Rawson. "And yet you got married." "Yes, and that's why I am so strongly opposed to them.

—Messrs. Donaldson, McClymonds, '90, Trimble, Witherspoon, 91, Russell, 92, and Donaldson, 93, visited the exposition at Pittsburgh last week.

—Mr. J. F. Caldwell and family have moved to town. They occupy a part of Mrs. Edgar's house. Mrs. Caldwell is a graduate of this college, '62.

—A correction: In our last issue it was stated that D. Redmon was attending the Allegheny Seminary. He is attending the Union Seminary, New York city.

—Prof. in Physiology, exhibiting a human skull: "This skull once belonged to somebody." Student, anxiously inquiring: "Does it not belong to somebody yet?"

—Mr. McKee, a graduate of the class of '89 at Washington and Jefferson college, now a student in the Western Theological Seminary, visited friends in town this week.

—Rev. W. H. McMasters, '68, of Blairsville, who has a son in college, visited his old society, Philo, Monday night, Sept. 30. He delivered a very pleasing addaess.

—From the way buggies and students have been flying around town for the last few days one would think that buggy riding was a part of the course required by the curriculum.

—In consequence of the repeal of the law requiring students to join some literary society only a very small proportion of the new students have connected themselves with a society.

—Prof. Thompson will read a paper entitled "Is the American Farmer Degenerating Physically," before the State Board of Agriculture at the autumn meeting, in New Castle, Oct. 24.

—The question, "should the United States government have control of the telegraphic system," was discussed in the Philo society last Monday night and decided in the affirmative.

—The concert given by the famous Tennesseeans Oct. 7, was well attended and highly appreciated. With such a start the lecture course bids fair to equal, if not excel, last year's.

—Rev. W. P. Stephenson, '82, of Mauch Chunk, was in town last week calling on his numerous friends. He was a delegate to the State convention of the Y. M. C. A. at New Castle.

—A musical recital was given at the Hall Tuesday night principally by the pupils of the second and third years. The performances were very creditable and deserve the approbation of all.

—Misses Clara McConnell, Carrie Kraer and Gertrude Latimore spent Sabbath. Oct. 13th, at Miss Gertrude's home at West Newton, Pa. They spent a part of Monday at the exposition.

—Rev. T. J. Ferguson, of Hogestown, Pa., is visiting his brother, Dr. Ferguson. He is an alumnus of Philo, which society he visited Monday night and addressed with some very appropriate remarks.

—The Junior class has a new member. He is a quadruped. Although entering so late in the term it won't take him long to catch up. His oration will probably be one prolonged howl, like the others.

—The College now has an elocutionist among its students in the person of Mr. McKelvey. He recited two selections in the Philo society a short time since, which in their delivery were masterpieces of elocution.

—On Monday a tennis tournament was played by the Hope and Ball Field courts. Messrs. Trimble and Ferguson represented the former and Messrs. Aiken and Whitley

the latter. The game was closely contested but resulted in a victory for the Hope court.

—The Seniors in Political Economy are to write essays and have debates on the economic theories advanced in the text-book. It is a pity that the author should have to endure such a shower of criticisms as will be raised.

—The three respected students who walked into the country last Sabbath, taking the road past the cemetery, had better look a little out. It is reported that they are threatened with arrest for stoning cows and stealing chestnuts.

—There has been a larger sale of single and family tickets to the lecture course this year than usual. This is something of which we should be glad as it will enable the committee to procure the best lecturers and concert companies.

—The young men who have ideas to promulgate and no brains to create them have taken to chewing gum, and so exercise their jaws. It is certainly a pleasing sight to see a whole company of young men during an evening entertainment employ themselves in this manner.

—Rev. H. G. McVey and Prof. Thompson attended the State S. S. convention which met in Williamsport last week. From there Prof. Thompson went to Philadelphia to attend the National Forestry convention, to which he was appointed a delegate by Gov. Beaver. Prof. Robertson has charge of his classes during his absence.

—Two timid young men: Recently two students attended a meeting in the Second church. Not being suited with the seats they took on entering they arose and started for another part of the room; but finding that such a change would necessitate their sitting beside some ladies, they bashfully returned to their former seats.

—We learn that Waitesburg Academy, T. M. McKinney, '88, principal, is in a prosperous condition, having nearly double the amount of students it had at the same time last year. Waitesburg is situated in the south-eastern part of Washington Territory. The climate is usually delightful but this year has been exceedingly dry, rain not having fallen since last May.

—The dormitory now keeps its own dairy. It consists of one first-class cow. However convenient this may be it is not without its drawbacks. When the inmates of the building awoke a few mornings ago they were surprised to find their beloved animal gone and a horse belonging to a prominent minister of the town hitched to the building instead. Conjectures as to the possible fate of the cow were numerous, but no one was certain of what had happened. The circumstance appeared to indicate that the minister was anxious for a trade and had selected a dark night for the purpose, but the ladies had too much respect for this person to intimate any thing of this kind. But in the course of a day or two the missing animal again appeared at the brick building. The mystery yet remains unsolved but the ladies are again happy in the possession of their favorite animal.

—John L. Sullivan is soon to give an exhibition of his skill before the students of a certain university. This, no doubt, will be a very *striking* affair. But no more striking than was the little drama that was acted in the art room, Oct. 17th. Scene 1. Miss S. sits quietly before her easel plying her brush while her thoughts dwell upon things above where Prof. Thompson holds the sceptre. And while thus dreaming, her hand forgets its cunning, the brush glides aimlessly over the canvass and an unsightly blotch appears. Scene 2. The instructor takes up the brush while Miss S. retires behind the door. Scene 3. The bell rings; the door opens, and Mr. C. rushes in. But alas! the object of his affection has flown and in her place the instructor sits. With a look of disappointment mingled with chagrin, Mr. C. disappears through a side door for parts unknown. The curtain

falls and silence reigns supreme. Moral—Look well before you leap.

—Rev. T. F. Cummings and wife have left for the scene of their future labors as missionaries. But they did not leave to be forgotten. Within the minds of his fellow townsmen pleasant memories of acquaintanceship will always linger. Before their departure three receptions were given them. The first was given Tuesday evening, Oct. 1, by the members of the Second church of which he was a member. The first part of the evening was taken up with devotional exercises and addresses. The speakers were Revs. Kennedy, Hawes, McVey, Bigham, and Drs. Mehard and Ferguson. An able response was given by Mr. Cummings. The remainder of the evening was devoted to social exercises. Friday evening the Adelphic and A. and P. C. societies, of which they are alumni, gave them a reception in the Adelphic hall. An excellent musical and literary program was rendered. After the rendering of the program the meeting was turned into a social gathering. Thursday evening a social reception was given them at the house of his father, J. B. Cummings.

EXCHANGES.

—The Freshman class of Amherst this year numbers 100.

—The Harvard graduating class of '89 numbered 217. In '88 there were 234 degrees conferred.

—Professor: "What is the diet of worms?" Student (fresh from Biology): "Dirt and dead leaves."

—We always welcome the *Pennsylvanian*, as in its athletic accounts we find a stimulus for the mind wearied by reading prize orations and essays which too often fill the columns of our college papers.

—Among our exchanges the growth of fiction seems to be on the increase. This is a step well taken so long as a high standard is maintained. It is somewhat of a novelty in journal work and deserves the attention of more of our editors. But we do not believe that it should take the place of the editorial and exchange department as it seems to have partially done in a few of our exchanges.

—Final examinations. Here they are in a nutshell: A final examination is the concentrated essence of treacherous trickery and malicious meanness, the bane of the honest worker, the hope of the habitual flunker.—*Ex.*

—Prof. Bunge, of Switzerland, speaking of moderate drinking, says: "The voice of conscience is smothered in drink, and whenever a hint of higher joys may be given 'tis swept away in the resistless current of appetite. This pitiful loss soon makes itself manifest outwardly—the thought life of a man is seen in his face. One has but to glance at the great army of drinkers to see how, little by little, the noble traits of countenance disappear, and only a brutal expression remains. The half of mankind is thus destroyed through so-called moderate drinking."—*Ex.*

—The last number of the Oberlin *Review* contains an account of the Ohio State oratorical contest, which recently took place. More emphatically, as these yearly contests take place does, the question come to us, "Why can Pennsylvania not have such contests?" Does there not exist in our colleges enough spirit to sustain such? Do we so truly believe in isolation as not to dare to break it with such a meeting of representatives from our different colleges? The several colleges of our State scarcely recognize the existence of each other by way of intercommunication. Let us awaken and arouse among us an ambitious college spirit. Let the students and faculties of our different colleges not wait to be goaded on by the surrounding States, but let them form a Keystone oratorical contest which shall be an impetus to college work and life. We would like to hear from some of our sister colleges on this subject.

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A BON-FIRE OF BOOKS.

BY REV. R. G. FERGUSON.

Acts xix:19: "*Many of them, also, which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men.*"

The people of Ephesus were greatly addicted to magic. Many gained a livelihood by practicing its "curious arts," and many more were their willing dupes. The credulous multitude were the prey of the deceivers, and paid tribute to their folly with free hand. But God overcame the magicians on their own field. Through his servant Paul, through garments that touched his body, he wrought miracles of healing on the sick and the possessed. So evident was the power of God, and so clear was the exposure of the fraud of the wizards, that the name of the Lord was magnified and many turned from their sins to the Lord. Many of the magicians also saw their sin and repented and did works meet for repentance. They burned the bridges behind them when they entered the kingdom of Christ. They burned their books which contained their knowledge of the "curious arts," the secrets of their wicked traffic, the formulæ by which they wrought upon the superstitions of the people. They cut off their own retreat, and as far as it was within their power made it impossible for others to ply the trade they had abandoned. They did not sell out at a sacrifice, but sacrificed all they had, their business and their stock in hand. The books they burned were valuable, worth 50,000 pieces of silver or $7,000 or $8,000 in our money. Their act was a grand testimony to the sanctifying power of their new faith.

There are books now extant and every day multiplying, whose injurious business is far more widespread and powerful than those committed to the flames at Ephesus. They appear in every form, from the Nickel Library to the elegantly bound volume. They especially reach out after those whose gains are small and whose intellectual appetites must be whetted by highly-seasoned food of the tragical, sensational order. They adapt themselves to the varied tastes of the public they serve. To some they come with all the undisguised iniquity of unseemly attitudes and gestures, awakening unhallowed thoughts and desires by flaunting pictures, giving food to the imagination through the sight of the eyes. To others they come stealthily, concealing their deadly character from those who stand afar, discovering their poisonous character only when the poison has already entered into the blood of the reader. Under the guise of fine sentences, and glowing rhetoric, and elegant descriptions, there are hidden flings at truth and purity and goodness, while sin and vice are gilded over. When the Christian sentiment prevails and the Christian conscience is aroused concerning this pestilent literature,

what shall we do with it? Will we, like the Ephesians, start a bonfire, in the light of which the truth may be read? Whatever else we may be compelled to do afterwards, will not this do to begin with?

1. First of all throw on whatever of *obscene literature* may have crept into our community. Its slimy nature may cause it to resist the flames, but bring on hot coals and fan the fire that there may be no escape. The flames of the pit may be emitted as the fire burns, but that must be endured that the coming generations may be saved. Anthony Comstock, in his almost lone-handed fight with the "venders of dirt," as he significantly calls them, has had to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." More than once has he suffered violence at their hands and serious bodily injury. But with heroic energy he has persevered and gained many a victory and saved many from the path of degradation and death. By his efforts chiefly, a law has been passed by Congress forbidding the use of the mails for sending obscene literature and imposing severe penalties upon those who do so use them. By his efforts the law has been maintained upon the statute books, though 5,000 infidels, with Robt. G. Ingersoll at their head, petitioned for its repeal. To enforce this law against offenders has been and is his great work, and it is here that he has come into conflict with the worst enemies of society. But though they have left their marks upon his body, they have sought in vain thus far to besmirch his reputation. Thank God for a man in our day who has courage enough to enter such a field and labor in it with enthusiasm and success.

But what has this to do with us? you may be disposed to ask. We must *come to the help* of those who are in the forefront of this battle. We must sustain the sentiment in their favor and take hold and help them cast the filthy, reeking stuff into the fire. Does it seem to you as if this were something afar off? Do you think of this evil as confined to large cities or smaller places of exceptional wickedness? Be not deceived. You may never have seen it, and yet it may defile the side-pocket of the young man who sits beside you. It advertises with an air of mystery, and the youth simply to gratify his curiosity sends his money and gets in return a vile reptile which too often, alas, he places in his bosom, instead of trampling it under his heel. Its circulars are sent everywhere—to towns and villages and remote communities. They especially invade our schools and seek to bring down our noblest youth to wallow in the mire. If there be one here that has in any way become possessor of this polluting literature, or any of its concomitants, let us beseech you to get rid of it as speedily as possible. Do not allow it to remain in your pocket. Do not hide it in the most secret place. Do not suffer it to further injure your own soul, or that of your friend. Take it in the tongs, at arm's length, and cast it in the hottest fire you can make, and when it is consumed, stir its ashes lest even when it is burned it fasten its foul images on your soul. If this is strong language, it is not beginning to be equal to the danger against which it warns. It is only lately that any general awakening has taken place. Not until we begin to reap the first-fruits of the harvest do we begin to consider the seed that had been sown. Brethren, there is a crying evil here, and let us do all we can to suppress it. Let us cast books and papers into the literal flames and bring all approaches to the same evil under the fire of the righteous indignation of the community.

2. Bring your *infidel*, *atheistic* books and throw them into the fire. We mention them next because they are close of kin to the pestilent literature just considered. The infidels locked hands with the filth venders when they petitioned Congress to repeal the only law that affords any protection whatever to our homes and our youth. Moreover, to destroy faith in God and the hereafter is to remove one of

the chief restraints of vice. If death ends all, and there is no just God before whom we must appear, the wordling argues logically enough—"Let us eat and drink, and do as we please, for together we die." It will be no small bulk for you to bring. For in pamphlets, periodicals and pretentious volumes, infidelity has gone out everywhere. And newspapers, daily and weekly, have lent themselves to its aid. You buy a daily paper, and the Liberal League has a larger space given to it, perhaps, than is given to all the churches. Let the press be free. Let us put no legal shackles on its giant limbs. But may we not give a hint that we would prefer that it let the destroyer loose upon us less frequently—that our religion is amongst things we hold dear and we do not relish violent assaults upon it—that there are Christian readers that are as much worth considering as the traducers of the faith. I wonder why any one would buy and place in his library within reach of his family a volume that seeks to destroy faith in God and in our Lord Jesus Christ. But when it comes to us unbidden, we are not responsible for its coming. We are only responsible for its welcome—its treatment at our hands. Let us gather up the scraps from newspapers, and the injurious books from the shelves and cast them into the fire. It is dangerous to give them room, and more dangerous to give them away. They are fit only for destruction, and that right speedily. When Thomas Paine sent a copy of his "Age of Reason" to Benj. Franklin, a keen yet friendly letter was sent to its author, which I am tempted to insert entire. After referring him to the fact that probably he was indebted to his religious education for the habits of virtue upon which he prided himself, he added this pointed advice: "I should like to advise you not to attempt to unchain the tiger, but to burn the piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a good deal of mortification from the enemies it will raise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?" Pity that the advice was not heeded and that the blatant foes of Christ who copy his example in our day would not burn their productions ere they see the light of day. But whatever they do, let us free ourselves of any part in the propagation of their evil deeds. Let us purge our offices and libraries, and homes by fire—casting every last shred of the baleful literature into the flames that it may be consumed.

3. There is yet another class of books which, while in themselves less wicked, are probably doing more harm than those already spoken of. I refer to the one-half dime novels and boys' and girls' weeklies of the trashy, exciting sort that are found for sale everywhere. Hairbreadth escapes, wild border life, burglaries, conspiracies, elopements, Indian massacres, and such things are the scenes that glow upon their pages. Bandits and amazons appear as the heroes and heroines. Boys who read them become impatient of parental restraint and strike out on paths of their own. Clubs for evil purposes are formed, and wicked deeds are done by youthful criminals. We scarcely have a week pass without reading of boys arrested on their wayward course, leaving comfortable homes to become cow-boys on the frontier, or setting out not knowing whither they go. These and worse things are traced directly to the reading of trashy literature. Boys and girls emulate the characters they read about and seek to fashion their own courses after those they are led to admire. Anthony Comstock, in his book recently published, called "Traps for the Young," gives instance after instance in which young persons indicted for high crimes point to the tales of adventure they read as affording the suggestion and stimulus of their evil deeds. An officer of the Prison Association of New York states that one-third of the criminals are

under sixteen years of age. Is this not a fearful harvest? And who can tell what is yet to come? Jesse Pomeroy, the boy murderer, of Massachusetts, when asked what kind of books he read, answered, "Mostly dime novels," mentioning one in particular that he liked, because it was full of murder. Rev. Donehoo, after discussing before the Ministerial Association, of Pittsburgh, the vices of the city, says: "I regard the sensational literature of the day as most baleful in its demoralizing tendencies. Ten cent novels, police papers in which all the ways of the wicked are made known, and such kind of literature creates a taste for something depraved until the mind is poisoned, the taste vitiated, the morals corrupted, the passions inflamed, and the result, *ruin.*" We need not flatter ourselves that these things occur in Pittsburgh and New York, and not in our smaller towns. I am afraid there is a demand for these things, or they would not be exposed on sale. I would I could cherish the hope that not a single boy's mind in our midst is being polluted in this way. I quote the words of the principal of one of our public schools: "Let trashy, sensational works be banished, and let good literature abound in its most attractive form." Parents, if you have not done so, let me commend to you to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" his exhortations—"Let trashy, sensational works be banished." Let them be brought to our bon-fire of books and be utterly destroyed.

I am very well aware that this is a very small part of the remedy for this evil. In the day when Paul lived burning books was more effective than in our day, when the press so multiplies copies and issues of the same book. We cannot entirely banish them from the community, but only from the places we can control or influence. What more can we do? I speak chiefly to parents concerning this matter here.

1. Be on the look-out for the pestilent literature in your families. Perhaps some day your son will come to you and say—"Can I read such a book?" In such a case you will do well to read it yourself first before granting him the privilege. Or may be without your leave he will read it when you are not near. Nay, in view of the dangers that are rife, it is the bounden duty of parents to inspect and direct the reading of their children. Here is a place where parental government should be exercised with vigorous hand. Nor will it be an easy matter. Children mingle with other children, and books are handed from one to another with no thought of transgressing. Vigilance is the price of safety.

2. Can we not bring some pressure to bear on our booksellers against the sale of what is injurious. They sell what is on the market, and give the matter no further thought. I conceive that the bookseller has one of the grandest opportunities of doing good, if he is ready to embrace it, by displacing in the homes of his neighbor the vile with the precious. We are familiar with the phrase in business circles—*pushing* a certain kind of goods. Let them push good papers and root out the bad, and they will do a great work for God and humanity. Let us, their patrons, help them to this by suggestion and constant patronage of that which is good.

3. Provide good literature at home. The best way to overcome an evil is by counteraction of a good. There are books, periodicals, magazines, papers, suited to children of all ages and attainments, and the best investment that can be made for them is some wholesome reading suited to their tastes. May we not cultivate the minds of the youth, so as to give them a relish for all that is pure and wholesome and elevating in the wide realm of good literature? Let us hope for the dawn of a better day.

CHARACTER: ITS COST.

It is an error opposed to reason and unsanctioned by revelation, that labor is the punishment of sin. The law of industry is one of the grandest of life; and yet, in the mind and heart there is a constant temptation to indolence. To battle against a life of repose is as essential as to battle for the laws of Moses or of society. Had man been created to be idle he would have been cursed before he sinned. Instead of such unhappiness, we read of Adam while in a state of innocence, that "the Lord God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it." Luxuriant as its vegetation was, it required his training and adapting hand. Without labor Adam would have died amid its fertility.

The fairest flower which Paradise ever yielded to our first parents was the flower of industry.

Each condition and locality of man has its local temptation just as it has its local language. The city tempts to dress, to luxury; the village to indolence; and he who lives plainly and escapes the vanity of the former or rises above the indolence of the latter, is a hero. As death is everywhere, so there proceeds from each place, city, village or farm, an evil genius, extreme luxury or extreme poverty, extreme labor or extreme repose; and he is a great man who rises every morning against the evil genius of his place and presents his virtue against its vice, his will power against its repose. To find the peculiar temptation of a place and fight against it is the first duty of man.

Idleness is inconsistent with the laws of nature and with the general order of the universe. The Bible gives no countenance either to mental, physical or spiritual indolence. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." God has stamped the law of motion upon everything he has created. Whatever comes from his hand bears the impress of ceaseless activity. The restless atmosphere, the rolling rivers, the heaving ocean, nature's vast laboratories, never rest. The sparkling stars, the changing moon whose never slumbering influence the tides obey, the planets never pausing in the mighty sweep of their majestic march, are ever working. The busy swarm of insect life, the birds, the beasts of the forest, gamboling in gladness and activity, all bear testimony to nature's universal law of labor.

Temptation is an atmosphere in which a good character may ripen like the vintage on the sunny hills of France. One cannot be said to possess any security of character until he has been tried. Our mother Eve failed because instead of having character she possessed nothing but innocence. She knew nothing of sin or death, nothing of honor, for she had seen no dishonor. Like a child, she had innocence but not an intelligent conception of moral worth. Men are born in innocence but they die with character.

The reason so many fail of honor in public or private life is, starting out with the best intention, they do not realize the difference between the science and the art. They thought the science of honesty would save them. Many have seen great public men reach the highest place accorded to genius and then sink from failure of common integrity. We have a remarkable illustration of this in the life of Alexander the Great. When he entered the great field of human action he had a noble character although he devoted his energy to conquest and war. He entered upon his career with great ardor and accomplished the objects which had been the aim of his ambition. But during the process he failed in common integrity leaving on record only the wreck of a name that might have been one of the grand-

est which ever adorned the annals of history. They held fast to their honesty until it was needed and then parted with the only quality that could be of any use to them.

When a person is assailed by a temptation of passion or of gold, then is the very hour in which he needs his honor. Honor up to that moment has been but a dream. To be met a great trial is only to be furnished with an opportunity to become honorable. After one has withstood the trial for a few years, honesty becomes no bare theory but an actual trait of character; and every year of exact conformity to truth in the face of obstacles adds new beauty to the character just as each summer adds new beauty to the branches and foliage of a tree.

Character, whether it be small or great, evil or good, always represents a positive and resisting force, and can like other forces, be calculated and the issues of its action predicted. Its grandest illustrations are in those rare persons who have passed through a process of life and growth, from the actual world into the region of great spiritual ideas. Strength of character consists of power of will and power of self restraint. He, who with strong indignation within him, can yet restrain himself and forgive, is a moral hero. In the past five years many of our public men have had fine opportunities afforded them for building up characters that would have been brilliant lights not only to their contemporaries, but to the millions of future generations. Honesty is like a ship's anchor to be used not only on calm days but in storms.

"An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
But when she rages, and the storm blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty."

C. H. B.

WHAT WILL BE THE REMEDY FOR WAR?

From the time our first parents were driven out of Eden perfect harmony ceased to exist. Disputes and quarrels very soon arose among their descendants, and it was not long till Cain had stained his hands in the blood of his brother. As the race degenerated, bloodshed rapidly increased, and quarrels were not only between individuals, but between tribes and nations. Here then war began. The contagion spread quickly over the entire world. All men were affected by it, and many became skilled in the art of war. It has come down through all the ages and still exists, a baneful curse, among men. But some nations are more warlike than others. And as a rule we find those which are least civilized are the most quarrelsome and warlike, though not the most successful in their military operations. On the other hand we notice that the better civilized a nation is the less disposed it is to go to war, especially if it is a Christian nation. We would assume then from these facts that if there is any remedy for war it will come from the most enlightened and Christian nations in the world. And in this we will probably not be disappointed.

In November, 1887, a British Arbitration Delegation was sent to this country for the purpose of making some agreement in regard to the peaceable settlement of all the international disputes. The delegation represented 700,000 workingmen of The Workmen's Peace Association and about 250 members of parliament, including Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright and others.

Its proposition embodied a plan of settlement for all such disputes. It was this—To form a Court of International Arbitration consisting of five members, two to be chosen by each nation and the fifth to be selected by the four. That the plan had many hearty sympathizers is evident from the reception of the delegation. But is this the policy which the country in general wishes to adopt? To the

citizen of average intelligence no doubt some such alliance seems desirable; but just what kind is a question. If an international court should be formed it would be a question with what powers it should be vested. It would not do to adopt a policy of referring all cases to it, because the principle of non-resistance cannot always be carried out. There are times when the national honor and dignity requires more prompt action—as in the case of the recent civil war. And again there are times when our patriotism calls us to self-defense—as in the Revolutionary war. But in the main such a policy could be carried out.

The successes of arbitration during the last fifty years are enough to prove its efficiency. We have seen the Canada boundary line question, the Alabama case, and many less important issues peaceably settled. And if these have been settled, why should not an alliance of this kind peaceably settle many more in the future?

But it may be objected that arbitration does not satisfy both parties; does not always secure justice. True it may not. There may be circumstances connected with the difficulties which the arbitrator may fail to see. And so an unsatisfactory decision may be rendered. But is war any better? Are both parties satisfied with the result? Does it always secure justice? By no means. When two alternatives are put we might compare them. In which way are we more likely to secure justice, by the calm and deliberate judgment of impartial judges or by the impetuous efforts of a bloody contest? Reason replies "by the former."

And not only is there an advantage in the greater probability of securing justice, but also in the fact that arbitration can be carried on with comparatively little expense. In marked contrast with this is the historic facts of the cost of war. France was once on the verge of bankruptcy from the vast debt she had contracted through her wars. Though it did not place the United States in such a condition, yet the civil war cost it an almost inconceivable amount of money. So it is with all wars. Then, as a business enterprise only it would be well for these sister nations to join hands in such an alliance.

As the proposition is at present it is a choice, but the time is coming, it may be in the near future, that it will be a necessity. Swiftness of modern intercommunication is bringing all nations into closer and more frequent contact. Such being the case, international differences will probably arise oftener, and hence the more reason for a peaceable mode of settlement. When England and America form an "international alliance," (and they will likely be the first nations to do so), it will be a great advance in the world's history, and not only this, but it will be a precedent which will be followed sooner or later by other European countries, and countries throughout the world. Then the day of universal peace will be at hand when, in the words of Mr. Spurgeon, "The sword shall be broken across the table of the council room of international arbitration."

L.

CHANGE

Nothing in this life remains unchanged. To improve or to decay is the unalterable law of nature. Behold the babbling brook as it winds through the meadows and the lowlands to join the larger stream. It never returns, yet it is always renewed. How it sparkles in the sun! What beauty, what grandeur lies there, unobserved by the many passers-by! What lessons are to be learned from its ceaseless, speechless motion! Now it flows along calm and peaceful, bringing cheer and comfort to the

weary traveler, and affording a refreshing draught to the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle that may chance to be grazing along its banks. Now it is a raging torrent, destroying all within its reach. In winter it presents still another appearance. We see it locked fast in sheets of ice. This stream when viewed from time to time presents a variety of changes, yet its chemical properties remain the same. Its change is only in form and mode of behavior.

The wind, rising and falling, now a whispering breeze, now a hurricane destroying all it touches, now freezing in winter, now cooling in summer's heat, is a remarkable example of the law of change. We take a stroll through the fields on a pleasant summer's evening. As we proceed a cloud arises in the distant heavens. We stop and consider whether we will continue our stroll or retrace our steps. We decide to go on. Soon the wind rises, begins to blow furiously, we are caught in a violent storm.

How the bright sunshine days in early spring and early winter delight us. Few ever think of making preparation against the sudden changes in the weather so common at these seasons of the year. The pleasure seeker, mindful only of the good time he anticipates, often has his hopes blasted by a sudden change in the weather. Man thinks if human intelligence could know when or where these changes would take place he could arrange affairs to suit himself much better than they now do. Who can arrange such things better than he who knows the dispositions and requirements of each of his creatures?

We stand on the shore and behold in wonder and admiration the boundless sea that rises and falls, now calm as a mirror, now raging with fierce, destructive storms.

The land that is calm and smiling, rent by earthquakes, desolated by storms, fruitful or barren, peaceful or tempestuous, is changing with every hour. Great cities are built upon its plains. We see fine farming districts, beautiful forests of oak and pine. Suddenly all this bright picture is changed into a mass of ruins. Magnificent buildings are hurled from their foundations. Whole cities are destroyed. Mountains sink out of sight. In a few minutes we witness a Lisbon or a Charleston scene.

This earth, now fit for the abode of man, the highest order of animal life, is marked with one important change after another Men have digged in the bowels of the earth and made many wonderful discoveries concerning its formation. They find that during one period rocks were formed, during another period some of the lowest orders of animal life existed, and during another period coal was formed. Thus, step by step, each change was higher and more perfect until it was finally fit for the abode of man. Each change has its own peculiar advantage to man. Were it not for the rocks formed in the creative period, what would the sculptor do? The fossils formed during these changes afford study for the scientist.

The days that rise fair or cloudy, now bathed in sunshine, now drenched by storms, change with every hour till darkness envelops all nature.

Behold the trees! Study the marvelous change that takes place in them. In the spring, when the glory of the sun has become great enough to take from the earth the chilling frosts of winter, when the warm showers have refreshed the soil, all vegetable life is aroused from its long sleep. The trees send forth buds and new shoots, which develop until they are clothed with a green cloak to cheer and bless both man and beast. A few short months pass away and the frosts of autumn come and change this beautiful green cloak into a robe of more

brilliant colors. Soon the trees are stripped of this gorgeous robe and stand bare and leafless or wrapped in mantles of snow.

We think of this law of change, which is universal. We have deep and honest convictions if we consider thoughtfully, and well may we have. The question may be asked, what causes all these changes? It may be answered, they are natural. True, but what controls all nature? Go to revelation and there you will find an answer to this question.

From the universal law of change man is not exempt. From birth to death, from infancy to old age, the law of change is imperative. Every hour sees some change of feeling, some new thought developed, some old idea eradicated. Either improvement or debasement is a law that cannot be evaded. We cannot stand still. No power can check the progress one way or the other. Life leads to death; but not more surely than change leads to a higher existence or to an ending of misery and shame. A. J. B.

ECHOES

A single voice woke the silent mountains, and so it has always been with the words and deeds of men.

Here and there some grand thought or principle, proclaimed by a master mind, is echoed through all succeeding ages. The originators of thought are few; those of who reflect and echo, very young. "Each Poet," says Dryden, "is another's plagiary, and he is a third, till all end in Homer."

The clear vote of religious truth sounded in Galilee has been echoed from shore to shore, till the whole earth is filled with its music, and the grand melody is increasing, gathering strength and volume, as it passes from lip to lip, from heart to heart, and from soul to soul. But while human thought is ever echoing the great master thoughts, still, as in nature, each material gives back the echo with a ring peculiar to itself, so each thinker, each life, stamps the echoed thought with its own individuality. From the deep-toned organ and the sweet-voiced harp come the same notes; but the one rolls out its music rich and full, the other breathes that same choral softly and sweetly, and its silvery music falls upon the listening ear like an approaching angel's song.

As in music, so in thought; the first true note is given, and each new thinker utters it in turn. It is impossible for one who has so comprehended another's thought as to make it a part of himself to give it again to the world as he received it. Very often the truths thus reproduced flash with a greater luster because of the touch they have received from a great genius.

Shakespeare echoed the thought and even the words of his predecessor and contemporaries, and yet Shakespeare was not a plagiarist.

It hardly seems possible that the same thoughts, expressed year after year, and century after century, should love their power. But thought and truth never grow old. Obscured at times they may be, because with blind persistence men build higher the barriers of superstition, prejudice and ignorance; but the eclipse is only temporary, and again they will shine forth in all their former beauty, for they are eternal as God is eternal. Inspired thoughts are God's messengers sent to men to lift them higher, nearer to Himself.

W. E.

THE BULLET AND THE BALLOT.

The bullet and the ballot are the agents which record the voice of the people. They mold with despotic power the course of nations and the sway of empires, and thus they fashion history. Here they have placed an alabaster pillar marking with its parian beauty an epoch in the life of some great nation then flourishing, but now crumbled into dust, where some great or noble deed was performed. There, they place a horrid stain, the mark of fault and error, that forever tarnishes an otherwise bright record and remains a perpetual reminder of the folly and frailty of man.

Among the glistening pillars we may note the fall of tyranny, the elevation of the oppressed and the transformation of the cringing slave into a fine and noble man, a man who dreads no master, fears no king, and kneels to no one but his God. Among the stains, the wars of conquest, the success of falsehood, the temporary ascendency of wrong over right. These, then, are the deeds and powers of the bullet and the ballot. Awful instruments they are for good or ill, of blessings or of curses. The one a white-winged messenger of patriotism, loyalty and love, that has its origin in the breast of a free and noble man; that speeds at his bidding to reconstruct governments, to correct errors, to right wrongs, to support reforms. The other a sable messenger of horror, agony and death, that has its origin in the breast of the arch demon himself and which is hurled on its hellish mission midst lurid sulphurous flames, but half concealed by such a canopy as we can easily imagine hangs forever over the abode of the lost. The one shielded, and guided and guarded by the angels of light; the other eagerly watched for and leered at by the emissaries of darkness. We may not follow this great stream of thought to its fountain head. We may but dip a few drops from its sparkling volume. We shall not search the history of other countries for our own can furnish food for hours of thought upon this subject. Hardly had the poor red man completed his reverential welcome to his white visitor ere a strange sound fell upon his startled ear, it was the whistle of the white man's bullets, in which, had he but known the true nature of his white visitor, the red man might have read the doom of his race. Step by step the Indians were driven from the hunting grounds of their fathers; the beautiful city has taken the place of the picturesque though lonely tepee; the white man's fishing boats plow the waves where once the bark canoe glided swiftly along; the ring of the axe has driven the game from the forests, and yet the bullet has not ceased its awful work. The report of the first flintlock on America's flowery shores was but the turning of another page of history, but the introduction to scenes more horrifying, to suicides, to murders and depopulating wars.

Time rolls on and the Indian has learned to use the white man's death tube, and history is written, page by page, as the slaughter goes on. At length the Indian, hopelessly banished, the white men plow their fields and build their cities unmolested, and all is peace. But now the viper of oppression shows its fangs. The Stamp Act, taxation without representation, and other outrages by the subjects of the British crown, make longer submission most degrading. Once more the bullet of the colonist will find a nobler billet than the heart of the fleeing game. The cloud of war once more hovers over the colonies; once more the soil must be drenched with patriotic blood ere we may take our place among the nations of the earth. A country without a king. At length the carnage begins. At Concord and Lexington, as day was breaking, one might have heard, midst roll of drum and harsh command, the shots of the guns and the whistle of the bullets that are to shake to its very foundations the

haughty throne of tyranny across the sea—and Lexington has passed into history. We need not follow the patriots through the eight years' war. We know that it was few against many; right against wrong. We know that if the bullet was ever holy, it was holy then. It was not a war waged for conquest; it was not a war waged for the satiating of national hate; but it was a war waged for freedom from the galling chains of servitude. It is enough for us to know that in the end right triumphed, but we know that the colonies were in victorious peace as they were in oppression, but a band of men assembled for self-protection, but a collection of communities, without money, without friends, without commerce or the means of creating it, and almost without hope.

But see the ballot as it repairs the work of the bullet; as it brings order out of chaos and gives to the world a government for the people and by the people, that shall endure—the first of history.

Time records the events of eight more decades. They who fought against oppression now oppress others. We have forgotten that the black man has a soul, and our punishment comes swift, sure and awful. For years it has been hanging over our heads like the sword of Damocles, and at last it falls with the awful power of thethunderbolt. 'Tis the judgment of an outraged God. Once more the soil hallowed by the blood of the fathers must be moistened with the gore of the son. Oh! how often must the precious red libation be poured to cruel Mars before we can have a lasting peace. You know the story as well as I. You know that the slave was freed, and freed, you may say, indirectly by the bullet, but what a freedom! The freedom of the dog without a master. The civil war had left its dupes in deeper mire than before; sectional animosity heightened by the death of well loved sons. The slave who was free in name was twice deeper plunged in degradation than before.

See the ballot as it heals war's gaping wounds, as it obliterates the Mason and Dixon line, as it blends a divided country, as it makes men of the degraded negro, as it brings peace out of war. No vital question has ever been settled by the bullet. It can boast of nations blotted from the face of the earth; of trusting wives widowed; of the hope of aged parents blasted at one fell blow; of horror and crime and death; but of deeds of kindness or works of love—never. For these we must go to the ballot, which can tell of the bullet's work remodeled, of temptation removed from the path of the erring one, of follies rebuked, of vices overthrown, of souls saved. The bullet and ballot have done all this, and by these great records tell us of their full power.

What has been done in the past can be improved upon in the future. The bullet is slowly passing from history as the instrument with which civilized nations settle their disputes. In the near future the time will come when the ballot shall take the place of the bullet. May that time come swiftly, and once tried it will rule forever. A. L. R.

—The women principals of the New York public schools have sent a protest to the mayor against the continuance of the two women Commissioners of Education in office, and have also pointedly expressed their opposition to the appointment of any women Commissioners. This is decidedly discreditable. If there be any public positions which women might properly fill, those which are connected with the training and management of children should certainly be allotted to them.

—Nearly all of the universities in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland and Italy have opened their classes to women.

—The students of Johns Hopkins University have repudiated the cap and gown idea. That's sensible.—*Boston Herald.*

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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C. G. JORDAN, '91 EXCHANGES
F. H. McCLYMONDS '90, . . . BUSINESS MANAGER

NOVEMBER, 1889.

THE election of a practical business man to the presidency of Columbia college is a new feature in college work and introduces a new element into a college faculty. The presidency of our institutions of learning has been always regarded as a place for men of distinguished scholarship and eminence as teachers. A college cannot be self-sustaining, much less a money making institution. It is well they are not, for if it were not for the endowment of colleges through the generosity of men, a collegiate education would be possible for comparatively few. The funds can certainly be safely and profitably invested, and the business management properly attended to without the aid of the faculty. But this is a practical age. The brains of the country are turning to business. The business side of the leading professions is considered at the expense of the intellectual and moral side. Shall the college faculty continue to stand on the intellectual and moral side, or will the old college president, as teacher of Philosophy, have to step down to give room for the practical business man? Shall the chief of the college faculty continue to be looked upon as one whose attainments entitle him to superiority as a professor, and whose intellectual and moral power will be the controling influence of the institution over which he presides, or shall he give way to the skillful financier who will introduce the methods that are used in managing a banking institution or railroad corporation?

THE years extending from 1876 to 1892 will cover a period within which America will have celebrated the three greatest events in the world's history. The centennial of national independence and the centennial of the national constitution were the celebrations of the events that constitute the epoch of history. They gave and secured political freedom to men. The one secured him against tyrannical oppression, the other against the lawlessness of anarchy. We are already making preparation to celebrate the event which made these possible. It was under the new influences of the wilderness world that these principles germinated and grew into a government of the people, and it is a fact worthy of notice, that just previous to the celebration of the discovery of America the last monarch on the continent has been deposed and popular government is universal in the two Americas. But is Republican form of government going to stop here? There is much that is sad in the fall of Dom Pedro, the generous and liberal emperor, but what has already taken place in Brazil under a most liberal ruler, is at work in every capital of Europe. Annexation is as popular in Canada as it is in the United States. The Prince of Wales will have to rule as wisely and justly as the present Queen or the English people will not hesitate to rule for him. Bismark is constantly strengthening his iron hand that he may not be compelled to lose his grasp, while the Czar of Russia is in constant fear for his life. The day for the exercise of irresponsible power over the souls and bodies

of men has passed by. Liberty has come at last and made its home among men.

In the death knell of the last American empire there is a sound of warning that should startle those who claim a better title to their throne than that derived from the plebeian strength of their oppressed millions longing to be free.

BASE BALL promises to be unusually interesting this coming season. The brotherhood and league have thus far failed to agree and their action is watched with deep interest by all admirers of the American game. The game has been free from many of the faults that characterize sporting life, but viewed from the standpoint of its business management, it has developed into a speculation in players, buying and selling them at a profit. In contracting with a new player the management do not make the chief consideration the additional strength he should add to their club, but what is his actual worth in the market. Can he be disposed of at a profit to the stockholders? The players object to being bought and sold as "ten thousand dollar beauties" without their consent. The league management has insisted that absolute control of contract and release is necessary to enforce proper discipline and bring out the highest efficiency. The strikers embrace a large number of the oldest and best players of the league and they propose to play ball for their own benefit. The league managers are now willing to concede what the players have been long contending for, but perhaps too late to prevent the venture of the brotherhood. The fierce rivalry of the two associations will add new interest to the popular game next season.

JUNIOR orations are the order of the day. Three divisions have performed and the Juniors are certainly appreciating the opportunity. The orations so far are good and show much thought and care. The class of '91 can congratulate themselves on the music they have for this occasion. It is the best we have ever heard in the chapel. Prof. Austin's quintette club furnishes the music. The following persons have spoken thus far:

The Unrolling Scroll	W. M. Anderson
Personal Character a World Force	Nettie Alexander
Scylla and Charybdis	W. W. Barr
Pearls in Dishwater	Eva M. Andrews
The Voice of Nature	H. P. Crawford
Counterfeits	Belle H. Cornin
The Cost of Maintaining Principles	C. W. Eldredge
Patmos and St. Helena	Huber Ferguson
Sabbath Labor	Susie Foster
The Temple of Liberty	Hugh F. Given
The Mystic Hand	A. A. Graham
Our Destiny: What Shall It Be?	Susie Hover
Two Bridges	H. L. Hood
The Journalist	F. W. Kennedy
The True Grandeur of Men	C. G. Jordon
The Cross Over the Crescent	S. M. Kraeer
The Canaan of Humanity	R. Reed McClure
The Chasm Bridged	E. C. Little

THE lecture by the Esquimaux lady, Miss Olof Krarer, was a novelty both entertaining and instructive. The story of Greenland, or Life in the Frozen North, told by one of its own people is, perhaps, more than we might expect, but she certainly gave us a better idea of the life and habits of that far distant people, who live amid perpetual snow and ice, than we could possibly get from books. The ready replies she gave to the questions asked her at the close of the lecture showed that she possessed knowledge we might think impossible for one of these people.

IT has been reported that Vice President Morton has applied for and taken out a license to sell intoxicants at his hotel in Washington. It certainly does not speak well of the man who occupies the second place in this great Commonwealth, that he will engage in a business which is looked down upon by the greater part of the citizens. Mr. Morton undoubtedly made a mistake when he applied for a license, and it is to be hoped that he will see the mistake and rectify it. It is something which all good, loyal citizens should regret,

but we fear, from the nature of some of the articles which we have read concerning it, that there are some who profess to be such who rejoice at it. They seem to forget that Mr. Morton is now vice president of the United States and not simply the representative of a political party. Every person, no matter how bitterly they opposed his election, should wish to see him fill the office successfully and in such a way as will make him respected at home and abroad, and not rejoice at anything he does which will, as they think, justify them in using that old, worn-out expression, "I told you so."

THE subject of Col. Conwell's lecture on Tuesday evening was "A Silver Crown, or Born a King." He occupied two hours and many thought it short. In this lecture he gave the people what they wanted—plenty of good, common sense, plenty of every day language, apt illustration, apposite anecdote, wit and humor, and plenty of fine sentiment and pathos, which never failed to strike home at the right time. There are few orators like Conwell. He has none of the studied characteristics so common to lecturers and deals in no ready-made gestures nor flights of fancy for effect only. All of his lectures are so entertaining and elevating that it is almost impossible to make a choice of the best. This was the ninth time that he has spoken to a New Wilmington audience and he is still the favorite if the audience on Tuesday evening is any criterion.

THE Junior oration season is now at hand and the people of New Wilmington again have the privilege of enjoying a series of free entertainments. Judging from the large audiences which always assemble to hear the orations, there is no doubt but that they are highly appreciated. Of course the Junior orations should be free, but as there is always considerable expense connected with them there may be some doubt as to who should pay it. Heretofore the class has borne all the expenses, but there seems to be a little injustice in this. It is hardly fair to compel the Juniors to give orations and then require them to pay for the privilege. Could not some arrangement be made to relieve the class of at least a portion of this expense? The greater part of the money required is used in paying for music. An orchestra is often engaged to come from a distance. Now, as Westminster has a large musical conservatory connected with the college, could it not be called on to furnish the music? This is done very successfully at Junior contest, and we see no reason why it could not be done equally as well now. If this were done we have no doubt but it would be very welcome to the Juniors.

THERE seems to be a tendency on the part of some students to become very careless in the use of language in the class-room. A student may often have learned his lesson thoroughly, but through carelessness in framing the language of his recitation it is almost impossible for the teacher to understand exactly what he means. This is very annoying to the professor, and the habit thus formed is one which cannot but result in injury to the student. Of course we do not refer simply to grammatical mistakes, although they are often numerous enough, but to errors in the use of words and in the construction of sentences. Exactness in language is one of the prime requisites of a scholar. There is nothing which adds more to the power of a public speaker than the ability to express himself on any theme with which he is familiar in a clear and forcible manner. It is this power which carelessness in recitation tends to undermine, and once ruined will require years of careful watchfulness to recover.

—The art department still continues to grow, and the pupils are doing excellent work this term.

THE following is a synopsis of Dr. Mehard's address at the funeral of Dr. Vincent, as published in the *United Presbyterian:*

It affords me a melancholy pleasure to be here to-day to pay loving tribute to the deceased, and express my heartfelt sympathy for his sorrowing family.

My acquaintance with Dr. Vincent began whilst he was laboring at Mercer, as the pastor of the Associate church at that place (now First United Presbyterian church) and as principal of the Mercer Academy; our intimacy, when he removed to New Wilmington in 1852. The period from 1852 to 1858 was full of interest in the Associate and Associate Reformed churches, owing to the pendency of negotiations for their organic union. Dr. Vincent was an honest, earnest and influential advocate of this union, believing that it would conserve the interest of religion in general, and that these churches united could bear the more effective testimony for those truths regarding doctrine, discipline and worship, held in common by them and distinguishing them from other branches of the Church of Christ professing adherence to the Westminster standards.

In meetings of Presbytery and Synod, Dr. Vincent was courteous and judicious. Not given to speak often or at great length on subjects coming up for consideration, whatever he had to say had great weight with his brethren. During the twenty odd years it was my privilege to be associated with him in Westminster College, I had opportunity to hear him often, and I always listened with interest and I hope with profit. Prepared under the pressure of college work and other burdens, his sermons did not exhibit the highest degree of finish; yet they were always characterized by a clear, logical and forcible presentation of the great doctrines of grace. His courage as a preacher ought not to be passed without mention. Incapable of pandering to popular sentiment, he did not keep back unwelcome truths, even when he knew that their utterance would excite bitter hostility. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that his courage in this respect bordered on rashness.

My intercourse with Dr. Vincent as a member of the faculty of Westminster, was always pleasant, and, possessing no mean opportunity for judging, I am free to say, that in his treatment of all he was fair and honorable.

In this presence to-day I confess to a feeling of loneliness. One by one the men, who for a generation have stood shoulder to shoulder with me in a common cause, are falling in the ranks. First, Dr. Patterson, then Dr. Findley, and now Dr. Vincent has been called away from fellowship with us on earth to the general assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven. Yet this painful feeling of loneliness is not without alleviation in that the broken ranks have been filled, and others are carrying forward the good work of those who have been called to their reward.

MUSIC NOTES.

—The following is the programme of the pupils' recital which was given at the musical conservatory, Tuesday evening, Nov. 12:

Instrumental duet—"Waltz in Emi".....Raif
Misses Jessie McNaugher and Lizzie Borland
Vocal solo—"In the Chimney Corner".....Cowen
Miss Effie McNaugher.
Piano solo—"Waltz in B flat".....Godard
Miss Etta McClelland.
Piano solo—"Mazurkade Ball".....Ketterer
Miss Kate Stafford.
Vocal duet—"Wander's Joy".....Abt
Misses Lizzie Borland and Jennie Foster.
Piano solo—"Polonaise".....Schumann
Miss Lizzie Gibson.
Vocal solo—"Nazareth".....Gounod
Mr. Will Campbell.
Piano solo—"Nocturne in E flat".....Chopin
Miss Hattie McLaughry.
Piano and Violin—"Sonata".....Schawwinka
Miss Whissen and Prof. Austin.
Piano solo—"Soirees da Vienne".....Liszt
Miss Mary Johnson
Vocal solo—"Good night, My Child".....Kucken
Miss Jessie McNaugher.
Piano solo—"The Earl King".....Schubert-Heller
Mr. Reed McClure.

—Mr. Russell H. Conwell delivered his famous lecture "The Silver Crown, or Born a King," in the college chapel Tuesday night. The chapel was crowded to overflowing though it was a disagreeable evening. He spoke for more than two hours and the audience felt as if they could have listened for two hours more and not have been tired. Mr. Conwell has lectured here several times but this is considered his best effort.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Meet the faculty at 12:05.

—The street lamps, where are they?

—Do you catch on to Kennedy's side-burns?

—Dr. Witherspoon was in town the 14th.

—Where was Kerr when the light went out?

—J. W. Best, '75, visited his friends in town.

—Who is the polly-wog of the Senior class?

—Ask Jordan what "tonsorial" vibrations are.

—Anderson's Greek song is taking the town by storm.

—S. G. Huey, '88, preached in New Bedford, Sabbath.

—What took Russell's breath the other night at supper?

—An almost deserted spot—the top of Houston's head.

—J. A. McCracken, '89, visited friends in town last week.

—Mr. J. McNaugher, of Allegheny, was in town last week.

—What was Marks reaching for in chemistry the other day?

—The programs for Junior orations are models in this line.

—McElvey is giving lessons in boxing as well as in elocution.

—Rev. J. S. Dice, '69, visited his sister, Mrs. Seley, last week.

—D. S. L. McNary, '90, was away attending a wedding last week.

—Miss Blanche Porter, a former student, visited friends in college.

—Small girl riding in a coal wagon, to student—"Get in. Free 'bus."

—David S. Tinker, a former student, was in town visiting his many friends.

—A. R. Robinson, '89, is teaching in an academy at Johnstown, Pa.

—Miss Lizzie Houston, '87, is teaching school in New York this year.

—Prof. McGranahan preached in the First U. P. church Sabbath, Nov. 3.

—Two furnished rooms, in suite or single. Mrs. Orr, High street, New Wilmington.

—W. J. Shields, '85, who is now attending Cornell, visited his parents a few days ago.

—Rev. T. F. Cummings, '84, and his wife, '88, have arrived at their destination in safety.

—A larger crowd attended the orations last Friday night than has been in the chapel for a long time.

—A young lady, looking at a programme of Junior orations—"Why, they have eagles on them?"

—Notice—All students who wish to be instructed in the art of flirtation may call at the ladies' hall.

—Rev. J. R. Miller, '62, editor of the *Youths' Evangelist*, visited the college week before last.

—W. C. Adair, '88, has been received a student of theology by Big Springs, Indiana, presbytery.

—Why are three hall girls, walking abreast, like a cyclone? Because they won't turn out for any thing.

—J. R. Burnside, formerly of class '89, is reading law under John Donnon, L.L. D., of Washington, Pa.

—J. P. White, '83, has gone to New Castle and is reading law in the office of J. N. Martin, Esq., '81.

—Wonder what Gordon intends to do with that caterpillar he put in an envelope while in class the other day?

—It is desired that the gentlemen of the Senior class be more regular in their attendance at chapel exercises.

—The freshman class has finished De Senectute and will have Latin Composition the remainder of the term.

—Of great size—the sigh of relief which the Seniors gave when examinations in Political Economy were through.

—W. E. Pervis, '88, represented the Allegheny U. P. seminary at the recent interseminary alliance in Chicago.

—Miss Franc Donaldson. '87, who has been home on a two weeks' vacation, has returned to her school near New Castle.

—General criticism—"I think there is too much of a tendency in our society to use slang when we get 'in a tight place.'"

—Miss Mary Frew, a former student, and her brother, a student of Grove City College, visited the college last Saturday.

—Teacher—"Can you tell me of what nationality Napoleon was, Willie Larkin?" Willie (surprised)—"Why, of Corsican."

—Prof. W. A. Jackson, a former student, visited friends in town. He is now principal of the public school at West Middlesex.

—Hon. O. L. Jackson lately presented the college with complete publications in regard to the fish industry of the United States.

—Rev. Kennedy preached a sermon to the young people Sabbath week ago from the text, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

—Invitations are out for the marriage of W. H. Moore, '86. Mr. Moore was the editor-in-chief of the first volume of the HOLCAD.

—Frank Blackstone, '81, goes to Pierre, South Dakota, to engage in the law and real estate business as partner of J. A. Van Orsdel, '85.

—The young ladies are beginning to get excited over the violin. Several are taking lessons at present and more expect to next term.

—The Dr. in looking over the examination papers in Political Economy finds this definition for "barter"—an Indian trading with a white man.

—Prof. Thompson, who has been quite ill with typhoid pneumonia, we are glad to know is out of danger and is recovering as fast as could be expected.

—If the Senior who defined "barter" to be a white man trading with an Indian, will present himself, properly identified, the HOLCAD will give him a medal.

—J. G. Berry, '87, was visiting friends in town last week. He was on his way home from Dansville, N. Y., where he has been taking treatment since July.

—The Seniors have finished Political Economy. Any person desiring information on the subject, just ask the Seniors. They will study Science of Government the remainder of the term.

—Wanted—A proposal for furnishing the ladies' hall with cider. Contractor must be prepared to furnish it promptly and in large quantities. Address R. M. C. S., Ladies' Hall.

—Hon. Chas. W. Stone, secretary of commonwealth, lately presented the college library with two volumes which are the account of the 100th anniversary of the inauguration of Washington.

—Col. Conwell conducted the chapel exercises on Wednesday morning. The students, as usual, were ready for a speech and were not disappointed. He knows how to talk effectively. No student can forget what he said.

—Rev. S. W. Gilkey, '77, President of Tarkio College, Mo., visited the college Friday. He gave a very appropriate address in chapel. We learn that he has lately received and accepted a call from the First U. P. church of Mercer, Pa.

—Rev. J. M. Fulton, '78, pastor of the Fourth U. P. church of Allegheny, preached a missionary sermon last Sabbath evening under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Missionary Society of the Second church.

—Miss Jean Robertson is in receipt of a letter from Prof. Oella J. Patterson, of Monmouth college, formerly of Westminster, in which she wishes to be remembered to the HOLCAD staff.

Thanks. We return the greeting with best wishes for her success in her new field of labor.

—The new mashes : C. and S., B. and A., McC. and A., McE. and L., McE. and D., S. and R., A. and McC., K. and J., R. and McN., F. and K. ; holdovers : S. and C., J. and G., V. and S., D. and D., W. and K., F. and McC., T. and McN., M. and M., K. and McK.

—It was decided in New Testament history that it was probable that Paul rode on his journey to Damascus. A student wants to know if he rode a horse or a mule, and whether it was sound or not. Here is a splendid chance for young theologians.

—J. A. Alexander, '86, preached Sabbath before last in Deer Creek congregation where his father was pastor for more than twenty-five years. He has recently accepted a call to New Athens, O., where he will locate after finishing his Senior year at the seminary.

—The college orchestra, consisting of Prof. Austin, Miss Whissen, Messrs. McClure, Lock and McLaughry, is furnishing the music for Junior orations. It is the best music, too, that has been furnished on such an occasion for years. Almost every piece is heartily applauded.

—Girls, the next time you want to break a pumpkin don't carry it to the third story of the hall and let it drop to the first floor. If you could contrive some quieter way of breaking it every body would not know that you had a pumpkin which had been obtained by the heinous crime of hooking.

—T. E. Moffat, '89, principal of Sunbury academy, is in town spending part of a vacation. He visited Philo society Monday night, and though he belonged to the Adelphic society he received a very cordial greeting. When called upon he made some very appropriate remarks, which were heartily applauded.

—The missionary society of the college held a meeting in the chapel Sabbath afternoon, Nov. 3. The meeting was led by Miss McLaughry. R. E. Porter gave an address on the condition of the mission work in Brazil. Miss Belle Comin read a paper on the Papacy as related to mission work. Miss Mary Stewart a paper on mission work among the Freedmen.

—Rev. E. P. Dunlap, '71, the returned missionary from Siam, gave an interesting magic lantern lecture on that country, Nov. 7. Pictures of the king, queen, and many members of the royal family were exhibited, besides palaces, temples and many other interesting views. Siam is not a barbarous country as many think, but has made and is making rapid strides in civilization. Telegraphy is used quite extensively and electricity lights up some of the largest cities. Education is progressing rapidly and missionaries are encouraged in their work. On the whole it seems probable that Siam will be as far advanced in a few years as Japan is at present.

—The evil spirits were quite numerous at hallowe'en. They were through the town generally, but the most of them hovered about the dormitory. Messrs. Caldwell, Kuhn and Minick were stationed about the town to ward off their depredations. They were pretty successful in their charge, considering that spirits move invisibly. Incredible as it may seem, officer Minick succeeded in arresting one of these evil messengers, and dispersed a crowd which had gathered for consultation. On the whole they were well guarded and would do well the next time to go where they do not have such keen-eyed officers.

—We clip the following from a New Castle paper : Two plainly dressed young ladies from the musical conservatory of New Wilmington, visited this city on Nov. 2, and left their rig at T. J. Garvin's livery while they proceeded to inspect the latest styles in head dress. On their return, late in the evening, the proprietor of the livery did not recognize the ladies in

their new costume, but on being identified the rig was brought out and the ladies, having spent all their money for bonnets, hastily drove off unmindful of the fact that the "laborer is worthy of his hire." The livery man pursued in hot haste, but so swift was their flight that he was unable to overtake them and gave up the chase, vowing he would see them the first time they came back to the city.

—When Juillerat went to the postoffice last Saturday he met with quite a surprise. He received a letter which proved to be a summons to appear before the faculty that afternoon. Not wishing it to be known he put the letter in his pocket and kept "mum" about it. A short time before the faculty met he was seen going down street with trembling and hesitating step. His face, usually so calm, had a care-worn and anxious look on it. No doubt he was anticipating a terrible ordeal before the court of professors. As he entered the room all was silence until he was asked if he had anything to lay before the faculty. He replied in the negative. He was then asked if he had any thing to ask of them. To this he replied that he had not. The Dr. was puzzled as to why the student came in, but finally it dawned upon his mind that a bogus summons may have been sent, which proved to be the case. The young man was then dismissed and with a grateful sigh went on his way rejoicing.

—Three sophomores studying Algebra, grave Senior looking on: (1) "x square plus xy"—"Say, did you see my new picture that I got from the west the other day?" "No; isn't it funny looking?" "Say, he looks as if he was cold." (2) "8-9(x square plus a square plus ab) equals 1-9x(20a plus 4b)." "Oh, here are some cards! Wouldn't you like to see them?" General laughter. (3) "8x square plus 8a square plus 8ab equals 20ax plus 4bx." "Let's go and ask Prof. S. to help us work these." "Where in the world is that answer book! Yip, I got it!" "How?" Then a cock-a-le-rie-law. "8x square minus 10ax plus 4bx equals 8a square. I don't believe this will get it." "I don't either." Meow, meow, meow, by the sophs. "What's the next one?" "Give me that book." Tearing of hair ensued. "I wonder if Prof. S. would approve of our method of studying Algebra." "Good land! there is the half-past four bell and my conscience won't allow me to study now." "I must skip." "So must I." Exeunt sophs.

WHERE JOURNALISTS FIND WORK.

Among the many unique and very convenient institutions of New York city, the most useful and valuable that I know of, to the newspaper fraternity, and especially out-of-town journalists, is the Equitable Press Exchange, where they will undertake to buy or sell for you (on commission) anything from a patent pen or spring poem to a printing press or daily newspaper. One who is (or desires to be) connected with any department of newspaper making can find almost anything he wants here on the most reasonable conditions. There is a regular scale of charges for everything. Any sort of inquiry is answered for 10 cents, however difficult the information to obtain; and from there prices range upward to $10 for finding one a position on a newspaper. To see how many vacancies are usually on file is surprising. Yesterday there were nine. But the number has reached above 100 at once, I am told. This is a big country. What silly questions and unreasonable favors some people can ask! Some of their letters to the Exchange are amusing, not to say irritating. But the stoically serene countenance of the manager—who is an unusually capable all-round journalist himself—never betrays the slightest impatience or annoyance. He answers all courteously if they enclose sufficient postage. He says the lowest cost of answering a letter is seven cents and from that upward, according to the time and car-fare consumed in getting the required information.—*N. Y. Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

EXCHANGES.

—Athletic games occur in the Yale fields, October 26th. The Yale *Record* has offered a prize of a silver cup to the person showing the most in the foot-ball.—*Ex.*

—Among our exchanges the *College Rambler* deserves special mention. None of its departments are neglected. Its editorial column is especially meritorious on account of the spirit and care manifested in it.

—Of 250 college presidents in America eight each are graduates of Yale, Ohio, Wesleyan and Oberlin, while Harvard, Union, Princeton, Amherst, Washington and Jefferson come next with six each. Michigan and De Pauw furnish each four. Forty-three were educated at the college over which they preside.—*Ex.*

—The *Practical Student*, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, contains every week the sermon of Dr. Talmage, and also an elaborate discussion on the Sabbath school lesson. This step is certainly well taken as it places before the perusing mind of the student a sermon the very best, and gives him a great help in preparing his Sabbath school lesson. This, with the replete condition of its other departments, makes it a paper of a high standard.

—The Oberlin *Review* contains a very interesting article on "Europe in Six Weeks." It is written in a sprightly style and shows considerable power of description. The weary traveler's anxiety on nearing land, and his annoyance on landing at Liverpool of being searched by the inspectors, were given in a pleasing manner. We would make one exception and that is, that some of the departments seem to have been neglected somewhat to give prominence to others.

—After another struggle for existence the *Wooster Collegian* again makes its appearance and is welcomed as an old friend. It has ever been a paper of merit and is well worthy a hearty patronage from the Wooster students. It seems as though its trials and struggles only tend to make it stronger. First and foremost among its literary productions of the last issue is an oration on the "Realm of the Possible." It is an article well worthy its place and would grace the literary department of any paper. One thing particularly noticeable is the conspicuous absence of the local column. This column should not be entirely neglected, as it is upon this, to a great extent, that the success of a paper depends. With this exception, we find no fault with the *Collegian*. May the darkness through which it has passed be the herald of a brighter day.

—One of our latest, and we can say one of our best exchanges, is the *Hamilton Review*. In their exchange column was the following: "The literary department of the HOLCAD would be far more interesting if it contained something of a different style than mere chapel work." We are always ready and willing to benefit from criticisms, but first we desire to know definitely what the criticism is. Will the exchange editor be so kind as to tell in what particular the style of our literary department partakes of chapel work? If this request be complied with we will strive to lift this department out of the rut into which it may have fallen. It contains an editorial on the excuse system which has recently been adopted in their college. This system allows absence from one-tenth of the assigned exercises in each department without excuse. It recognizes that a college man, to a certain extent, should be his own judge in regard to attendance upon recitations. There are times when it is almost impossible to attend a recitation, yet college law says "must." True, this system has its points of abuse, but in all it certainly recommends itself in that it banishes to a certain extent the idea of compulsion and places the student upon his honor, and honor only can make men.

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SKETCH OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Through brambles and o'er chasms deep,
'Moug rocks and mounts by lake and bay,
With hounds pursuing the panting stag,
The Scotchmen while their time away.

The men have met; the chase is planned.
With steeds and hounds all in array,
Eager and restless to be gone,
When lo! the stag has caught their eye.

The word is given, away they go.
The huntsmen all join in the race,
The stag, more fleet of foot than they,
Leaves far behind the panting chase.

But no! behind in hot pursuit
One horseman rides, far, far ahead;
Until his gallant steed gives out,
And falls upon the mountain, dead.

The horseman, grieving, left the spot
And trudged along his lonely way
Until his raptured eye he rests,
In wonder, on a lovely bay.

A skiff he spies, and riding there
A lovely maiden sits serene;
He calls her, and at his request
She lands him safely on the green.

He bides till morn then takes his way,
But leaves not all the scene behind;
For Ellen haunts his sleeping hours
And sends him back his love to find.

Meanwhile, an outlaw, bold and proud,
Had sought the hand of Ellen true.
But she, in love to Malcolm Greame,
Refused the hand of Roderick Dhu.

Time passed and Ellen's father dear,
Falsely accused an outlaw wild –
His life sought daily by his foes
For safety to the king applied.

Young Ellen, anxious for her sire,
Now seeks the palace of the king;
But he is pardoned ere she comes,
For joy, oh, all ye minstrels sing!

She meets the king, and him she finds
To be the stranger of the chase,
And him the man whom she refused
His palace, as his queen, to grace.

He grants her wish, and Malcolm Greame
His wife he gladly bids her make,
And now, farewell, ye lovely maid,
Farewell, ye Lady of the Lake.

SUSIE HOOVER.

LONGFELLOW AS A MORALIST.

What Burns was to Scotland Longfellow was to America—her favorite poet. His morality made him such. This favoritism in estimating authors is due to certain causes operating among the masses. The simple grace of Burns' verse struck a responsive chord in the heart of the Scotch peasant. None the less did the sturdy morality of Longfellow stir the soul of Americans. Scotland loved the easy rythm in which was told the story of the "Cotter," of "Tam O'Shanter," and the common events of everyday life. America prides herself in a devotion to morality. She justly praises every deed of charity. She cherishes every sentiment vitalized by a high moral purpose. To be popular, an author must be in sympathy with national thought. His sentiments must be the sentiments of his fellows. He must write for the masses, not for the critic. In Longfellow was realized this conception of a favorite author in the highest sense. His readers were devoted to a rigid principle of morality. It was therefore the keynote of his every song. A moral might be read between the lines of every stanza. He was the poet of his age, but not by servile conformity to any rule. He was naturally so. He wrote not to please, but pleased because he wrote. He was a moralist, hence a favorite.

Two causes might be mentioned as making Longfellow the moralist he was, namely, his ancestry and his travels. He was a descendant from a long succession of strictly Puritan families. Like all New England authors, he was therefore born to uphold the observance of the most rigid rules of Christian practice. But, unlike many of his contemporaries, he was not an extremist. That the extreme tenets of the Puritan faith found little favor with him was doubtless due, in a great measure, to his extensive travels. His tour on the continent broadened his views. He viewed life from a different standpoint than formerly. He thought differently. He learned to look with charity upon the faults and mistakes of mankind, and to bend his energies to bettering their condition and elevating their standard of morals. His morality, therefore, became practical. He could concrete a moral sentiment in a word of comfort or a deed of philanthropy. His conception of morality was lively without being fanatical; liberal without being elastic. Every word of comfort that dried a tear; every line of hope that buoyed a famishing spirit; every flash of his genius that cast a ray of sunshine upon a shadowed soul, was moral, was morality in the concrete. His "Hyperion" has been critizised as being "too morally didactic." But his critics have failed to grasp the innate conception of the great poet, that the true beauty of human life is in its morality.

Although a rigid moralist, he was yet imaginative—sometimes dreamy. His morality and imagination conspired in making his fame. He proclaimed great moral principles, and, by the aid of his imagination, clothed them in language of surpassing beauty. Yet his practical morals were no burden to his imagination. They allowed it to bask in spheres of purer light. It winged no weary flight. It mounted aloft on the pinions of pure thought and divine emotion. He believed that God had revealed himself in two great Books; that the written Word but revealed what Nature could not. Art, which is but the mockery of nature, he admired as man's imitation of what none but a God could create. From these two, Nature and Art, he loved to glean moral lessons. As he threaded the aisles and corridors of ruined chapels and castles, and mused amid the tombs of past generations and the relics of past ages, his soul caught a breath of inspiration which he breathed upon the world to tell of the oblivion that awaits him who lives for self and fame.

In all nature he traced the finger of his God. Every breeze that fanned his brow was the breath of God. In the song of every bird was the symphony of heaven's music. He taught that the distinctive characteristic of a man is manhood. To him a man was great not because of his reputation, but because of the sterling qualities of his character. He invoked his muse to sing, not of the physical courage and prowess of men, but of the virtues of integrity and moral worth. He taught his readers to emulate such an example. To his moral sense the perspiration on the brow of the laborer, as he plied his spade to the ditch, breathed a sweeter aroma than the perfume on the lily-fingered gallant. He preached the gospel of labor; that the dew of heaven is honest sweat. He made the poor rich, the weak strong, by the spell of his genius. The fawning courtier, the chivalric knight, and the sceptered monarch he passed silently by to immortalize the "Village Blacksmith."

Longfellow contemplated everything from the bright side. If every flower had its perfume, every cloud had its bow. If he were imaginative, his spirit dwelt in more ethereal realms, and, in the transports of his soul, he felt the divinity within us. If he were dreamy, he dreamed of better things. He made everything his own. Old things he made new. The great moral truths bequeathed to each succeeding generation, but then lightly treated by reason of familiarity with them, he made to don a new attire. He gave them a new meaning and an added force. Every thought bore the stamp of his genius. He was not a passionate Byron, nor a romantic Keats, but he was the great moral and "fireside" poet of America. He could not have been the favorite poet of any other nation, because his sympathies were not in touch with their civilization. While he had American ideas, he had cosmopolitan views of moral questions and principles. His uncompromisting morality did much to establish a distinct type for American literature. He was preeminently American. He was born of her, and born for her. H. C. S.

THE COLLEGE EDUCATION.

The word education, in its literal signification, means a "drawing out," but according to common usage it has a two-fold meaning: the acquisition of knowledge and the discipline of the intellect. The latter seems to be generally regarded as the more important part of one's schooling. It is well that it is so, because everywhere there is a premium upon diligence and discipline. A man's mental faculties, as well as his physical, in order that they may be fully developed, must go through a rigid course of training. This is a divine law of nature, and it is no less affirmed by experience and observation than by all true philosophy. The result of it is the supremacy of the best trained or the best disciplined, commonly called "the survival of the fittest." True it is that at times it seems to work injury, as in the oppression of the inferior laboring classes, but certainly no one can say that, in the sum total, it is not a great blessing to the masses in general. If it were not so, the human race would never become any better.

The only escape from its penalty for those who refuse to obey its mandates, lies in the charity of those who are their superiors. Men may spend their lives in devising laws to relieve the ignorant and consequently oppressed, but never until they surrender their love of liberty and all their inherent rights can there be any relief from the doom which naturally follows disregard of this law except Christian benevolence.

The necessity of discipline or training may

be well estimated by the disastrous results which follow negligence or indifference. There can be no passive existence. Man must either regenerate or degenerate. A verification of this truth is found in that passage of Scripture, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" This follows from that principle by which an organism failing to develop itself, failing to keep what it already possesses, must necessarily deteriorate and become more and more adapted to a lower form of life. An eminent philosopher reasons upon the degeneracy of man's nature from analogy. He says that "We imagine that nature is full of life while in reality it is full of death. One cannot say that it is natural for a plant to live, because if he examines its nature fully, he must admit that its natural tendency is to die. It is kept from dying by a temporary endowment which gives it power to utilize for a brief span the rain, the sunshine and the air ; and if this temporary endowment be withdrawn, the very things which seemed to minister to its growth and beauty cause it to decay and die." Hence his definition for life is the "sum total of all functions which resist death," and, therefore, the more complete the resistance, the more complete is the life.

While it follows from this that we need training and discipline to combat this tendency to retrograde, is it not possible that in our efforts to develop our intellects we may overlook that other and very important part of education—the acquisition of useful knowledge? No difference how well one's mind may be developed if he does not have a stock of knowledge which he can use so as to influence others for good, his education must have been in vain. Sad to say, how often do we find this the case! The logical conclusion that every one must come to is, that there must be a radical defect in the educational facilities. In view of the fact that life is short, and consequently the time allotted to us should be spent as profitably as possible, so as to accomplish the most, is not the propriety of spending so much time in college in the study of those branches which are designed almost solely to discipline the intellect, questionable? A college president once said that it was a very important thing to discover what we should learn. He said that when he attended college he studied a great many things which were of no practical use to him. If such was the case then, it is certainly no less true to-day, because the college curricula at the present time are very much the same as they were then.

The study of the dead languages is, at the present time, a very important part of the course of study in every college, and it must be conceded that a knowledge of them is useful ; but it is patent to every one that almost the sole object in pursuing the study of them is the discipline of the mind—and that in a particular direction. This is like one filling his stomach with husks in order to increase his capacity for food. A man may develop the muscles of his arm by striking a sand-bag, but if he were to take up a hammer and tongs to make a horse-shoe, which would be of some use, he would utterly fail. How true this is of many college students who take high grades in the languages and yet cannot use their own language with any degree of accuracy or with any appreciable effect.

If it were necessary to study Latin and Greek in order to obtain any gems of thought contained in them, which could not be obtained otherwise, and one were able to master all modern literature, certainly the study of them would be more profitable; but considering the fact that most students know very little about modern productions, and that the ordinary mind can never entirely penetrate the vast realms of knowledge, certainly the average student would be better employed studying English and American literature.

There seems an admiration firmly rooted in the minds of many for the classics. This has been aptly styled by some one a "blind

veneration for antiquity." Certainly if Cicero was a greater orator than those who have followed him, or Socrates was a greater philosopher than those of the present age, humanity is degenerating, something which is contrary to history and reason. If Cicero's work, *De Senectute*, were to be brought before the present generation, represented as the production of some author of modern times, it would be condemned as the work of a crank. This is not the only objection which may be made to the study of the classics to the virtual exclusion of other courses of study. The study of the languages, from the nature of the case, fails to develop originality in the student. Instead of learning, as rhetoricians say, to invent thought and to express it most appropriately in words, he becomes a mere consumer and not a producer. This is called by scientists "semi-parasitism," something which is in direct violation of the laws of evolution. One great lacking in a college course is that students are not required to present their own ideas in their own language. It seems as if all that is required of a student, in order to make a perfect recitation, is to tell what the book says. Too much book study can practically ruin a man's power for good. Too much reliance upon books is evident from the literary performances which students give from time to time. It has come to that stage of affairs in college that one cannot take the performances of any one as a criterion by which to estimate his abilities to write. Instead of this, it may be taken as evidence of his ability to take a subject and to apply the thought and language of another to it, and even at times he changes a finely constructed sentence in the original in order to render it unrecognizable by the hearer. It is to be hoped that in the near future some means may be adopted by which more practical work may be secured in college, and that some measure may be instituted to suppress this evil of "semi-parasitism."

J. M. D.

THE ENTRANCE OF SIGHT.

The physical forces are powerful, though silent and unseen. Each performs its part independent of others, yet all acting together harmoniously form one complete whole.

The force of cohesion holds the molecules of matter together, even from the smallest grain of sand to the overarching mountain crags. The force of gravitation controls the direction of the leaf as it fall zig-zaging to the ground and holds the very stars of heaven in their places. Of all the forces that present themselves to the philosophic and contemplative mind, light is one of the most interesting.

To tell what the nature of this substance is, has for a long time been a puzzling question. Two leading theories have prevailed. One is, that light consists of the emanation of particles of luminous bodies thrown out incessantly on all sides; the other, that it is a vibration that may be appreciated by the organ of sight. Whatever it may be, it is one of the most beneficial agencies. Without it an impenetrable gloom would hide the distant scenes of creation; the sun, moon and stars would be shrouded in the deepest mystery; all around would appear dismal, waste and undistinguished chaos, thick, cold darkness, with its clammy folds, would embrace us, and all animated beings would perish.

But light, clear, purifying, vivifying and exhilarating, speeds its way to us from the great bosom of the golden orb of day; it diffuses itself throughout every sphere in the universe; it wings its swift flight from star to star and from sun to planet throughout the bound-

less sphere of immensity; reflected rays shine upon us from the silvery orb of night; we behold them sparkling like diamonds on every spear of grass; they irradiate the lofty mountain tops, the spreading plains, the flowing rivers and placid lakes. The *earth* is a theatre on which light displays its exhaustless power and energy, making the forests to spring forth into beauty, covering the plains with verdure and adorning the vegetable kingdom with an endless variety of colors.

On this plane of the *material* we have spoken of the forces which are beneficial and pleasing to man's outward and physical being; and from among them we have differentiated *light*, marking its mysterious nature, source, indispensableness and efficient energy, and have seen it gleaming and scintillating in a brightness and glory of wisdom unequaled and unsurpassed. If we ascend from this to the higher position of man's spiritual need, can we not, with the ideas we have gathered from the low plane of the natural, move out to the question of his spiritual wants and supply? Here we find his necessities are more definitely marked and his supply more wisely and delicately furnished.

One of man's noblest powers is his intelligence. His desire for knowledge when once aroused is insatiable. His mind is ever striving to attain a knowledge of the truth. In past ages men have beheld the mysteries around them and have tried to grasp the realities, but in many instances these were beyond their comprehension. In vain have scientists tried to explain the origin of matter. The questions of a supreme Deity and a future existence have thrown the minds of poets and *philosophers* into uncertainty and doubt, and the farther they pursued these questions the more dreadful their apprehensions became. The Grecian poet; from whose swelling heart poured forth the sweet and ever pleasing strains of lyric verse, which even now adds melody and charm to classic halls, groped in darkness. The wisest of the seven wise men, the most celebrated philosopher in the world's history, with all his advanced ideas of mortality and immortality, stood in frightful perplexity. Therefore the most profound thinkers, as long as they are cut off from the knowledge of truth, have nothing worthy the name *light*, much less have the unenlightened and degraded.

Man is a sensitive creature also. His affections constitute the glory of the man and make him what he is. When they are misdirected, they make him an impure, vicious and wretched being: when they are directed wisely, they make him pure, noble and happy. This keenly sensitive nature is capable of being developed into love or hate and must be carefully cultured and guarded. It demands something to love, something that is capable of being loved without injury to the ever increasing desire. Something that is worthy of and responsive to the intensity and ardor of its affection.

Moreover, if the wants of the intellectual and sensitive faculties of man were unprovided for, this would not meet all the requirements of his soul. He has a moral nature; his character is degraded and vile; he is unfruitful in righteousness and fruitful only in wickedness, and if he die, loathsome as he is, better he had never had an existence. Pleasing manners and high intellectual culture are unable to purify him. Certainly, then, the transformation of his morals is a crying need of man.

Are these pressing *necessities* supplied? *They are*, even in a more subtle and skillful manner than his physical wants. An effulgence surpassing that of the sun shines upon him from the inspired Book, enlightening his darkened understanding. At first this light appeared like into a star sending forth its rays unto the dense gloom, but in this dismal period, "when the fullness of time had come," the brightest sun in this firmament kissed the tops of Judea's hills and sent forth rays of light inaccessible and full of glory. Since then these rays have

been diffused over all the earth and men have come into the knowledge of truth. No one need be in perplexity concerning the creation any longer. "In the beginning God made the heavens and earth." It matters not how long ago it was, the fact remains. That there is an Omnipotent Being, who controls the universe and rules over the nations of the earth, has been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The truth concerning the immortality of the soul is no longer shrouded in painful uncertainty. Ignorance and superstition are swiftly being dispelled. A few centuries ago all Europe, under the papal authority, whose motto is, "Ignorance is the mother of devotion," men of the highest rank and influence could neither read nor write; illiteracy reigned supreme, until the light from the Holy Word dawned upon the mind of one man and was reflected over Germany and from thence over western Europe. A revival of letters soon followed and to-day these nations stand among the first in education and civilization. Queen Victoria, when asked the reason for the greatness of her realm, points to the Bible and says: "That is the secret of the greatness of England."

This supplies the inward longings of the soul, be they ever so intense, pointing to one well worthy of love and adoration; one that may be loved with all the sincerity and fervor of the heart's affections, and yet the eye of reason be unclouded and clear, its conception strong and brilliant (Paul was never more rational than when he was caught up into the third heavens); one that does not degrade these affections, neither does he disappoint them, as they are always disappointed when given a wrong direction and impulse. This one is none other than the Prince of Peace, the bright and morning star.

The divine Revelation also sends its purifying rays into souls defiled and corrupted with sin; imparts truths which are efficient to conviction and conversion; directs the man wishing to be cleansed from pollution to the fountain where he may wash and be clean; leads to Calvary's cross the man wishing to be freed from the lashings of an unatoned conscience; and it is a remarkable fact, that no human being ever believes in the atonement of Jesus Christ without a pacified spirit.

The remedy is fitly adapted to the disease. It soothes the troubled heart; assuages the lacerated and bleeding spirit; relieves the soul from apprehensions which otherwise would make life miserable and immortality a curse, and even melts the heart of the fiercest cannibal. Half a century ago, on the Fiji islands, you could have beheld a people practicing customs so atrocious that they are beyond the power of language to express, and have heard horrible and heart-sickening yells as they performed their hideous dances about a human sacrifice. To-day you can hear songs of praise and adoration ascending from thankful hearts for the Word that led them from darkness into light and softened their savage breasts.

Thus the rays from the Holy Book are continually penatrating the dark and benighted portions of the earth and transforming the idolatrous and fierce creatures into pure and noble men and women. As the light of the sun supplies man's material wants, so the light of the Bible supplies all his spiritual needs. The one furnishes a medium of communication between the earth and the celestial spheres, the other furnishes a medium of communication between the soul and its Creator. The one shall, at length, be extinguished; the other shall continue to shine brighter and brighter, until the heavens shall be rolled up like a scroll and the earth shall melt with fervent heat and all shall be ushered into the unapproachable and inaccessible light of the throne of the eternal God.

R. E. PORTER.

THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS.

Seeing a group of hay stacks standing in a meadow the thought was suggested "of how many stalks a stack was made up." In the field they grew, one by one, rising a little higher day by day until finally they are gathered all together and make one large pile—a store of provender for many days. The trees become mighty through long years of steady growth; scarcely perceptible at any one time, one tiny cell being added to another and one to another till its massive trunk and lofty branches are formed.

Water, forming the great rivers and deep ocean, is made up of infinitesimal molecules, one of them comparing with a drop of water as an apple with the earth.

The ground upon which we tread and the rocks forming the foundations of the earth, as well as the clouds above us, which at times seem so foreboding and majestic and again so lovely and peaceful, are thought to be composed of little particles.

Not only is this law of the littles found in nature, but in intellect and in life. The child going to school does not think of how much he is learning, he simply goes on day after day, learning to add and subtract and read and write, until by and by he is almost grown and ready to go to college. And even college students, we find, cannot learn every thing in a day, but must labor patiently and perseveringly hour by hour, if they wish to accomplish their end. Strength of intellect is attained by devoting the mind to the little tasks as well as the great, and he who is faithful in small things will be faithful also in much.

When in the early spring we see the plain, gray catkins of the pussy-willow, we take it for granted that we see all there is about them, but if we examine one carefully under a microscope we will be surprised to find underneath the gray covering beautiful flowers of the richest coloring. Our religion seems somewhat like this; to one who simply looks at the outside there may seem little compensation in Christianity, but if he will seek Christ diligently in the Bible with the microscope of prayer to God, he will find the joy of life.

And we are taught that the kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed, so very small when it first comes into our hearts, but with God's goodness and faithful care it will finally become powerful. "As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven and watereth the earth and causeth it to bring forth and bud and give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of mouth, it shall not return unto me void but shall accomplish that which I please."

As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven? How? In drops and tiny flakes, so His word is sown in our hearts, little by little, and it thus accomplisheth that which He pleaseth. B. M. W.

MAN vs. ESTHETE.

When Harold sees a blushing cheek,
In sweet delight his heart doth beat,
And with a soft, esthetic sigh,
He would he were a butterfly.

Perhaps with less poetic grace,
Jack, bending o'er a flushing face,
Artfully concealed behind a fan,
Is quite content to be a man.

"OUR" MISSIONARY.

Some extracts from the last letter of "our" missionary, Rev. J. H. Martin, deserve more general circulation than the mere reading of it in the missionary meeting insures.

SUNNYSIDE, DHARMSALA,
BRITISH INDIA, Oct. 16, 1889.

Westminster College Missionary Society:

DEAR FRIENDS—In thus addressing you I am aware that there are those included whom I have before addressed. I am glad of the privilege once more and that for awhile longer we may be associated as we have been in the past. There are also those included who have, perhaps, only heard that you have embassadors in a foreign land. Of these new friends we are glad to make the acquaintance, if you will allow this for an introduction, and we trust that you may find pleasure in taking a part in the work which the Lord has committed to us.

It would, indeed, be well if we could grasp each other's hand and more fully recognize our relations to each other in this work, and thus get ourselves more fully in sympathy. I hope the Lord may spare us all that we may labor together at least during your college course, if we may not even meet in the foreign land.

After expressing a kindly interest in Westminster, Mr. Martin says:

"How it fills one with new hope to see the way God seems to be calling the young people to his help. If God will only accept the bodies, the brains and the culture of the young people of the church and energize them, use them as God only can, what is it that may not be done even in our day? We may be sure He is ready to do just this very thing. Who could draw back? * * * * We expect to spend a month immediately after going down to the plains, (which we expect to do next week) with one of the old missionaries, getting some practical ideas of carrying on village work. Before long our field will be assigned, and then we shall find out in a very serious way how much we don't know about the language.

The work in the field at large, in some respects, has been progressing about as usual. Many are confessing Christ. In this there is much to encourage. In another respect, the work has been going on in a very unusual manner. In this there is room for discouragement. Over two months ago the Roman Catholics came into Sialpote District. In number they were two priests and a few nuns. Now they are a Bishop, eleven or twelve priests and an increased number of the "Sisters." They came to break up our mission. They do not pretend to work among the heathen. In fact, they refuse heathen applicants for baptism. They take those *only* who have been baptized. They advise heathen applicants to become Christians and then they accept them. Romanism is heathenism. The Devil does not often get divided against himself. If you do not believe that Romanism is heathenism read Father Chiniquy's "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome." At least, I am sure you will not often find a more readable book.

"Their plan of working is most ingenuously devised and directly for its purpose. Rome never works at random. It is no exaggeration and no injustice to say, that there is not a single fair and honorable means about their whole scheme. Their first step is to stir up dissatisfaction among our Christians, and then by various means to entice them away. The most common inducement, the one without which they could accomplish little, is the free use of money. They actually buy their converts, paying so much a month to certain leaders to bring all along with them. Perhaps you think such Christians are better gone than not. So they are—*some of them.* We

are getting this much good out of it, that the church is being thoroughly purged. But very many are deceived who are true Christians. These people are just out of the lowest caste of heathenism. Not only are they unable to read and write, but are capable of comprehending only the simplest ideas. What do they know about the various denominations represented in India? Of course, Roman Catholics are only another sect in their eyes. The Roman Catholics represent themselves as the only true church, and the people cannot dispute their claim. You would expect that taking the Bible from them would open their eyes. But they have no need to say much about this for awhile yet. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred cannot read. To give the money policy credence, to ease any conscientious scruples, they say to them that the Gospel brings temporal blessings with its spiritual; that we Protestant missionaries get a certain sum of money from the church at home for every convert we make, but instead of giving it to the people as we ought to do, we put it in our own pockets, while they, the true church, give it to the people. They back this up by their apparent liberality.

"The effectiveness of this device cannot be fully understood—as is the case with many other devices—without some knowledge of the people. A large percentage of the people never own money. All trading in the villages is done with grain, etc., so a little money is a fearful temptation. It is perfectly safe to say that they have not made a single convert in the true sense of the word. It is likely that the money policy will be abandoned in time, at least partially. It is not characteristic of Rome to keep up this kind of thing longer than necessary. The money always goes the other way. But in all our future work we will have this, the church's worst enemy, to contend with.

"A much more formidable adversary is Rome than is Hinduism or Mohammedanism, because pitted against us with no other object than our overthrow. An enlightened, trained, subtle and aggressive foe. And how can we account to heathen that these, our bitterest enemies are so-called Christians! But God has not let all this come in vain. About all we can do is to instruct the people and wait. There is no small consolation in contemplating the curses pronounced on the 'beast' and the 'judgment of the great whore.' She who has made the nations drunk with the 'wine of her fornications' must ere long drink 'the wine of God's wrath,' a fearful doom. In this we can in 'patience possess our souls.'

"If you have power at the throne, now is your time. You may never find a more needy case, a more noble cause and more definite and sweeping promises. Since the 'enemy has come in like a flood' may the 'spirit of the Lord lift up his standard.' "

Faithfully your brother in Christ,

J. H. MARTIN.

Of all the evils here below,
There's nothing we can scan,
That sickens like the mannish girl.
Or worse—the girlish man.

[Bradford Era.

How doth the busy little pig improve each shining hour,
And gather sausages all day from every opening flower;
And when the shades of twilight fall, he slumbers in his sty,
Or sings his pretty evening hymn, "Root, little pig, or die."

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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F. H. McCLYMONDS '90, . . . BUSINESS MANAGER

DECEMBER, 1889.

THE first volume of the Century Dictionary has been received in the college library. This dictionary is being prepared under the superintendency of Prof. W. D. Whitney, of Yale College, and when finished will be the most complete dictionary of the English language. It will contain over two hundred thousand words, about twice the number found in Webster. The different departments, such as the sciences and mechanics, are prepared by specialists, and for this reason will be very accurate in its definitions. It is intended to be an American dictionary and contains a great number of Americanisms which can be found in no other work. The first volume is the only one yet published, and it will be some time before the entire work is before the public. It is particularly intended for public libraries and will certainly be a valuable acquisition to the college library.

DURING the last few weeks there has been quite a change in the appearance of the library. Instead of the dull empty place which it seemed to be the early part of the term, it is now the busiest part of the college. This is partly due to the fact that the time when class essays are due is rapidly drawing near, but rather more to the fact that the weather does not favor outdoor sports, and the student's time must be spent in his room. There are always more books taken out of the library the latter part of this term and next term than any other time of the year. Of course there must be more or less reading done all the time in connection with the different studies, but reading as a pastime seems to have its season. Would it not be well, then, for the student to lay out some course in reading for the winter? It seems to us that this would be far more beneficial than simply reading, as many do, whatever comes handiest. There is no profession, which a student may think of entering concerning which he can not find books in the library which will better prepare him for commencing it. Those in the advanced classes could certainly do nothing better in their spare hours than to gain some knowledge of that which they intend to make their vocation.

WE have often wondered why pedagogy is not taught in our colleges and universities more than it is. Of course it is not expected that the smaller colleges, whose means are limited, should give a course in this, but the universities which offer so many different post-graduate courses should certainly give this subject a little attention. It is from these universities that the smaller colleges procure their instructors, and very often these instructors, while they may stand high in their class, know but little about the art of teaching. The State recognizes the need of trained teachers for the public schools, and so provides the Normal school for this purpose. Great improvement in the art of teaching in our public schools has been made by these Normals, and why would not the same be true in regard to colleges? Why could not the universities

create such a department and place this profession on a par with their medical, law and divinity departments? There are surely as many of their graduates enter this profession as any of the others.

We are not to infer from this that college professors are not competent for their work, but we believe that the standard of teaching in colleges could be raised in this way just as much as the standard in the public schools has been raised. A course of this kind would certainly be of great aid to a college graduate who wished to make a profession of teaching.

A RECENT editorial in the Boston *Herald* calls attention to the fact that Yale has few graduates among the *literati* of the land, while Harvard in earlier years produced more writers of ability than all other American colleges put together, and youthful Johns Hopkins has a number of graduates who have already acquired world-wide fame by their writings. The reason assigned is that Harvard has always encouraged literary enthusiasm among its students, sending them forth with aspirations for authorship and editorship. Yale has conscientiously suppressed all such enthusiasm. Johns Hopkins has excelled Harvard in emphasizing the importance of early ventures in literary fields. There is much in these facts and explanations for new colleges especially to consider.

WHERE should the world's fair be held? All the large cities of the country are each presenting their claims and soliciting aid and influence in their behalf. Philadelphia was appropriately chosen for the celebration in 1876 of the centennial of national independence, as New York was in 1889 of the centennial of the national constitution. But no city has the same claim to the world's fair as these two cities had for the celebration of these events. The field is open to all and the locality that presents the best advantages and has the most conveniences should be the chosen site. Mere local benefit should not be taken into consideration. All Americans and attending foreigners should have an opportunity of judging of the country as a whole and not by a mere inspection of its outer edge. They should be enabled to see the boundless, natural resources of the country. The exposition should be distinctively and grandly American. Chicago is the best exposition in herself of American enterprise and civilization. It is the center of the vast region of population, industry and wealth, wholly created in the present century. It is in this central capital of the empire west of the Alleghenies that what is distinctively American in agriculture, commerce and manufactures can best be seen.

THE last division of the Junior class gave their orations on Friday evening to a crowded house. The class has been honored each evening with the largest audiences we have ever seen in the chapel. The orations all through have been of a high order and indicate a splendid contest. The following orations have been given since our last issue:

The Herald of Revolution	W. T. McKee
Hope—Life's Guiding Star	Etta McClelland
The Homeless Nation	Ada McKee
Jesuitism: The Ban of This Nation	E. N. McElree
The Waldenses	Effie McNaugher
Pride, Defensive and Offensive	Cora M. Minich
Landlordism in America	Will W. Campbell
Patriot and Traitor	W. L. Scott
Emblems	Albert B. Smith
Principle vs. Policy	Craig Smith
The Soldier of the Appian Way	H. C. Swearingen
The Sunrise Kingdom	M. D. Telford
True Americanism	U. G. Marks
Love vs. Glory	Thos. P. Trimble
The Fanatic in Reform	Jas. Witherspoon
Reading: How and What	Alice C. Foster
The Tiber and the Thames	W. R. Dickson
Siberia	B. May White
The Service of Song	Margaret King
The Paradox in Human Life	Miss Watson

A LONG and hard term's work has just closed. Profs. McGranahan and Swan have demonstrated their eminent fitness for the positions they occupy and have scored a bril-

liant success. They succeed in getting honest and faithful work from the students, which is the highest test of a professor's ability. It is certainly no mistake to say that no better work has ever been done than what has been accomplished during the term just closed. And with it all society work has not been neglected. As much work has been done in the societies in the one term as is usually done in the entire year. After so many weeks of poring over books, the students are anxious for the holiday vacation with its joys and pleasures—for a brief visit with parents and friends at home.

ART DEPARTMENT.

This has been a very successful term in the Art Department. There have been more students, and more work has been accomplished than ever before. Miss Hodgen is a true artist and the Board should be congratulated on their success in securing such an able instructor.

Among some of the pictures done this term we notice one of Tennyson crayoned by Miss Sadie Elliot. It is very well done.

Miss Mary Stewart's plaque, decorated with pink roses, deserves notice, as also do the water-lilies painted by Miss Carrie Kraaer.

Miss May Kennard has finished a study of stags in crayon.

The Ladies' Hall has been presented with a crayon picture done by Miss Margaret Anderson. The scene is a return from the hunt, and the horses are laden with stags. It is a beautiful picture and is excellently done.

—Prof. to Soph in New Testament History—"What kind of a vow had John on him?" Soph.—"The vow of an Israelite (Nazarite)."

MUSIC NOTES.

—Program of the Recital given Thursday evening, Dec. 12th, in the college chapel:

PART I.

Wagner. Overture to Tannhauser,
Arranged for violin, piano and organ,
Misses Clara L. Whissen, Mary Johnson and Prof. Austin.
Campana. Una Gita in Gondola.
Miss Jessie McNaugher.
Merkel. Waltz in A flat,
Miss May McCreary.
Verdi. {Scena—Tutto e deserto,
{Aria—Il Balen.
Mr. Will W. Campbell.
Gounod. Praise Ye the Father,
Verdi. Pilgrim Chorus,
Chorus Class.
Weber. Pollacca Brillante, Op. 72,
Miss Mary Johnson
Schumann. The Merry Huntsman,
Misses Florence Mealy, Lizzie Gibson, Jennie Foster and Belle Comin.

PART II.

Weber. Jubel Overture,
Arranged for piano duet,
Misses Lizzie Gibson and Etta McClellan.
Lassen. Birdling, Whither Away?
Miss Florence Mealy.
Schubert-Heller. Erl King,
Mr. Reed McClure.
Gumbert. Cheerfulness,
Misses Jessie and Effie McNaugher.
Singelee. Fantaisie Pastorale,
Miss Clara L. Whissen.
Eckert. Swiss Echo Song,
Miss Lizzie Gibson.
Clark. March Aux Flambeaux,
Arranged for two violins, piano duet and organ,
Miss Clara L. Whissen, Reed McClure, Misses Lillian Marshall, Alice Semple and Prof. Austin.
Mendelssohn. Oh, Great is the Depth,
Pinsuti. Good-night, Good-night, Beloved,
Chorus Class.

This is certainly the best recital the Musical Department has ever given. Every piece was well rendered and highly enjoyed by the appreciative audience. The opening number deserves special mention. The violin music in our recitals is a new feature, and Miss Whissen's and Mr. McClure's playing was much enjoyed. Miss Whissen was heartily encored after her solo, but on account of the length of the program she did not appear. This was the first appearance of the young ladies' quartette. "The Merry Huntsman" was beautifully rendered, and

all were sorry they had but the one performance. The piano and vocal solos were all good, and the duet sung by Misses Jessie and Effie McNaugher was very highly spoken of.

The chorus class is larger than ever before, and much improvement can be noticed over last year. The accompaniment by the orchestra added much to the choruses. The orchestra consisted of Miss Whissen, violin, Mr. Reed McClure, violin, Mr. Will Campbell, bass horn, Mr. Will Lock, coronet, Miss Mary Johnson, piano.

Prof. Austin deserves much praise for the work he has done in the past in building up the Musical Department of the college. It is in a very prosperous condition at present.

RULES FOR STUDENTS.

1. Have a fixed purpose or plan for every day.
2. Be industrious.
3. Be persevering.
4. Be punctual.
5. Be an early riser.
6. Learn something from every man you meet.
7. Form fixed principles.
8. Be neat in you attire.
9. Do everything well.
10. Be master of your temper.

—One of the ladies of the Senior class cramming for examination, Endeavored to learn thought processes by Laws of Associations. The following was her scheme: Accounting for—Aiken; Abstraction—Alter: Generalization—Goehring; Judging—John McElree; Reasoning—Ralston. But alas, when "What are five thot processes," was given in examination, only the gentlemen could be recalled. The thought processes were—a minus quantity.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—E-x-a-m-i-n-a-t-i-o-n-s.

—The crack skater—Young.

—Done up brown—Junior orations.

—There was some skating last week.

—The Sophs' motto—Nullo Secundus.

—Rev. J. M. Farrar, '75, was at home last week.

—Kennedy has purchased a very fine guitar.

—The Sophomores have made quite a strike.

—W. E. Purvis, '87, spent Thanksgiving in town.

—Three nimrods—Lindsay, Kennedy and McIntyre.

—E. B. Ferguson spent his Thanksgiving with Wallace.

—The HOLCAD exchanges with 50 or 60 college papers.

—Prof. McGranahan spent Thanksgiving in Allegheny.

—What's the matter with Campbell's music at chorus? Flies on it.

—A. S. and Ed. Bailey were called home this week to attend the funeral of a relative.

—Prof. McGranahan has given the Sophomore subjects for essays in Ars Poetica.

—Pres. Ferguson read a paper before the Young People's Convention which met in New Castle Dec. 3.

—Has Prof Swan crushed all the music out of the Juniors by requiring them to absorb too much chemistry?

—It is said that practice makes perfect. But a man will drop a hot plate as readily the first time as afterwards.

—McKelvy is to give six or seven elocutionary entertainments during the holidays. Mac. is an enterprising student.

—J. M. Robertson, '88, has resigned his position as assistant professor in physics and is now attending the seminary.

—Did you see the new breaks last Friday night? If you did, please don't mention them. It might discourage the boys.

—Recording Secretary (a student in chemistry), reading minutes—"Sentimental debate. No precipitates" (participants).

—Dr. W. J. Robinson was elected president of The Western Pennsylvania Sabbath Association, which met in Allegheny Dec. 4.

—The Seniors don't need to study grammar. Oh, no! Doctor—"Give the principal parts of eat." Senior—"Eat, et, etten."

—Miss Bertie Caldwell, of Hickory, Washington county, Pa., visited her friend, Clara McConnell, during Thanksgiving vacation.

—Donald McCall, who was at one time a member of the class of '90, has been elected secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at North Troy, N. Y.

—H. C. S. and Wm. M. A., Take Notice. Any one found (courting) in the Leagorean Society Hall will hereafter be subject to heavy fine.

—Arrangements will be made, if possible, for all Juniors desiring to take chemistry in the Senior year to have it the next two terms also.

—M. M. Kilpatrick, of the class of '89 at Monmouth, formerly a student here, and R. T. Campbell, '86, are attending the Xenia Seminary.

—J. W Hutchison, '87, and Miss Campbell, of Bradford, were married a few weeks since. He has been admitted to practice in the Butler court.

—Why ought Barr to have felt good on Thanksgiving? Because he had a whole turkey to himself and the rest of the club had to help pay for it.

—To the Seniors, who think that their examination in Psychology was "the most unkindest cut of all," we would say that time heals all wounds.

—Dr. Ferguson thinks there is one advantage in having the sun shine on the gentlemen of the Senior class, in that it keeps them warm.

—Miss Jennie Richards was called home this week by the death of her brother. She has the sympathy of her many friends here in her bereavement.

—The Ladies' College Quartette is practicing regularly this term. It has not sung in public yet, but there is no doubt that it will prove to be a good quartette.

It is thought the gentlemen will heed this letter as, it will be remembered they had some trouble last summer with the men dressed in blue. "It's no use, boys."

—Among the alumni of Westminster there are four college presidents, viz: McMichael, of Monmouth; Irons, of Muskingum; Spencer, of Cooper, and Crowe, of Jamestown.

—It is said that pride goes before a fall, but McKelvey, Smith and Russell were ready last Thursday morning to affirm that pride was nowhere when compared with icy streets.

—In the mission in Egypt W. H. Harvey, '62, has been very ill, but is, fortunately, quite restored. Rev. John Giffin, '71, and family have safely arrived in Cairo, their station at present.

—An old proverb says that the best throw of the "Dice" is to throw them away, but we are inclined to think that the Sophs are not so conscientious and will stick to theirs as long as they can.

—The committees appointed to draw up the articles of confederation for the society contest were, Adelphic, R. L. Ralston, D. S.

L. McNary, M. W. Keith. Philo, S. M. Goehring, E. H. Wallace, R. K. Aiken.

—Ah, there! who did you say did? Well, we won't say who this time, but we insist on having the hall lamp extinguished when Jacob and Rachel meet again, lest lost opportunity make *us* do the weeping.

—Prof. McGranahan preached at No. 8 school house last Sabbath afternoon. The Sabbath School which Bovard, Given, McNary and Keith have been conducting there was suspended on that day for the winter.

—Rev. J. P. McKee, '68, of the India mission, has asked, under the direction of a physician and on recommendation of the Board, to return to this country for his recuperation. The Board has granted his request.

—Sufficient money has been raised to erect a telegraph line from Wilmington to connect with the line at Fayetteville, and it is probable that it will soon be in operation. Mr. Mitchell, the druggist, will be the operator.

—Brownlee and Dawson now come to school on the railroad. They have purchased a speeder and may be seen in the morning and at noon riding this railroad tricycle. They come five miles in about twenty minutes.

—To hear the Seniors talking German an American would almost think he had been transported to that country, but we feel safe in saying, that if a German heard it he would wonder whether they were talking Latin or Greek.

—J. S. Swogger, '89, who came home from the seminary this fall with the typhoid fever, was in town Monday. K. W. McFarland, '88, also a theological student, and who took the fever at the same time, is able to be around at home.

—The Seniors have passed their final examination in Psychology. They spent the second hour in sharpening their pencils. The remainder of the forenoon was spent in answering knotty points abstracted from Porter's Mental Science.

—The product of the Sophomore brain is wonderful. McIntire has handed to Miss McLaughry the first volume of his treatise on "The Development of English Literature," which will be published in octavo volumes of seventy pages.

—If the gentlemen of the Senior class, who spend their time during recitation catching flies, will purchase 5 cents worth of "stick 'em fast" flypaper they will save a great deal of labor and also have more time to devote to recitation.

—The entertainment given by Leland T. Powers Monday night was a success. He impersonated the characters of David Garrick. Mr. Powers possesses rare ability as an impersonator. A large audience was present and was highly entertained.

—There appears to be some dissatisfaction over a mistake or two made in the list of mashes in the last issue. If the persons who are dissatisfied will tell the editor what name to insert in the place of the one published he will gladly rectify the mistake.

—An exasperating condition—When Russell, leaving his keys in his trunk, by accident closed the self locking door of his room and had to run to another part of the town to get a key from his room-mate when it was almost time to start to Chapel.

—The societies met and elected the following contestants Tuesday night: Adelphic—debater, R. L. Ralston; orator, D. S. L. McNary; essayist, H. F. Given; declaimer, M. W. Keith. Philo—debater, R. K. Aiken; orator, E. H. Wallace; essayist, C. W. Smith; declaimer, A. B. Smith.

—The danger of using slang was illustrated recently in the case of a third Prep. who, being out of humor with a Junior, said to him, "dog on you," and immediately pitched onto him. As none of the canine race were in sight the Junior would like to know where that dog came from.

—It is doubted whether McClymonds has a Bible or not. This is a very uncharitable doubt. But, however, it is noticed that instead of bringing one of his own to New Testament history he captures the one in the chapel after the professors have vacated the room. This is certainly a very wicked act.

—Some of the ladies of the college have formed a Y. W. C. A. The following officers have been elected; President, Miss McLaughry; Vice President, Miss Hodgen; Recording Secretary, Miss King; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Bell; Treasurer, Miss Peebles. All the ladies are requested to attend.

—A missionary meeting was held in the Chapel Sabbath afternoon. Miss Spencer led the meeting. Miss Donaldson read a paper on Mission Work in Persia. D. P. Smith then spoke on Evangelization of Cities. Miss Spencer read a letter from Rev. Mr Martin. The meeting was very interesting.

—The ladies at the hall wish to take this way of expressing their thanks to Miss Margaret Anderson for the picture she has engrayoned and so kindly presented to them. This is the second gift of the kind that the hall has received. If more of the ladies would follow this example the parlors would present a more homelike appearance.

—The library recently purchased The Century Dictionary. This work is edited by a large number of the most prominent educators and scientific men of the day and is a comprehensive one, consisting of six large volumes. It costs $90. This is something which the library evidently needed as it did not have an English dictionary in its collection.

—Two Sophs discussing Bible history in view of examination. One was vividly portraying to the other what Zacharias saw after he received his sight, when the other interrupted him, telling him that was what he heard after he received his hearing. A third party with difficulty persuaded them that he was neither deaf nor blind, but had only lost his speech.

—The fall term of Waitesburg Academy, Washington, T. M McKinney, principal, closed Nov. 27th with sixty-five students. The second term opened Dec. 2. Commencement is May 28. He says he is going to hunt grizzlies in the Blue Mountains next summer. We wish him success. May be he will pay his subscription to the HOLCAD in bear skins, then

—The morning train on the Sharpsville R. R. now gets here about 9 o'clock instead of 10. It caused some folks to be left Monday morning, and three young men who arrived at the station a few minutes before nine, and who did not wish to wait for one hour, started to walk to the Junction. Imagine their surprise and chagrin when the train thundered by them a half mile below the station. The road officials had better steer clear of these boys until their wrath dies away

—It now draws near the time when the "Bookagents of Westminster" commence the work of filling the orders for books taken during last vacation. The following is a *fac simile* of one of the many letters lately received by the agents:

"deer sirs if you please don't Send that Book for i cant tak it as my Husband for bids it and i cant tak it i had not in tended that he should no and he got the notice

now oblige me as i have to do as he sais done com to the hoose pleas and sav me trouble done com please i beg of you dont."

—How the Seniors spent their Thanksgiving : Van Eaton, at Mercer ; Bovard, at East Brook ; Porter, at home ; Alter and Ralston are supposed to have gone into oblivion for the time ; Goehring, at home ; McElree, at the hall ; Wallace is thought to have gone to Allegheny ; Baily, Donaldson and McClymonds, on Smith's corner ; McNary, in Houston's backyard ; Ferguson dissappeared Wednesday morning and was not seen again until Saturday; Dixon, at Donaldson ; Misses Bell, Reed, Sr., Reed, Jr., Hanna, Ferguson, Donaldson and Burgess stayed in town ; Miss King went to Allegheny ; Miss McClelland, at home ; Miss Byers, at home.

—If the trustees of the college could be induced to provide the dormitory with toboggans it would be a great help to the institution—leaving out of view the benefits to the constitution. When the icy days of winter come the hall has a good toboggan slide in the shape of the board walk to the building. It is stated on good authority that there is a good deal of sliding done anyway on this walk, though so often it is unexpected, and is therefore indulged in at the expense of deranging or of impairing the person's attire. Toboggans would obviate this difficulty by allowing the ladies to glide swiftly and surely over the slippery walk. This article does not say how or where they would stop, but as Sampson lives below the walk, and that name is associated with overcoming the most serious difficulties, we presume there will be no trouble on this score. It is unnecessary to pursue the subject further by arguing the healthful recreation and the many other advantages which would come from this. These are evident to the candid observer. On the whole, permit us to say that such a project will commend itself to every one who has at heart the welfare of the ladies' hall.

—The Senior class is often favored by a few pleasing and instructive remarks by Dr. Ferguson before recitation. But on the morning of Friday, the 6th, his remarks were on an entirely new subject. He began by saying that "you have all heard of the sympathy and love of David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, and even of the more modern self-sacrifice of Father Damein, but an equally admirable exhibition of this beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice has found expression among your own number. I think it due to the gentlemen of the class that they be informed concerning the sympathy that has been displayed by the laides of the class for them in their banishment to the regions of Greenland."

These remarks were called forth by the following paper which has been handed to the faculty:

"To the Faculty of Westminster College: We, the ladies of the Senior class, having noticed the apparent discomfort and suffering of the gentleman of our class, out of sympathy for them, respectfully offer to exchange seats with them in chapel.

"Ladies of the Senior Class."

From the puzzled looks on the faces of the gentleman of the class, they had evidently never heard of David and Jonathan. One of them axiously inquired, "Is any one dead, Doctor ?"

The faculty have not seen fit to require this self-sacrifice of the ladies, but such a beautiful expression of one of the Christian graces can not be made without some good effect.

—Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

EXCHANGES.

—It is not wealth, nor fame, nor fate.
But git-up-and-git that makes men great.—Ex.

—The Wooster foot ball team covered itself with glory at Denison. Score, 50 to 0.

—The Freshman yell at Yale is "Bric-a-kex-kex coax, bric-a-kex kex coax, who-up, who-up."

—The University of Michigan recently presented a sight, which for its kind, has never been surpassed in the United States. Twenty-five hundred students stood with uncovered heads in honor of the Pan-American Congress as it passed through their ranks. Such an array of laborers in the diamond fields of thought is a grand and untique sight.

—The great foot ball game between Princeton and Yale, which has long been looked forward to by eastern college men, took place Nov. 28, with a splendid triumph for Princeton. It is said that 2,500 spectators witnessed the game, which was exciting throughout. The Princeton team has been victorious in every game in which it has participated this fall.

—The Faculty of Wooster have passed an edict that students attending the university shall dance no more while in college. Their last entertainment was in someways a novelty. To supply the deficiency of the fair sex, some of the young men were attired in neatly fitting and handsome Mother Hubbard dresses, others in gorgeous silks. With this entertainment the Wooster students bid farewell to the dance.

—The University *Courant* contains a well-written article on gymnastic exercises. It strongly advocates a regular system of such exercises and shows their benefit to the student. A strong mind with a weak, unhealthy body is certainly an impossibility. Too often on Commencement days as we view the graduating class we see a great number honored with the double degree, A. B. and C. C.—cemetery candidate. If a college supports no gymnasium the students ought not neglect to take exercise in some other manner.

—The December number of the *Lantern* contains a very interesting article on "Thanksgiving day." It places this day first among our holidays and certainly has made a wise conclusion. On this day all the sweet delicacies of summer are poured to replenish the festive board with pies, pies, "apple, mince and pumpkin." "What moistens the lips, and what brightens the eye, what brings back the past like the rich pumpkin pie!" Certainly the exchange editor could not have been present at the festive board as his department seems to be in a famished condition.

—The November number of the *Aurora* contains some sound opinions on the possibilities and elevating of the negro. "Education of the Negro" is an article worthy of perusal. It depicts the wonderful strides of the dusky race in intellectual and moral advancement. It claims, and that truly, that the negro must elevate himself and not depend entirely upon outside aid. If this idea could find a resting place in more of their minds the race problem would soon work out its own solution. The paper is not pompous in its appearance, but when we consider that it comes from what knew nothing but slavery a few years since, it certainly takes no mean place among our exchanges.

—We gladly welcome the *Sibyl*, a paper of the highest standard. It contains a story entitled, "A Shell's Secret," which deserves special mention on account of its striking characters and the elaborate manner in which they are protrayed. The article, "What the Sexes Would Do if They Could Change Places," contains the sentiments of some of our prominent men, and from the tenor of their re-

marks one is led to believe that the world is about as well off with them in their own places. Could the ladies only change places wonders would be done. One says: If I were a man, I would become either Postmaster-General or President of the United States, and make good use of my spare dollars in endowing poor colleges. Ladies, please do not change places, as these wee offices are not too numerous for the men. If endowing poor colleges is *altissimum studium* of your souls, remember that a field of charity belongs alike to you. Be contented with your lot, e'n though your college days in your isolated home seems at times to partake of night. Strive to keep your paper in the future as it is now, a model, and let the editors of other college papers know that the lady editors of the *Sibyl* are literary jewels worthy of being sought.

—The College *Olio* contains an article on the late political campaign in Ohio, with which we do not thoroughly agree. Although such subjects are not generally discussed in college papers, but when such is so, they should be treated in a discreet manner. Does not a college paper, when it calls the chief magistrate of its State "a mud slinger, a rascal, a man of the lowest character," bring itself on a par with the partisan journal? Governor Foraker and Governor-elect Campbell are certainly men of honor. True, they are politicians of the deepest hue, but a man can be a politician and at the same time be honest and a sterling statesman. We must have politicians or no politics; and without politics government has proven a failure. To have a live, energetic government—a government of the nineteenth century—such must politics be. If a preacher desires to succeed and not become an object of church charity, if it is the will of the lawyer not to be carried "over the hills to the poor house," he must be energetic and active. If a statesman desires to succeed and to cause his party to wear the chaplet of victory, he must be a politician of the deepest dye, with honesty as his guiding star.

A LESSON FOR THE HOUR.

Young man, a fortune that "sticks" was never made in a few years. If you think differently, turn your eyes to our State prisons, where you will find hosts of mushroom millionaires. And look across the border to Canada and you will find others of the same ilk. Young man, remember that the only "royal road to wealth" is through honesty, industry, and a will to overcome opposition. The world is full of just such men, who have wended their way to opulence through the slow degree of hard labor and self-sacrifice. They pass the sunset of their lives in happiness and peace. The scoundrels who "make their millions in a minute," so to speak, are sure to be tormented sooner or later, in this world, whatever may be their lot hereafter. Young man! we discard that hackneyed phrase that "honesty is the best policy." You don't need to use any "policy" about it. A straightforward, honest, industrious life, no matter what the calling may be, will lead to a moderate fortune and every comfort life can yield. You have your choice of the paths. Choose for yourself.

—If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.

—It was in a Boston private school of fashionable repute, and the class of young ladies, who had been studying the History and the Constitution of the United States, were under examination. "How is law made?" said the instructor. "Oh!" said a tailor-made damsel, cheerily, "the Senate has to ratify it and then the President has to veto it."

THE HOLCAD.

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THE BALLAD OF TANNHAUSER.

A MEDIÆVAL LEGEND DONE INTO RHYME, BY JOHN T. NAPIER.

Oh, sweet is the blue of the summer sky,
And sweet is the vesper bell,
And sweet is the earth to a soul escaped
From the treacherous joys of hell.
As the cool breeze kisses his burning brow,
And plays with his tangled hair,
And again in his burdened heart there stir
The words of a holy prayer!

To the little church by the Venus Hill
Tannhauser, weary, came;
And in the ears of the awestruck priest
He poured his tale of shame:
How in despite of the grace of our Lord,
He had sold his soul to ill,
And for seven long years with fiends had dwelt
Within the Venus Hill.

And his eyes were hollow, his cheek was thin,
As he knelt his tale to tell,
And still in his sunken orbs there gleamed
An ember lit of hell.
But the trembling priest in silence heard,
And looked in the passionate face,
As it made confession of sin and prayed
For the words of pardoning grace.

The tale was told, yet the words came not
To answer his eager prayer;
For the old priest's eyes with doubt were filled,
And his face was seamed with care:—
Till in horror he spake: "Go forth, my son,
Nor wait for words of mine;
God gives no message of pardon or peace
For a guilt so great as thine."

Forth from the church Tannhauser went,
And he wandered a year and a day;
And ever his tale to God's priests he told,
And ever he went away
Without the words of absolving power,
Without a message of hope;
Till his weary wanderings brought him to Rome,
And our Holy Father, the Pope.

In the ears of the Vicar of Christ he told
The tale of his guilt and shame;
And he prayed for the words of pardon, spoke
In Christ's most Holy Name.
But Urban, with horror and loathing, cried:
"As soon will this staff of mine
Bear blossoms and fruit, as God will cleanse
To whiteness a sin like thine."

So Tannhauser bitterly turned away,
Rejected of aught but ill;
And he hastened, unshrived, to the fiends again,
Who dwell in the Venus hill.
But three days after he went from Rome
The Pope's staff blossomed amain,
And Urban learned, too late, to grant
What the pilgrim had sought in vain.

O ye who are set the message to bear
Of our dear Lord's pardoning grace,
Who lift at his altar holy hands
For his people in every place,
Let not your harshness or doubt offend
The sinners for whom he died,
But know that the blackest sin grows white
In the blood of the Crucified.

How crimson soever the stain of guilt,
How shameful soever the sin,
Shut not the gate on the penitent
When he fain would enter in.
For the rod may bud, and the dry bones live,
And the midnight be clearest day,
But our Lord's sweet mercy will never turn
A seeking soul away.

THE WALDENSES.

Open the history of Christianity where you please and you will meet portrayed before you the wonder working hand of God stretched out to protect his people, and to overrule men and events to the praise of his name and the furtherance of his gracious plans.

The Waldenses, though they endured severe hardships and trials during their sojourn in the valley of Piedmont, made a stand against Catholicism that has caused their name to shine bright throughout the Christian world. The victories they gained, the sufferings they bore for conscience' sake, the deliverances they experienced, constitute one of the strongest pages in human annals. Turning for a moment to the doctrinal views of the Waldenses, we find that they agreed essentially with those of the Reformers of the sixteenth century. They believed in the twelve articles of the Apostles' Creed, but rejected the worship of saints with their festivals and vigils, the doctrine of purgatory, fasts, holy water and the mass. They held that every good man could, without ordination from any human hand, legitimately perform all offices of a priest, even to the administration of the Lord's Supper. After the example of the seventy disciples, their preachers were sent out two by two proclaiming the Gospel throughout northern Italy and Switzerland. They established their faith in these countries and made headway against the Papacy but did not gain power enough to overthrow it. Rome became frightened at the actions of these noble people and took active measures to check them in their work. But "no weapon ever formed against truth has prospered." Its victories have been as certain as they have been glorious.

The Waldenses were not aware of any marked difference between themselves and the church. When they were expelled from Lyons, they appealed to the third council of the Lateran and were treated with great leniency by Alexander III; but as they would not stop their work of evangelization they were put under ban by Lucius III, and this measure was reaffirmed by the fourth council of the Lateran under Innocent III. Neither the laymen nor the clergy were permitted to read the Bible either in Latin or the vernacular.

While Christianity was put to such a severe test, what became of truth in the midst of monstrous errors? Where did the true church find a covert during a storm so fearful? We must leave the open plains and the wealthy cities of the empire and retire to the sacred retreats in the solitude of the Alps. In primitive times the members of the then unfallen church of Rome had sought amid these mountains a shelter from persecution. He who built the ark for the elect family of the antediluvian world had provided a refuge for the little company chosen to escape the mighty shipwreck of Christianity. God placed his church aloft on the eternal hills, in the place prepared for her. Nature had enriched this abode with pine forests, rich mountain pastures and rivers, which issue from the frozen jaws of the glacier. She had made it strong and beautiful by a wall of peaks that pierce the clouds and look down on earth from amidst the firmaments calm, white with everlasting snows. Here it is that we find the true apostolic church. Here, far from the magnificence of Dom, the fragrance of incense and the glitter of mitres, holy men of God fed the flock of Christ with the unadulterated Bread of Life. Ages of peace passed over them. The storms that shook the world, the errors that darkened it, did not approach their lofty fastness. Like the traveller, amid their own mountains they could mark the clouds gather and hear the thunder roll far below, while they enjoyed the uninterrupted sunshine of the pure gospel.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century

the peace of these simple mountaineers was disturbed by the enemy, and many of their number perished. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Rome did not cease in her cruel endeavors to exterminate the hated rebels against her authority.

In 1560 commenced one of those dreadful outbursts of the church's rage against these humble, earnest Christians, and an armed force poured into their territory bent on their subjugation. But a spirit stronger than the sword upheld the Waldenses and an arm more powerful than that which assailed them fought on their side.

A few years later the persecution raged again, and if all the Protestant powers of Europe had not interposed, a complete annihilation of the Waldenses would have been the result. Cromwell interfered with great energy, and not without success.

In the eighteenth century religious persecutions generally subsided. Yet, even in 1799, the Waldenses were not allowed to have judges, lawyers and physicians of their own faith, to hold any office, or to own real estate in Roman Catholic territories.

When French influence became dominant in northern Italy, Napoleon took a special interest in this brave religious community, and gave their church a constitution similar to that of the Reformed church in France. But after his fall a strong and bigoted Roman Catholic reaction set in; the old persecuting spirit was revived, for however just and inclined to be tolerant the house of Savoy might be, there was a power behind the throne whose authority was supreme—the power of the ancient foe of the dwellers in the valleys of Piedmont, the pope of Rome.

In 1848 the prospects of the Waldensian church became very promising. For the first time in their sad and changeful history, they were given free liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Since that time the persecuted church has been able to carry on the work and her aspirations are not low. She wishes to be to Italy in religion what Piedmont has been in politics, and even though the prospects of realization are not very promising, she has already given a powerful impulse to the religious reform movements in Italy. Religion, pure and undefiled, has ventured to appear outside the sequestered valleys, even in the ancient territory of popes and inquisitors, and boldly asserts its power in the seven-hilled city itself, the very seat of papal arrogance.

Well may the Waldensian church be proud of its eventful past, one lustrous with heroic self-sacrifice and sublime testimony. "For their sakes God has made and unmade kings, formed and dissolved empires, cast down and discomfited enemies, and raised up friends." They are a monument to the might and majesty of Providence, whose work it is to overturn and overturn until the Church of God is disenthralled from the bondage of error and established on the everlasting foundation of evangelical truth.

TWO TIDES.

Simple yet beautiful for its simplicity is the history of creation. No less beautiful the created objects themselves. Indeed the harmony of the universe itself declares in no uncertain language its divine origin. Fit emblem, indeed, was man of the purity and perfection of that divine source from which he had his being. Gifted with the power of thought and soul immortal he stood forth in solitary grandeur the crowning work of creation.

Sad then the thought that by his agency the harmony of earth and heaven itself must be destroyed. And yet the sacred record declares that almost cotemporary with the order

which at first prevailed comes the disorder and confusion of a broken and violated law. Order then; disorder now. Good on the one hand; evil on the other. Historic words are they. Yet emblematic of these contending forces which have set in motion two tides bearing on their bosom the destiny of universal humanity through a period of nearly six thousand years.

The theory of the ebb and flow of the tides which continually disturb our great world of waters, affords a series of complicated problems which have taxed the powers of scientific men for many generations and will for many yet to come. Although they are but imperfectly understood yet their movements serve a twofold purpose. They not only wash every shore, purify every bay and river, but they carry cheerfully in opposite directions a nation's commerce from port to port. The one carrying on its bosom that which sustains life; the other bearing away that which tends to destroy it.

Similar to the ebb and flow of the tides of the material sea are the tides of good and evil on the vast ocean of life. Around the world have they swept with their different influences, making the world what we now see it. The one bearing on its course purity and truth, the other impurity and falsehood. Like the physical tides they present a problem fraught with many difficulties. Now one is in the ascendency, now the other, causing such a variation of influences that to predict for them any difinite result is a mere matter of speculation. Yet in every reformation, whether national or individual, we may trace the workings of a higher power which sheds a ray of hope on the future and seems to point to the final triumph of truth. God has ever been present on that theater of action where the generations of the past have met and struggled. Shall we not recognize his hand in those great men and nations which suddenly arise and communicate a fresh impulse and destiny to the human race? Shall we not recognize him in those heroes who spring from society at appointed epochs, displaying a power of more than ordinary capacity?

Yes in all these. But what of man? Shall he through whom this disorder came have no hand in the restoration of that eternal principle of right which must finally prevail in the affairs of man? We answer yes. It has pleased God to honor man as a partner in the revolutions which have swept across the domain of the moral and physical world. Man's actions, however, are limited in their value and extent by neglecting present opportunities. In the language of departed greatness: "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; omitted all the voyage of their lives is bound in shallows and in miseries."

In perfect harmony with this thought we find the different acts in the Providential drama which has influenced the general current of the world's history. Considering his own actions as secondary only to the hand of God, the great leader of the Hebrews led God's chosen people through an experience the most varied to which a nation was ever subjected, thus preserving a people in whom was the divinely laid foundation for the superstructure of the Christain church. Sailing upon this same tide we see Alexander taking up the language and commerce of the Greek civilization laying in disorder on the Asiatic shores, and spreading them over all the countries which he traversed in his wonderful campaigns. The East and West were suddenly brought together. Separate tribes were united under a common government and man again enjoys political freedom. The tide ebbs again and Julius Ceasar, uniting the incoherent provinces of the feudal world under the law and government of Rome, establishes a framework which served to keep together those masses of social life which the gospel was intended to pervade.

Thus did these three men, rising upon the flood-tide of opportunity to where the electric gust of effort sweeps heart and brain alike, communicate a mighty impulse to the world, an impulse whose influence shall never cease, for at the confluence of the Hebrew, Greek and Roman civilization was laid the foundation of the Christian church.

Through its influence the tide of evil has been checked. Over it the vast train of evil has swept not once, but many times. But it has stood the test of destiny's fierce crucible, proving that the most violent oppression is unable to crush that which is, by its very nature, divine and deathless.

As we pass over that part of the world's history known as the "Dark Ages," in which the seeds of modern civilization, cast into the soil, were germinating, we see the dark shadows grow fainter and fainter, as they advance, till finally the twilight reddens into our modern dawn.

During this period, in an obscure corner of the once great empire of the West, the foundations of that nation which afterward rose to be England were laid. Influenced by her the great current of civilization sweeps on till America's shores are reached, for, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." But to England, as to other nations, came a time when she must change the course of her existence. Henceforth two currents instead of one are to influence political and social life. America's independence was of great importance not only to the two nations interested, but to the entire world. But a few years since and America was a nation of few inhabitants scattered along the Atlantic. To-day she is a nation of millions stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But to us, as to other nations, have come the tides of good and evil. Sad, indeed, was it to the true hearted American when some of her sons raised the arm of rebellion against her.

Her impending doom seemed at once inevitable. Man in his extremity must await God's opportunity. It came at last. Inspired by a sublime faith those grand, historic figures. Greely, Sumner, Chase, Lincoln, and their compeers, valiantly, nobly maintained the unequal conflict, and with God's help wrested victory from the jaws of defeat and secured the manumission of a servile race.

The history of the world contains no brighter page. The cause of truth and right is vindicated. But what of the subsequent record? Shall we preserve inviolate the sacred trust bequeathed by him whose dust Mt. Vernon's hallowed grave contains? Shall we cease to cherish the memory of those fallen heroes who bridged the yawning chasm between an angry north and a defensive south? If so, what means this tide of evil which has deluged our beloved country from orient to occident?

America's sons are to-day carried onward to an ignoble death by a tide that is bearing them far away from God. Shall we remain quiet and see the institutions sacred to our life and honor trampled in the dust, or shall we not rather seek guidance in this superlative moment from "the hand that rules the world?" The most remarkable movement of combined interest in society which history will be summoned to record, is that in our own day which has applied itself to the abatement of intemperance. Surely here is an issue worthy of the warmest enthusiasm and of the greatest effort, an issue which justifies a social reformation, a political revolution—an issue vastly greater and more far-reaching than any which our race has heretofore grappled. Already these movements both at home and abroad have obtained a national range of grandeur. The vast movements are hurrying into action by velocities continually accelerated. Who shall help us? Says Tacitus, "In all grave matters we consult our women." Let some future Tacitus write of the liquor traffic, "our women saved us." As one of the world's great generals, pointing to a besieged town,

told his men the capture of that town would decide his destiny and change the face of the world, so Frances E. Willard, that noble leader among women, pointing to the citadel of King Alcohol, bids us capture that which will decide the destiny of nations and change the face of the whole world, for with its fall will fall the giant power of evil. May America stand forth as a shining light to guide other nations on the tide of purity and truth, for 'humanity with all its fears and all its hopes of future years is hanging breathless on her fate.'

G. W. B.

THE TIBER AND THE THAMES.

Two nations and two civilizations appear pre-eminent in the history and progress of mankind.

Beginning in the remoteness of antiquity, continuing to the present, the fame of the one and the progress of the other exist to the end of time.

Neither contemporaneous nor conflicting, under their guidance the march of civilization advances to its ultimate and highest attainments in securing the welfare of society and the happiness of individual life. The one surpassing all preceding, prepared the way for those grand and ever enduring triumphs of the other, whose increasing grandeur terminates only in the "new heavens and the new earth."

From the banks of two small rivers, inconsiderable in themselves, sprang two mighty nations, whose origin was as obscure as their destinies are great.

From the walls of two inland cities went forth the conquerors of mighty nations and the founders of empires, the most extensive and most splendid in all the records of history.

Dense and impenetrable darkness involves and obscures the events of those nations to the period, when, from their centres sprang the peoples, admirable for their valor and perseverance, who, with the force of their arms, the wisdom of their policy and the tenor of their names, obtained the mastery of the entire world.

By the banks of the Tiber, on the slopes of Mount Palestine, arose the state destined to become the mistress of the world.

This mighty state, remarkable for the smallness of its origin as well as for the greatness to which it attained, has, by the splendor of its national exertions, by the extent of its dominions, by the wisdom of its councils, ever been a principal object of regard to the enlightened of the earth, for to know it well is to know mankind. One of the features of Roman greatness which especially arrests attention is military genieus and strength.

They surpassed all the nations of antiquity in the brilliancy and solidity of their conquests.

They conquered the world and held it in subjection.

"They commenced a band of robbers on the Alban mount; they ended by becoming masters of every country and kingdom that tempted their ambition."

Not alone from a survey of the material greatness or the military powers of Rome is the highest idea of her civilization obtained; these, indeed, indicate strength and even genius; but from the inherent strength of her constitution and laws, and from the inviolable and eternal principles of her justice.

The purpose of aggrandizement was most powerful in the Roman mind, but the promotion of justice, the reign of law and the welfare of her citizens received due attention. Political unity was the grand idea of Rome, the great element of her policy. The Romans were masters of the world by conquest, yet they ruled it with justice and equity.

Universal empire was based on public morality, in a recognition of national rights and

privileges and in conciliatory conduct to the conquered race.

"Rome was a father-land that took precedence of every native-land, but the unity she established did not destroy the diversity of the various nationalities she absorbed." Relying on the justice of Rome, the oppressed of all nations looked to her for protection and redress. Confident in her watchful care, her citizens traversed the inhabited earth.

Standing under the glittering aegis of Roman justice, the prisoner before Festus made his appeal unto Ceasar; trusting to her strength the Numidian princes fled to her from the assassins of blood-stained Jugurtha. Such was impartial Rome; such its military greatness, it progress in civilization and its justice.

But its mission was fulfilled. It had conquered the world, it had left an enduring monument of human genieus in its literature and laws, and it had prepared the way for that new race, which should present the ultimate and highest type of civilization, and the grander traits of humanity.

Amidst the universal darkness and desolation, midst falling empires and tottering thrones were witnessed the beginnings of that nation and that people, destined to become the most extensive and powerful, the heirs and guardians of liberty, the culmination of all progress and renown.

By the banks of the Thames were laid the foundations of an empire more extensive than the Ceasars' and as enduring as the race of man. (From the clear light of the brilliant present far back along the vista of the dimning past, we can trace its course until lost in the shades of legendary antiquity.) Advancing constantly in the path of empire the progress of the Anglo-Saxon civilization has ever been upwards to universal dominion.

Extending rapidly beyond its pristine limits, its all-pervading power encircles the whole earth.

Its magnificent empire, grander than Roman ever dreamed of, controls the destinies of humanity.

From its borders have gone forth the greatest of those influences that elevate and ennoble the race of man.

More extended than Rome in dominion, this people surpasses in strength of national character and the genius of their institutions.

Raised up by the hand of omnipotence, they became the heirs of all civilization, "the guardians and defenders of the priceless treasures of mankind." With a power further reaching and more feared than Rome, they became the protectors of all nations, the defence of all oppressed. In their age was first proclaimed the principles of perfect equality and the rights of men. In their days shall war and oppression cease in the reign of arbitration and universal law, and then shall the destinies of the universal race be guided and controlled "in the Parliament of Man, the federation of the world."

We stand to-day at the dawn of a new period most momentous in human history. By a swifter revolution and a marvelous transformation the world is passing into the hands of the English-speaking race. Already the English tongue is changing from the dominant to the universal language, and in its dominion rules the third part of the earth. What the future has in store for this favored race is the most interesting problem of the age. No other race of men ever had such a destiny or such an opportunity. Rome held a world in subjection by the arts of war; to them it is given to hold a greater world in subjection to justice and equity through the arts of peace.

The heirs of all past, the possessors of the present, the inheriters of the future, they shall walk hand-in-hand in the paths of ultimate peace and exert on civilization's future an influence limited only by the infinite.

W. R. D.

FIGURES.

This is a very familiar word, and also a common subject on which to write. It is not the intention to attempt to bring before you anything new in the consideration of this subject. The only purpose is to call to your minds a few facts which you all know.

Upon hearing such a subject as this announced, the first question that would naturally arise in the mind of the hearer is, "What is meant by the subject, or in what manner is it going to be considered?" There are several courses which might be taken with this subject. Figures are forms of anything, as terminated by outlines. This fact is brought forcibly before us when we look at the beautiful and delicate flowers that spring forth everywhere; or when we look at the public speaker upon the stage. It was Dryden who said, "flowers have all exquisite figures." Bacon said, "I was charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery."

Looking at this subject from the standpoint of an arithmetician, figures are characters. Any one of the nine digits or numeral characters is called a figure. In geometry, figures are spaces bounded by lines or by surfaces; drawings used to illustrate problems or theorems. All those who study geometry become well acquainted with "figures." In fact, in some cases, more is known of the word and its application than is desired. Many are the figures or diagrams that are marked on the floor by the dancer.

One more thought, which indeed, is a pleasing one, now presents itself. This word is also used in rhetoric, in a manner with which all are, or at least should be familiar. Here a figure is some deviation from the plain and ordinary mode of expression, with a view of making the meaning more effective. Although figures are thus some deviation from the plain and ordinary mode of expression, it does not follow that they are forced or unnatural. Figures are not the inventions of rhetoricians any more than the laws of language are the inventions of grammarians. As writers on grammar have observed how men speak, and from this have drawn the rules of speech, so writers on rhetoric have noticed how men depart from the plain and ordinary mode of expression when they wish to give special force or vividness to their meaning, and from this fact the character and rules for such figurative expressions have been derived.

The most illiterate men, as well as the most learned, speak in figures. No races, in fact, are so much addicted to the use of figurative language as the semi-barbarous and the savage. Whenever the imaginations of the multitude are awakened, or their passions inflamed, they pour forth their feelings in a torrent of figures.

It is rare, indeed, that anyone, learned or unlearned, civilized or savage, in a composed or in an excited state of mind, discourses for any length of time without the use of figures. Figurative expressions are as important to the agreeableness of discourse as are color and form to that of the landscape. The first source of figures was the barrenness of our language. In the first attempts to use language, men began by giving names to the different objects with which they became acquainted. As the ideas of men multiplied, their stock of names and words enlarged. They realized the difficulty in inventing and remembering names for such a variety of ideas and objects. They therefore sought to abridge the labor of inventing and remembering such an infinite number of words.

One word which, already expressed some particular idea or object, was used to express some other idea or object to which it was thought to bear a likeness.

Another and indeed the principal source of figures is the pleasure which they give. In this case we use figures, not because of the barrenness of language, but because the figurative is more agreeable than the literal one. The most common figures are thirteen in number. The most common of these figures is the simile. This is simply a comparison. It consists in formally likening one thing to another, as: "The condemnation of Socrates took him away in his full grandeur and glory, like the setting of a tropical sun."

Similes are a source of pleasure to the mind on several accounts: First we are so constituted that we naturally are pleased in comparing objects with one another, and tracing the points of likeness or unlikeness between them. This habit of comparison is common to all persons. Even children take delight in it as soon as they are capable of taking distinct notice of objects. The mere fact of there being a likeness gives, when observed, a pleasure to the mind.

Again, a simile usually makes the principal object plainer or gives it a stronger impression on the mind, and on this account is a source of additional pleasure. An author, wishing to say that the memory of a certain person is both quick and retentive, makes the idea clearer and more forcible, and at the same time more agreeable to the reader by expressing the thought thus: "His memory is like wax to receive impressions, and like marble to retain them."

By the skillful use of simile, the principal object may be embellished and made more agreeable by being associated with something of a superior character—something splendid, graceful, refined, dignified, or grand, according to the occasion.

Another very prominent figure is the metaphor. Thus might be named and discussed all the different figures. No one can realize the beauty of our language without having some knowledge of them. Our language is full of these figures.

E. G. B.

THE INEXPENSIVE MUSIC TEACHER.

The erroneous opinion, prevailing among many parents, that a cheap teacher is good enough to start with, is the source of much harm in the cause of music. To the incorrect training of beginners may be attributed a large share of the musical ignorance in the United States.

It is sad to note how few beginners are sent to the leading teachers in any community. Young children are generally placed in the hands of an incompetent instructor because his services can be had at a small cost. And yet there is nothing on earth in which the saying, "What is cheap, is expensive," can be applied with more fitness than in the case of the musical training of youth. Frequently the parents send the student to a good teacher after he has worked with the inexpensive ignoramus during a year or two. The professor is then obliged to prune away the inartistic offshoots fostered by the bad examples of his predecessor before he can re-commence the pupil's education.

If it were more generally known how slow, how difficult, and how, oft-times, hopeless is the task of the teacher who must correct the bad habits caused by the good-enough-to-start-with teacher; if parents could count the many gifted students who have failed on account of incorrect early training, fewer beginners might be sent to the cheap teacher.

Perhaps the reason for the existence of this

false notion among parents can be found in the fact that young men and women with a common school education can teach children to spell and count. But the analogy between the fitness of the schoolmaster and that of the professor of music is not well founded. A school teacher can impart elementary knowledge without having received a university training, while no teacher of music can properly instruct beginners unless he has had a sound and wide musical experience, without which no one can illustrate artistically the simplest musical axioms. All the models set before the pupil should be faultless at any period of his development.

The school teacher will never say that a is b, or that 2 and 2 make 5, but many alleged music teachers will take a pupil's time and money, without teaching either correct time or expression, either correct fingering or position, not to speak of the depraved musical taste they will communicate to their proselytes by thrusting under the noses such edifying works as General Grant's March and the Maiden's Prayer.

It is of the utmost importance that the first tesps should be well guided. At the initial lesson the deepest impression is made. The master hand alone should mold the intellectual and physical clay while that precious material is soft and pliable. To let it harden under the touch of the bungler is worse than useless—it is irretrievably harmful. What might have become a beautiful image is now a caricature.

Had Bach, Beethoven and Wagner received improper instruction, the world would never have heard of them. Chopin, placed when young under the nefarious influence of the good-enough-to-start-with teacher, would never have written immortal sound poems. And can we form a conception of the number of embryonic virtuosi that have been turned into hopeless mediocrities by the teachings of inefficient instructors?

It is false economy to secure a cheap music teacher at any time, but particularly so when the pupil is young, impressionable and guileless. Were he far advanced there would be no danger, his knowledge would render him invulnerable to charlatans.

LOUIS LOMBARD.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

Is it true that education unfits for physical labor? If not, why is the idea so prevalent in rural districts?

To the first question we answer emphatically, No. Education never unfits for any duty physical, mental, or moral. If a man will make a good farmer without an education he will make a better one with an education. Is an uneducated man a good mechanic, that same man with a thorough education would be a better mechanic. The educated woman, every thing else being equal, will make a better housekeeper, home-maker, mother and companion than the uneducated.

One woman, left a widow with three small children, on a large farm in a new country, said in after years, "My parents 'builded better than they knew' when they gave me a good education. Had it been otherwise, I never could have saved our home and prepared my boys for college as I did."

Even in poverty, should such overtake them, the educated have many advantages over the uneducated. How have we seen the ignorant stare in open-mouthed wonder, while the skilled hand and fertile brain turned things, that were lying around useless, to good account.

> "Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
> Only in little breakings shows its light,
> Till artful polishing has made it shine;
> Thus education makes the genius bright."

The second question we will answer in Yankee style, by asking, is it not true that many educated persons are unfit for useful, active labor, not because they are educated but because nature's laws have been violated. Either a sickly child has been sent to school when it should have been out playing, or the midnight oil has been burned, or some of the countless ways of interfering with the physical development have been practiced while the education was being gained. And then, by those who have never entered the charmed circle, education, like the college student, is saddled with all the ills that transpire.

S. M.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD.

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JANUARY, 1890.

OUR subscribers will please remember that the HOLCAD is $1.25 if not paid before March 1st.

AFTER many years of waiting our town has at last communication with the outside world. We will not say in what way, lest the world might think that we have been behind the age.

A GRADUATE of Harvard, in discussing the many reasons why Yale beats Harvard, finally comes to the conclusion that Yale has superior men, morally, mentally and physically.

SOME people shun difficulties and avoid obstacles as though life can only be a success without effort. What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects, a mere notice of the necessity for exertion, a bugbear to children and fools, an effective stimulus to men.

IT is said that Browning is the only distinguished literary man whose voice will be heard by future generations. This is explained by the fact that he recited his verses to a phonograph and they can be reproduced exactly as he gave them. This will certainly be very pleasant for the future admirers of his poetry. They will not be compelled to accept the rendition of the elocutionist in order to gain the proper conception of it, but they can hear it as recited by the poet himself. If the phonograph had only been invented sooner, so that justice could be done other authors, no doubt their writings would be more highly appreciated. What has been lost through lack of the phonograph and the amount of labor incurred in attempts to regain it, can never be fully estimated. Suppose the Roman Senate had possessed a phonograph. All that it would be necessary for a professor to do to teach Latin pronunciation would be to turn a crank and he would have Cicero to help him. If the Greeks had only understood the art of writing sound, what they could have saved the present Greek scholars. The present improbable system of Greek accent would never have been invented, but Greek would be pronounced today as it was in the time of Demosthenes. "Truly, the inventions of man are wonderful," but we might also add, they come too late for many practical purposes.

A VERY interesting contest in declamation was held in the college chapel on Friday evening, Jan. 3d, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. T. U. The contest was for the Demorest silver medal which is presented to these associations, together with the rules concerning the manner of conducting the contest. These rules required that the names of the performers should not be announced, but that they should be announced by number and that the envelop containing the names of the performers, which was given the judges, should not be opened until they had decided upon

the successful contestant. This accounts for the arrangement of the program. The following is the program :

Music.....Orchestra
Prayer.
Music.....Orchestra
1—Rumselling, Our Country's Scourge, and the Remedy.
2—The Enormity of the Liquor Traffic.
Music—Cornet Solo.....Mr. Parsons
3. America's Joshua.
4. The Martyred Mother.
Music { Vocal Solo.....Mr. Campbell
Violin Solo.....Miss Wnissen
5. Patriotic Prohibition.
6. The Deacon's S. S. Sermon.
Music.....Ladies' Quartette
Music.....Orchestra
Decision of Judges.
Music.....Orchestra

The names of the contestants corresponding respectively to the numbers on the program are Misses Susie Foster, Anetta Bell, Edith Taylor, Ella McKee, Belle Comin, Jennie McElwee. The board of judges, consisting of Rev. Gilkey, of Mercer; Rev. Laird, of New Castle, and Rev. Slemmons, of Mercer, awarded the medal to Miss Ella McKee. A part of the music was furnished by the New Castle orchestra.

THE abolishing of final examinations is gradually growing in favor in Westminster. From present appearences it looks as if the time will soon be here when the much dreaded term examinations will be a thing of the past. Three of the professors have made arrangements with some of their classes to omit the final examination this term if the members comply with certain conditions. The conditions are that the term grade must reach ninety per cent., and that the persons excused must not have been absent from more than three recitations. This plan was tried by Prof. Swan last term with the chemistry class with marked success. The amount of extra work during the term to obtain the necessary grade more than equals that which would have been done preparing for the examination. Another reason why we believe this plan superior to the old system is that that which is acquired during the term is more apt to be remembered than that gained preparing for an examination, so that any incentive to a complete mastery of a study during the term is certainly better than that picked up the last few days through fear of an examination. If this plan is successful in some departments, we see no reason why it should not be in all, and we hope to see it come into general use thoroughout the colleges.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the New York papers who has been looking up Bismarck's student life finds that he made his debut as a student of jurisprudence and political science early in 1832, a tall, jovial and exceedingly canny youth of seventeen. He read, fought and drank according to the time-honored fashion of the Gottingen student. Duels were of every day occurrence among the students, and he is known to have fought at least four, but not one was discovered by the authorities. So seldom was he found out in his own frolics, and so often was he called upon to officiate as contriver of, and umpire or second to, those of others, that he earned for himself the nickname of the "consummate discreet fox." His sagacity and fearlessness made him the recognized leader of the students. He sowed his wild oats, but he was not an idle student. If he was always ready for a frolic, he was equally punctual at lectures, and his industry earned the approbation of the professors. From here he went to the city that he was destined to raise to the dignity of the metropolis of United Germany. The genius that made him the student hero made him the Unifier of Germany.

AFTER a few days of pleasant vacation the students have returned and commenced a new term in the new year. Those who have looked back over their last term's work and found they could have done better, have, no doubt,

taken advantage of the accustomed season for making new resolutions and have highly resolved that the examinations at the close of this term will not cause them the same worry as those of the last. However sincere some students are in making such vows, they do not as a usual thing, go into effect until the next day, and are, therefore, never in force. Instead of using every moment as it comes we are always reflecting on the past and promising better things in the future. If the students were as determined to prepare the lesson for to-day as they are certain that they will prepare the one of to-morrow such resolutions would have a meaning. But why moralize on an old subject? Some students are always prepared and others never are.

Much has been written on the grading system in colleges and there are many good reasons why it should be retained. The chief objection to it is that sometimes it is unpopular to be considered a close, hard working student; and there is an influence that almost compels a student to appear at least indifferent lest he should be charged by his fellows with a wrong motive. How often has the thorough student been called a "faculty sucker" and had all sorts of opprobious names heaped upon him? This should not be so, but it is often true that the student who would be earnest and enthusiastic in his studies is intimidated by the opinion of those who would charge him with working for grades. It may not be the fault of the system, but it often attends it, and it may be true throughout the whole college or it may be confined to a single class. One is indeed unfortunate to be a member of a class in which it is unpopular to study. The grading system will be hard to root out of our colleges, and while it remains, and seems necessary, students should be more charitable towards those who get a good grade as a result of hard word. Grade or no grade, the student who is influenced not to do his best by anything that may be said of his motives is making a mistake. To make an honest effort for a college honor is a manly effort, and after the envy and jealousy are eliminated it is so considered by all.

May we dare to say something on that old subject of a state oratorical contest? It has been agitated by many of the college papers, but thus far none of the colleges have made an effort to bring about an organization. Perhaps we are all too modest. Could not the colleges in the western part of the state make the arrangements for a contest the present year? There are at least seven colleges in this end of the State, any one of which could inaugurate the movement by simply making the challenge. The boys of the Western University should not be backward since they have moved into their new buildings.

—There are two times in a man's life when he is very anxious about his personal appearance—one is at the age of twenty, when the hair is coming out on his upper lip; the other is at the age of forty, when the hair is coming out on the top of his head.

—Teacher to pupil: "This essay is not original. The next time I want an original essay." Next time: "Is this original?" Yes, that is what it said at the head of the piece.

—One of the Seniors in Chemistry, in speaking of the laboratory the other day, called it purgatory. If purgatory be a place of that kind (and the authority of a Senior cannot be doubted), then everybody had better study chemistry. The knowledge gained here would enable him to work out all the metals and complete course of experiments required in the curriculum of that place in a much shorter time. No doubt such a project as this would suit most people well as they do not wish to stay long in purgatory.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Taffy.

—Juillerat has fourteen students in French.

—Prof. McGranahan has purchased a horse.

—Who is the blankest Bill in the Junior class?

—The popular amusement of the day: La Grippe.

—H. D. Gordon, '87, was in town during vacation.

—J. A. Alexander, '86, was at home during vacation.

—Witherspoon says that McGinty was an Irishman.

—Prof. M. B. Griffith, '86, was in college last week.

—McKelvey has thirteen private students in elocution.

—Miss Franc Donaldson, '87, was home last Saturday.

—Prof. J. L. Snyder, '86, spent Sabbath, Jan. 5, in town.

—G. W. Bovard, '90, spent his vacation in delivering books.

—What rattled Wallace so much the other night in society?

—"La Grippe" has taken hold of the town, so the doctors say.

—Chapel services now begin at 8:15 instead of 8:30 as formerly.

—Anderson spent his vacation in Washington county with Barr.

—Miss Whissen received a very fine guitar as a Christmas present.

—W. M. Lindsey, '87, has been admitted to the bar in Pittsburgh.

—Was Eldredge in earnest when he called blind Tom "uncle" Tom?

—Mr. W. R. Walker, who was in school last winter, is back again.

—The A. & P. C. Society have received five new members this term.

—Misses Mary and Mina McElwee, '86, spent their vacation at home.

—The telegraph line to town, spoken of in the last issue, is now completed.

—Jno. M. Stewart, a student here last year, is working in the surveying business.

—Prof. McGranahan preached in the Second U. P. church Sabbath, January 5.

—Prof. Mitchell preached a trial sermon before Mercer presbytery, Tuesday, Dec. 24.

—Mary Ferguson, '90, has been out of school for a week on account of a severe cold.

—Wonder if McIntyre saw McGinty the night he went to the window for that purpose.

—Wonder who the fair one is that Bovard makes so much fuss over when he goes home?

—Rev. G. H. Getty, '81, who resided here last summer, now lives at New Kingston, N. Y.

—Sophomore reading Hamlet:

"The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath
And in the cup an onion (union) shall be throw."

—Rev. T. W. Young, Gill Hall, Allegheny Co., Pa., visited his son, A. B. Young, last week.

—Miss Ida Bigger, of Bavington, Washington county, is visiting her cousin, Jane Donaldson.

—Why is an old maid like a tomato? Because a man to mate her (tomato) can't be found.

—Rev. S. W. Gilkey, '77, has been installed as pastor of the First U. P. church of Mercer.

—The last report from Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings is that they have arrived safe at Bombay.

—Prof. in Logic—"What are the parts of a proposition?" Student—"Two terms and a cupola."

—The Boston Ideal Guitar, Banjo, and Mandolin Club will give a concert here on January 28.

—The Freshmen and Sophomores finished

Greek history last week. They take up Roman the latter part of this term.

—We hear from reliable authority that the chemistry department here has a better outfit than that of Cornell.

—The Philo society initiated four new members Monday night, Jan. 13, and had three new names proposed.

—Rev. C. H. Robinson, '83, pastor of the U. P. church at Baltimore, has just recovered from a severe illness.

—J. G. Berry, '87, will build a house and barn during the coming summer. Wonder if he is going to get married.

—Rev. Geo. L. Hamm, '85, dedicated a new church, Lutheran, on Wylie Avenue, Pittsburgh, a short time since.

—W. G. Dice, '92, was on the sick list during vacation and did not return to school for more than a week after it begun.

—It would suit the editor-in-chief very well during this rainy weather if the person who took his umbrella would return it.

—For the information of all who hear the Juniors talking German we would state that they are not fresh—from Germany.

—Miss Cora Forsythe, who attended college here part of last year, was married a short time since to Mr. Walk, of Mansfield, Pa.

—The store belonging to Mr. King, of Muncie, Ind., who is the father of Miss King of the HOLCAD staff, was burned last week.

—The question for contest debate is: Should secret societies, as they now exist in our colleges, be prohibited by our college authorities.

—A little boy who has original ideas of things, will not say, "dried beef," but insists on calling that article of food "dried beast."

—The house of Rev. Mealy caught fire about twelve o'clock last Saturday night, but it was extinguished before much damage was done.

—The Leagorean society entertainment announced for Tuesday, Jan. 21, was postponed on account of the illness of some of its members.

—Prof. Thompson has so far recovered from his sickness as to be able to be out some. The students are anxious to see him back in the class room again.

—In order to accommodate a greater number of students the faculty have decided to have five recitations in the forenoon instead of four, as formerly.

—"What artists we mortals be," is perhaps the best way to express the sentiments of the Sophs and Freshies who have been drawing the map of Greece.

—The junior contestants are W. W. Barr, A. B. Smith, H. F. Given, H. Ferguson, C. G. Jordan, C. W. Smith, H. C. Swearengen and J. Witherspoon.

—A friend in need.—Postage stamp: "I've just received a terrible licking." Envelop: "Well, stick close to me and we'll get through all right."—*Selected.*

—Ralph Johnson, '89, and Harry Mealey, a former student, who have been attending the Medical Lectures, at Cleveland, spent their vacation at home.

—On account of Prof. Thompson's illness the Juniors have Moral Science this term instead of Physics, which will come in the winter term of the Senior year.

—Read the address to the young men of the U. P. Church by President Ferguson, McMichael, and Irons. It will be published in the *United Presbyterian.*

—Those who know anything about the "association of ideas" will understand why one of our ministers sometimes addresses Miss Robertson as Miss McNary.

—Prof. S. W. Harsha, professor in Westminster in '75, and who resigned on account of ill health, is now eighty-two years old and lives in Washington county, N. Y.

—The students living in the north end of

town extend their sincere thanks to the ladies of the "Harem Quartette" for their excellent serenade on the evening of Dec. 13.

—Profs. McGranahan and Swan have been elected instructors for the Westminster normal. The choice is doubtless a wise one and for this reason we anticipate a full turnout of normal students.

—As the evening train on the Sharpsville R. R. now makes connections we are no longer obliged, when weary and foot sore, to "tramp, tramp, tramp" the railroad ties from the junction to Wilmington.

—Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

—Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus delivered a lecture in the college chapel, Jan. 17, on the subject, "A Chapter in the History of Liberty." Mr. Gunsaulus spoke in a very earnest manner and his lecture was both pleasing and instructive.

—The Wilmington T. C. Dramatic club (we can't say what T. C. stands for as it is a secret, but we would venture "tongue-tied corporation," which seems to suit the idea of secrecy) expects to give an entertainment Feb. 22.

—We learn from the *Globe* that J. A. McCracken, '89, A. R. Robinson, '89, A. M. Robb, '87, and J. N. Dunn, '88, visited *friends* in town Christmas week. It is interesting to note how frequently some of the alumni return for this purpose.

—McElree asks that the gentlemen who do not sing be excused from the Senior German class while the ladies are singing. One of two things is evident, either the gentlemen have no ear for music or the ladies are very poor singers. Which is it?

—The new students this term are Miss Bertha Wilson, East Brook, Pa.; Miss Emma Brice, Anderson, W. Va.; Miss Mattie Lytle, Ligonier, Pa.; Mr. Mac Wilson, East Brook, Pa.; Mr. C. C. Cox, Edenburg, Pa.; Mr. J. P. McKelvey, Ligonier, Pa.

—We have great reason to congratulate two of the Sophs on their success in a recent examination. One of them said that Julius Cæsar was born 450 B. C., the other held that the date of his birth was 1550 A. D. But Russell and Smith will not want us to tell who these persons were, so you may guess.

—The gentlemen who take music lessons at the conservatory should stop and see their portraits which are hanging in the long hall. By way of comment we would say, that, though the general outline of the pictures is very good, the finishing touches do not display the finest artistic talent. The gentlemen are greatly indebted to the ladies who were kind enough to inscribe the name of each under his portrait.

—J. Y. McKinney, the Soph who invented an electric burglar alarm, has sold part of his interest, realizing quite a handsome sum of money. He is now in Cincinnati remodeling it for the company which purchased it. He is also working on an electric alarm for railroad crossings, which, when completed, will be of great use at dangerous crossings by way of preventing accidents. We wish him much success.

—As one of our lady students, who had a musical instrument with her, was on the train returning to school after vacation, a lady who was evidently wanting information, aked her to what troupe she belonged. We cannot state just what the reply was, but the incident has something in it which ought to be encouraging to the musical department, namely, it shows what a finely educated appearance, musically, the music students of Westminster acquire.

—Smith, Scott and Campbell are at present exerting themselves to the utmost in the mustache race. They all seem determined to win, but it is as yet uncertain which will be the lucky one. For their encouragement we would say that the mustaches are visible across

rooms even if it is not the brightest kind of a day. By way of advice it is fitting to remind them that "perseverance is a virtue," and that they should not give up in despair even if the mustaches should not travel at a 2:30 gait.

—The 90 per cent. method, which excuses all students from final examination who have during the term taken a grade of 90 per cent. or over and who have not missed more than a specified number of days, was tried last term by Profs. Swan and McGranahan. It proved to be a wholesome stimulus to the daily recitations, and the number of unnecessary absences was diminished. The class as a whole did better work and students who were somewhat inclined to neglect their studies worked to get rid of the dreaded examination. In short, it has proved a success and as a result has been adopted this term by some others of the professors.

EXCHANGES.

Dartmouth is said to have the credit of publishing the first college paper, Yale the second and Union the third.

One of our latest exchanges is the *Free Lance*, and it takes no mean place among our list. It contains a very interesting and well written article on our religious nature. It states that by association religion receives its growth and impetus.

The last number of the *Thielensian* contains several articles on Christmas. The *Thielensian* is a live paper in every department, and in the presentation of its matter displays both skill and taste. If it was to be judged from its outward appearance one would naturally expect little, but this could be greatly enhanced by enlarging its cover.

In the last number of the *Acamedian* is an interesting article on Nihilism and Democracy. Nihilism is shown to be but a dream of liberty, with no reason, no law. It is only the fountain of anarchy and liberalism and the dread road to Siberia. Democracy presents justice and in this way appeals to reason. It is the strict enemy to despotsm and the champion of liberty.

The last number of the *Scholastic* contains an article on the Protestant missionary of India. The writer of this article in his high conceit and blind prejudice supposes, in attacking the article published in the HOLCAD, that he has dealt a blow. Blind follower of a still blinder religion—a religion corrupt by age, reeking with the crimes of more than 200 Popes, boasted followers of Christ but direst perpetrators of deception and fallacy, do you expect civilized man, aye! do you expect even the unlettered heathen to tolerate or listen to the teachings of your missionary? The heathen inquire for the address of the Protestant missionary's tailor, does he? Not so of the Catholic tailor, as the gloomy robe of the sister bespeaks something calamitous. In their very dress the barbarian reads a false, a dying religion. The heathen knows enough to know that when a missionary brooks to buy converts, as they do, their teachings must be false, their cause must be dying, for even to his mind the idea of a religion is a free, a just, an ideal perfection which does not purchase obedience, but wins it. Editor of *Scholastic*, why is it that to-day the Catholic missionaries are leaving India? Is it not because the very ignorance of the heathen repels a religion which proves itself false in its every feature? Yes, Catholicism lives among sons who claim to be enlightened, but at the same time the enlightened ignorance of the heathen bids it off. Yes, live, but civilization and reason are digging your grave. The literary columns of the *Scholastic* were up to their usual high standard with the above exception.

JOSEPH K. PEARSON. DAVID W. PEARSON.

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THE HOLCAD.

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BIBLE STUDY.

The following is an abstract of a sermon preached in the College Chapel on the day of prayer for colleges, by Rev. J. V. Stockton, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Mercer, Pa. :

Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.—JOHN v:39.

This is one of the many commendations of Bible study contained in God's Word. It falls from the lips of one filled with divine wisdom, not only, but with the most intense regard for the interests of those to whom he spoke. It gives the weightiest reason for such careful and devout contemplation of the truth. The Scriptures testify of him—the way of eternal truth and life.

The apostle Paul gives a similar reason for a similar regard for God's Word. "Whatsoever things," he says, "were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we, through the patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have the hope," *i. e.*, that we might come into possession of the Hope of Israel. Again, he declares that "all Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable, for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." The Bereans are commended as more noble than those of Thessalonica, because "they received the Word with all readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily."

It is our desire to consider some reasons for the study of the Bible—a theme which has commended itself as appropriate to this day and to our circumstances as inquirers after that knowledge which shall enable us to make the most of life. Our time this morning will largely be taken up with the consideration of reasons which are incidental and secondary. I mention among these

First. The antiquity of the Biblical Canon. I would not wish to be understood as claiming that age alone gives true value to anything. But this Book is the only safe guide we have in exploring the misty ages of antiquity. It is the conclusion of candid and scholarly critics that the Bible contains the most ancient forms of truth known to men. Certainly of the world before the flood, the only authentic or even probable history we have is contained in this venerable book. So any one who is concerned with the incipient ages of our race, any one who desires to know the history of his kind or his world in antediluvian times is of necessity driven to the sacred volume.

Does it not help us to some conception of these records to recall that they were written more than a thousand years before Heroditus, whom we have been taught to call "the father of history"? The Hebrew Jurisprudence is seven hundred years older than that of Lycurgus, the Greek, and two thousand years older than that of Justinian, the Roman. The "golden age" of the lyric poetry of the Hebrews occurred nearly a thousand years before

the birth of Horace, one of the writers of the golden age of Latin poetry. The problem of evil was discussed by the author of Ecclesiastes six hundred years before Socrates discussed the same subject in the "Dialogues" of Plato, and the love song of Solomon is a thousand years older than the love song of Ovid. The romantic history of the beautiful queen Esther was on record at least fifteen hundred years before the dawn of romantic literature in Europe. The entire bulk of the prophetic literature of the Hebrews was anterior to the Augustan age of Rome, and even the writers of the New Testament are all of them of more venerable antiquity than Tacitus or Plutarch. And what shall we say of the Book of Job? If we are to believe the rabbis, it is the oldest connected discourse in existence, at least a thousand years older than Homer. Before the invasion of Great Britain by the Romans it was more time-worn than the name of Julius Cæsar to-day. Is it not presumably worth while for us to study a volume which comes down to us freighted with the history and literature of ancient times? Does it not appeal to our instinctive reverence for the venerable and long-lived?

But it adds vastly to the force of this appeal to know that this account is trustworthy in its history. * * * And if you will come to the earnest study of this record you will find it true even to its minutiæ. Having ascertained its meaning you will find facts flowing in from many and often unexpected sources to corroborate and confirm the statements made. The investigation and research of historical criticism substantiate this statement. * * * * "Physiology," says Rawlinson, "after long conflict, decides in favor of the unity of the species and the probable derivation of the whole human race from a single pair. Comparative Philology, after divers fluctuations, settles down into the belief that languages will ultimately prove to have been all derived from a common basis. Ethnology pronounces that, independently of the Scriptural record, we should be led to fix on the plains of Shinar as the common center or focus from which the various lines of migration and the several types of races originally radiated." And an ever-increasing mass of evidence, growing every year through fresh discoveries, shows that not alone in its main and germinal facts, but in the details of its linguistic, geographic and ethnologic notices, this old history is to be relied on. * * Therefore, we may well count the Bible the exhaustless marvel of history, most ancient, most true. It deserves our study as the great epitome of old-time truth and life.

Second. The Bible as a literary production is unrivaled. Thomas Marshall, the great Kentucky lawyer, declared that there was no parable in all literature that deserved the name when compared with those of our Master. The story is told that Dr. Johnson once read the Book of Ruth to a fashionable audience in London, and they begged to know of him where he obtained "such an inimitable pastoral."

Do you delight in the sublime? Read in the fourth chapter of Job:

> "A thing, too, was imparted to me secretly,
> Mine ear received a whisper of it—
> In thoughts from the visions of the night
> When deep sleep falleth on men.
> Fear came on me and trembling,
> And the multitude of my bones did shake.
> A spirit passed before my face.
> It stood, but I could not discern its appearance,
> A form before mine eyes—
> Silence. And I heard a voice:
> Shall mortal man be more just than God?
> Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

Does heroic bravery charm you? Where will you find it more truly displayed than in the life of Daniel or the "children of the furnace?" Note the answer of these three Israelites when summoned before the king to recant the act refusing to bow down to the "golden image" of Nebuchadnezzar. The king was furious. He demanded to know of them if it were possible they had dared disobey his command. And he rehearsed in their ears the dire penalty of such disobedience.

But he would give them one more chance, if they worshipped the image, well. "But, if ye worship not ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of the burning, fiery furnace, and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego answered and said to the king: O Nebuchadnezzar! We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Free alike from servility and railing, where in all history will you find a more noble answer?

Or are you fond of the dramatic? Witness in this same transaction the scene of these three, cast into the fiery furnace. The mandate of the king has been obeyed. The men are in the furnace, and the fire has slain those who took them up. Picture the king gazing from a distance. He beholds a sight that fills him with amazement. You can mark consternation written on every feature. "Did we not cast three men, bound, into the midst of the fire?" They answered, "True, O king!" "Lo! I see four men, loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

Where will you find a story more simple and touching, so charming that we read and re-read it with never flagging interest, than the story of Joseph? For tenderness, what compares with the story of Ruth? For pathos what is there that equals the scene in which Cushi bears tidings to David of the death of Absalom? We do not wonder when we see the literary richness and beauty, the grandeur and sublimity, the tenderness and pathos of this book, that it was one of the four books that lay always on the table of even such an one as Byron.

And the influence of the Book on the literature of Christendom justifies the estimate we have put upon it. Enter the world's library; ask the librarian for its noblest uninspired poem, what will he give you: Paradise Lost, will he not? Open the book; mark how uniformly grand is its line of thought, and how, under the magic touch of its author, the beggar springs into a patriarch, the infant teems with man, the man teems with angel, and even the damned spirit of the pit is stamped with grandeur. How was Milton inspired? He sat at the feet of the prophets of God. * * * * Are there stronger or more terrible characters in Shakespeare than Macbeth and Lady Macbeth? Do you want to know their originals? According to Dr. Spring, you find them in Ahab and Jezebel. Have you marked the grandeur of Byron's apostrophe to Rome as the Niobe of nations, read along with it Jeremiah's Lamentations over Jerusalem. * * * Though such things are only incidental the Bible has done more to supply rhetoric with a worthy diction, literature with noble images, and the fine arts with memorable subjects, than all other books combined.

Third. The Bible has exercised more influence, more practical power over the thought and life of man than any other book. Notwithstanding that the number of believers in it have always constituted a comparatively small fraction of the race, its influence is well-nigh unbounded. Perpetually attacked, subjected for centuries to a bitter criticism, its teachings still survive, and increase in power with the passage of years.

And in proportion as men study this book and act upon its teachings, they become more just, temperate, chaste, self-denying and willing to labor for the good of others; while its neglect leads to self-indulgence and the reign of passion, to national weakness and private infamy. * * * Destroy this book, and to eat, drink, drink and die, is man's all.

If the religion founded on this Word exercised no practical or elevating power in the

world; if it had proved incompatible with continued and abiding progress in morality and high civilization; if Christian nations had fallen behind others in good government, in intelligence, in laws, in power, in the love of truth, in the pursuit of knowledge, and in whatever else ennobles our nature; if human excellence and human happiness advanced by its disregard, then we might neglect it. But the reverse is true. Virtue, progress, mental and moral activity and achievement, elevation of man individually, socially and politically follow in the train of its influence and to the degree of the diffusion and acceptance of its truths.

No, no. This book is not an inert thing in the world's history. The motives, the principles, which make life worth living, are found here. The themes which keep the world thinking and acting are emanations from God's Word. The dignity of manhood, the sacredness of the individual, the assured immortality of man, the Fatherhood of God, the right of free inquiry, the great ideas of social, political and moral reform are emanations, in fact, from the sacred Word.

What other book has ever wrought such results as this one? "It has slain the enmity of the human heart." It has sent those whose refined tastes led them to spurn all contact with vulgarity, into lanes and alleys and hovels that they might reach out to the outcast and degraded the hand of sympathy and helpfulness. The bravest and the gentlest deeds that have enriched the story of the past may safely be credited to the power of the Bible.

Shall our children or our children's children, when they take up this Book, find it dismembered? The Pentateuch gone; Job made the beginning of the Canon; Isaiah divided and the second half put after Daniel; Hebrews banished; the Gospel according to John declared spurious; the Apocalypse declared only a myth? Not so. When we shall have passed away and our names forgotten among men; when in the archives of our college some antiquarian shall come across our names, but those names shall stand for nothing in the memories of men, there shall be those who have come up after us preaching the glad tidings contained in this book among the nations of the earth, and as they open the Bible, the number of its books will be found to be just the same. It will begin just as now "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." And it will end just as now "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." And between these two passages there shall not one word, necessary to the salvation, to the sanctification, or to the comfort of those who receive it, be lost. The grass will wither; man will die; nations will perish; generations will pass away, "but the word of our God standeth forever." It has been the motive power to the regeneration and reformation of millions of men. It will be to millions more. It has comforted the humble, consoled the mourning, sustained the suffering, given triumph to the dying. It will continue to do so until a voice from heaven breaks the silence of the centuries to declare that time shall be no more.

Fourth. Other attractions of the Sacred Word might be pointed out, but time forbids. Towering up above all secondary considerations is the truth formulated in our text, that herein Jesus Christ is revealed and through him eternal life.

The Scriptures testify of Jesus, and who is He? The Son of God; the Saviour of sinners; the light of the world. He is the substance of all saving doctrine; the King, Shepherd and Bishop of all saved souls. Without we find Christ in the Scriptures, though it should lead us to a knowledge of our history, though it should sparkle with literary beauties, it would not lead us to its central and all-important good. We would gather the earthly and leave the heavenly. We would pluck the finite and leave the infinite. We would

gather the chaff and leave the golden grain. * * * The great charm, then, the great reason why we should study the Bible is, because it testifies of Christ. It reveals God's redemption plan through Christ, which in the Old Testament and the New is the burden of its discourse. It comes to us as to those who are without it lost under the power and guilt of sin, and it comes to offer release and salvation. It proposes the plan "to be perfect, to be thoroughly furnished unto every good work" here, and having carried us on from strength to strength on earth it promises us an introduction into the final holiness and peace of heaven.

Here, then, we rest our main plea for the study of the Scriptures. To the Bible as the revelation of God in Christ—the disclosure of the soul's one way of salvation and spiritual blessedness, I would point all who hear me. In this supreme relation, it is unique, incomparable, the very gift of God.

The Book of ancient and historic lore; the Book of absolute literary pre-eminence; the Book of intellectual and practical sovereignty; and first, last, and all the time, the Book of salvation through Jesus Christ. May God hasten the time when its truths shall be read, pondered, believed, loved and obeyed by every child of man.

THE TEMPLE OF LIBERTY.

The reign of Solomon was the golden age of Jewish history. Peace and prosperity blessed the chosen race. Idolatry no more estranged the hearts of Israel's sons, but with renewed fervor they adored the God that brought them up from Egyptian bondage.

The temple at Jerusalem was the greatest architectural work of this splendid age. In it were embodied the zeal, piety and devotion of two of Israel's greatest minds. King Solomon was its builder; the royal heart of David had given the project birth. The life work of both was necessary for its completion. The strong hand of David had united the tribes. His victorious sword had driven back the Philistine hordes and humbled the lofty pride of Moab and Ammon. National strength increased, and in recognition of Divine favor he vowed to build a temple where the mighty name of Israel's God should dwell forever. But his purpose, though noble, could not be fulfilled. "Thou hast been a man of blood from thy youth," said the man of God, "therefore thou shalt not build the temple of the Lord." The temple was in part to symbolize a king who should rule the nations in peace, and its builder must be a man of peace. David's purpose was rejected and Solomon, whose peaceful reign David's wars made possible, was chosen to perform this glorious work.

But David prepared much of the material with which Solomon should build. Great stones for the foundation, cedars of Lebanon for beams, iron and brass without weight, silver and gold beyond value, were stored ready for the hand of the architect. With these Solomon built the temple of Israel's God. Magnificent its form appeared upon mount Zion, the pride and glory of the Jewish race. In its holy place dwelt the presence that was Israel's light and joy and the observance of its worship was the secret of their power.

Three thousand years of changing history have passed, and again a splendid race appears before us. Enormous is their territory, countless their wealth. Energy, prosperity, peace and union are their characteristics. The hand of Omnipotence has written its destiny where all the world may read. America must build a spacious temple where Liberty shall sit enthroned and where all nations of earth shall learn her ways. Wisdom and peace built the temple of the Lord in Judea's day of power,

and now peace and wisdom must build the temple of Liberty.

Like the plan of Solomon's temple the commission for this great work has been handed down by the spirit of the past. England has been to America what David was to Solomon. When English ascendency began, the enemies of liberty were rife on every hand. Rome's blighting influence lay upon all Europe. France and Spain especially were her vassals. England, too, felt her power, but with the rising sun of the Reformation she hurled off her tyrant chains and became the champion of Protestantism. Spain, with spiteful rage, sent her Armada, and France plotted her downfall, but not a man of that Armada landed on British soil, and the power of France was broken by years of bloodshed. England's history is a continual record of wars. Her cannon have waked the echoes of every continent; her navies have plowed every sea. Gradually her power increased until she stood supreme among nations. Her institutions had grown in the spirit of liberty until it seemed as though perfection would be attained. Within the English breast arose the hope that English economy should demonstrate the principles of true government.

But was England capable of becoming the model nation? Would not the memory of past wrongs hinder the nations from adopting her institutions? Although England's career had prepared the way for the establishment of true liberty, although the spirit of humanity had attained splendid progress in her home government, yet the memory of her past deeds of violence could never be blotted from the world's history. The nation whose system of government points out the path of national virtue must be strong, but not by trampling down the weak; it must be rich, but not at the price of blood. England could not build the temple of Liberty, because, like David, she had shed much blood upon the earth. But the principles she had established were immortal.

Truth, like light, is the common heritage of all whom it reaches, and the truth England had gained became our inheritance. The founders of this nation needed nothing new. The great stones and massive beams had been already prepared. The iron and brass, the silver and gold were ready for the hand of the architect. To a race sprung from her own strength England left a language whose literature is fraught with the mighty thoughts of a Bacon, a Milton, a Shakespeare. She left them Protestantism, that form of Christianity which has ever been the stimulus of progress and whose fundamental idea of liberty propagates within the mind of its adherents the sacred principles of enduring republicanism. Above all, she left them the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race—a spirit of freedom and progress; freedom not to be suppressed, progress that asks no help and quails not at obstacles, but achieves its own success in spite of opposition.

In the light of the past our forefathers framed the constitution; they established civil and religious liberty, and we look back to the blood-stained walls of Londonderry and the martyr stakes of Smithfield to see at what a price that boon was purchased. They rejected the "divine right of kings" for the bloody fields of Marston Moor and Naseby had demonstrated how kings are prone to folly and how dangerous they are to the liberties of the state. Equality of all and the common brotherhood of man were accepted as the true theory of individual liberty, for the growth of the British constitution was the growth of human sentiment, though it attained not to perfection. Trial by jury is inherited from English economy, "Blackstone" is still the foundation of common law, Magna Charta is still the model of state constitutions.

Thus had the sword of the Conqueror prepared the way, the hand of the mighty had stored the enduring materials and it remained for America, the Solomon of nations, to build the temple of Liberty. Not a material struc-

ture, whose grandeur enchants the eye of the beholder and whose riches kindle the despoiler's lust, but one fashioned of the divinest functions, of noble intellects, in their struggle to solve the problem of human right. Its foundation is the Rock of Ages, for Christianity alone can produce and sustain such institutions as ours. Its height reaches to the throne of God, for so long as man molests not his fellow man he is answerable only to his creator.

The worship of the temple is the exultant joy of millions to whom it affords protection in their daily pursuits, its incense the sympathy of human heart for heart. But its glorious influences are not ours alone. Light loses not by shedding its beams far into the darkness, but only proves its strength. Thus the influences of American liberty shall permeate every land and prove to all nations that Christianity and liberty are coexistent and cooperative for the good of the human race.

Solomon's temple was destroyed because those to whom it was entrusted did not continue to observe its sacred rites. May not the temple of Liberty perish for a similar reason? Shall the rule of corporations and monopolies make it a house of merchandise? Shall bribery and corruption make it a den of thieves? Shall its pure service be carried on with the blood money of licensed iniquity? Such abuses would produce a worse than Babylonish captivity. Anarchy and communism would carry off its golden vessels of service and extinguish the light of its golden candlestick.

If this temple is to be eternal, it must be cleansed, it must be kept pure. And thus cleansed and purified the spirit of liberty shall dwell within its inmost courts and its blessed influence upon the world shall be peace.

H. F. G.

SIBERIA.

Although, like the origin of its name, Siberia has remained in obscurity, the light of the civilized world is now penetrating the mysterious darkness which has enveloped this vast country and is revealing to us somewhat of its life. As some one has said, Siberia is virtually a continent in itself, containing five and one-half million square miles and extending from the Arctic ocean as far south as Venice or Milan in Italy.

Away back before the records of history were made there were people living there, indications of whose work in the lead and silver mines were discovered by the first Russian explorers. Successive waves of immigration from east to west visited the country. Some of the early inhabitants must have cultivated the land, for irrigated fields have been found in the fertile tracts, while others of them were skilled in bronze work, their ornaments being treasured up at the present time in the Russian capital. But after these people were subdued by Jenghiz Khan, there was a decline both in numbers and arts of civilization until the Russians came in toward the close of the sixteenth century.

The country along the coast of the Arctic ocean for one or two hundred miles inland, is a treeless waste, inhabited by a dwarfish people called Samoyedes, who subsist by hunting and fishing. The central part of the country is covered by forests containing fur bearing animals which have attracted many hunters from Russia; these men were the first to build houses in the wilderness, but they were followed by Russian peasants seeking refuge from serfdom, religious persecution or conscription. The southern part is pre-eminently an agricultural country, millions of bushels of grain being harvested annually by the peasants.

Descendants of some of the ancient races still remain, but they are compelled to retire to

the less favored parts on account of the incoming tide of Russians who have taken possession of the best farming lands. These colonists, although living cosily inside the houses, do not take much interest in improving the condition of their surroundings, for they cannot own the land and can do nothing to improve their villages without the permission of the authorities, which is a difficult thing to attain. Education, in general, is at a low ebb, although there is one technical school which would well bear comparison with the higher schools of our own country.

The people are ignorant in spiritual matters. An instance of this may be found in the writings of George Kennan. While traveling along a road in Siberia, he saw approaching him a company of men and women tramping through the mud and rain. In their midst was supported a massive picture surrounded by priests and acolytes who carried unique lanterns, the company chanting meanwhile. He found upon inquiry that this was a picture of the Virgin Mary, which was supposed to have supernatural powers and to answer the prayers of faithful believers. Each year it was carried to the different churches in that part so that all might have the benefit of it.

Although comprising only about one-fifth of the population, by far the most interesting people in Siberia are the exiles. These exiles include many grades, from the rash and patriotic youth to the old man; from the lender of money which eventually becomes appropriated to revolutionary purposes, to the most hardened criminal. Men and women, learned and unlearned, rich and poor, noble and peasant, all travel the same road and are, to a certain degree, on the same level. Russia is not particular to inquire into and weigh carefully all the cases of her supposed offenders, and hence it happens that many of her best subjects are sent to Siberia. And then, on the other hand, Russia has no penitentiaries, so she guards all her worst criminals on the Siberian frontier. Let me picture to you a band of these unfortunates as they move across the country on their way to some forwarding prison: here are the political exiles riding in a rude Siberian vehicle, while behind them the common exiles are following on foot; when crossing the border between Russia and Siberia some of them gather up handfuls of the earth of their mother country to take with them into exile. The weather may be extremely cold and snow may be falling, the road may be deep with mud, but the journey is not given up on account of these things although life should be sacrificed thereby. Some of the politicals are destined to solitary confinement in narrow cells in which they may neither lie down nor stand up, the cells being too short for the one and too low for the other. Another may have a wheelbarrow attached to him and thus be compelled to take it with him wherever he goes, not being released from it even at night.

But not all the people who are sent to Siberia endure such penalties, for some whose offenses have not been considered very serious may live with comparative freedom under the general supervision of the authorities. The politicals are sent to the mines of Kara as a rule, while the common exiles are distributed more or less among the prisons throughout the country. Some work in the mines throughout the day, returning to prison at night, while others have not even this chance to see the outside world and get the fresh air which they certainly need, for Siberian prisons are not fit for human beings to exist in, being so overcrowded that the air is extremely impure. Besides, there are other causes combining to render them probably the vilest dwellings on the face of the earth. Release is granted the prisoners after a certain length of time, if their conduct has justified it, and they become forced colonists on the frontier.

It seems to me that among these poor exiles is one of the ripest fields for Christian labor, for who has more need of the life and light and

joy of the Gospel than one who is separated from all earthly pleasures, and who would rejoice more to receive infinite pardon than he who felt the ban of earthly justice? May the day soon come when this blot upon God's fair earth shall be erased! W.

RELIGION IN STATE SCHOOLS.

The question of religion in State schools is one which until lately has not received the attention it deserves. And the more it is brought before the people, the more important as well as the more difficult and complicated does it appear. The real issue, undoubtedly, lies between "Religion" and "No Religion." The friends of the former, however, are so divided by minor questions that the principal point of contest is thereby obscured, and three rather than two views are taken.

As Protestants we seem to stand on a kind of middle ground—the Agnostics on the one side, the Catholics on the other. The former are dissatisfied with the present school system because it recognizes the divine; the latter because it is Godless. The one wish to remedy the trouble by casting out God from the schools; the other by abolishing the system for parochial and private schools. On the other hand it is our purpose to abolish neither religion nor the schools, but to unite them both in the interests of the State, of the people, and of God.

It is urged by those who would entirely exclude religion, first, that it is wrong to compel the children of Agnostics to be taught doctrines opposed to what is believed by their parents; and, second, that the same objection holds with regard to teaching Catholic children Protestant doctrine. They, therefore, contend that all reference to the divine shall be carefully expurgated from school books and that teachers shall be instructed in like manner as to their teaching. Looking to the first class the question naturally arises, is their purpose possible? Can we simply ignore the existence of God? or do we not when we exclude theism introduce atheism? Can science or history be taught without any reference to God? What history of any country but clusters its chief events round its religion? Or take from Germany her contests over doctrines and how great the loss? Even our own America owes its colonization to religious persecution. The same is true of science in all its branches. Either God is the originator of all nature or else he is not. If we say he is, it is theism; if we say he is not, it is atheism. This being the case, it is at least equally as wrong to ask Christian children to believe atheism as to ask Agnostic children to believe in God.

The second class of those who would exclude religion are those who object to its teaching lest we be continually involved in controversies between Protestant and Catholic. But these would not exclude history for the same reason, nor any other branch of knowledge, because there is a controversy over some of its facts. Why, then, religion in its more distinct phase of inspiring reverence for the divine?

On the other hand there are those Catholics who go to the opposite extreme and would cast out the whole common school system. And though their avowed purpose, that of escaping the imputation of godlessness, is right, it is easy for an American to see how many are the evils which their remedy would involve. However far from perfect the present system may be, it is yet by far the best adapted to our needs of any yet proposed, while the parochial is open to so many objections it is but necessary to enumerate them. Their un-American tendency, their usually inefficient instruction, their lack of democratic commingling of all children of a neighborhood, must seem to the impartially inclined argu-

ment sufficient to condemn them. Nor do they make it entirely clear that their zeal for religion is the true purpose in their antagonism of the school system. The facts indicate that they desire not so much to see God taught as that that particular view shall be disseminated which they themselves hold of his nature and worship. If this be their true purpose, it is clear that it is as wrong as their avowed purpose is right. If they are seeking to make this State institution a means for their own advancement, they are not to be given audience in the decision of this question. But if they sincerely desire what they claim they do, they should be willing as a sect among other sects to agree upon a plan common to the interests of all churches, to the good of mankind and to the welfare of the State.

But is there a common plan upon which Protestants and Catholics may unite their interests to the furtherance of the State's prosperity? What are the needs of the State? Alike with the church the State is a divine institution. Its purposes are different and its sphere is different. But it owes its origin to the same hand, and is alike bound by an obligation to him who is their common Creator. This not only does not imply their union, but is diametrically opposed to it. Each has its duty to perform. Whatever is an office of the one for that very reason is not in the sphere of the other. But the State has established as one of its institutions in this country a system of public schools, and it owes it as a duty that there shall be recognized in the instruction given its citizens there the existence of God. As it is the duty of the church to instruct according to her tenets, so it belongs to the State to disseminate in its children the germs fitted its own needs. Certain other civil institutions are based on Scriptural revelation—the Sabbath, the oath, capital punishment, marriage and divorce. So it is the prerogative of the State to ground her public education in the principles of religion. And this but follows the precedence of the history of our country. God was recognized in the first colonial charters, in the State constitutions and impliedly in the constitution itself, and our statesmen, lawyers and representatives have not failed by acts of Congress to uphold the same principles. Chaplains have been appointed, army and navy provided with religious instruction, and religious influence has not been omitted as a means of reformation of criminals. It is the duty of the State and is according to precedent.

It is also the need of the State for her own preservation. To educate mind is good, but it is not so much for the interests of the State that a man be learned as that he be honest. An honest ignoramus is better than a learned rascal. A teaching leaving out the development of character is obviously wrong. Of what good to the State is an education which recognizes no moral obligation, no respect for society and no duty to God? Ethics without religion may be possible, but it is for the most part untried. And in any case the interest incited by the relations of God and man through Christianity is father to the emotional element—the thing valuable to a man's morality, and hence to the State. He who objects that this belongs to the church will not deny that a morality based on facts is much more potent in practical life than a morality based on sentiment. And while in many cases the instruction given in church and home is sufficient, this is but partial in its extent and but imperfectly, at best, supplies the place of the same instruction in the schools.

On such common ground can Catholics and Protestants stand. Keeping prominently in mind that it is the great need of the State that there be a teaching of general Christianity adapted to its uses and wants, the difficulty of formulating a common basis seems not so difficult. These alike believe in the existence of a Trinity, in the salvation of souls through Christ's mediation, and in the Bible as the

revelation of God. Let them mutually agree as citizens upon a fair and common foundation of religious belief for the needs of the State and the schools. So long as they continue the present triangular warfare the common enemy will gain ground. Whenever they unite and together seek to promote in the State a general Christianity adapted to the State, will their efforts succeed. "The system of public schools," says Hodge, "must be held in their sphere, true to the claims of Christianity, or they must go, with all other enemies of Christ, to the wall." E. B. F.

DIETETICS.

Cookery and godliness are closely connected. The first rung of the ladder by which we mount to the highest spirituality, is mental and physical health. Two invaluable aids in this direction are the Bible and the cookbook. Energy, happiness and success depend largely on the nature and preparation of food. The heart is warmer, the body stronger, the temper better and the soul more generous, after dinner than before. The man who with an empty stomach would change a two-cent piece in giving to a charity, and drive the book-agent from his door, will, when he has well eaten, open both his heart and his purse. It has been said that "the dinners of a people are an unerring index of the national life."

There are mental effects. Between the doughy bread, fit only for a sculptor to mold forms, and the light pastries for which the Parisian cook may be thanked, there is as great a difference as between the minds of Diogenes and Euclid—the cynic starving himself on raw meat and leaves, the geometrician caring for his body and giving to modern times a work which challenges contradiction from any nation.

On the proper preparation of food has hinged the success of the greatest events, and monster military movements have failed because of indigestible food. The fate of nations has been decided by the gastric juice, and not more in the brain than in the stomach have been hatched the acrid utterances of the pen, the repellant ranting of the pulpit and the disasters of the battlefield. Over multitudes of heroes, indigestion has threatened like the hair hung sword of Damocles. Napoleon was crippled by it at Boradino and Leipsic, and the Austrians at Austerlitz.

The system of Graham, the bran-bread theorist, has been relegated to the past, and may the "dead past bury its dead." Under this system of pea-soup and bran-bread, many a "fat Falstaff" dwindled into a "lean and hungry Cassius;" many a nervous nonegenarian, fearing prematnre (?) old age, was tempted to forego the use of tea, while these vegetarians all too successfully denounced meat as a sure path to suicide. Beef was stimulating; pork was scrofulous; ham was bilious and pastry was dyspeptic. Under this awful diet, we are told, the Grahamites became a set of almost opaque skeletons.

A set of moral Grahamites infest the country. They want to carry their dietetic policy into morals and society and at the expense of the aesthetic and sentimental in character would build it up on the bran-bread diet of utility and profit. They enter the arena of literature and would cast out poetry and fiction, leaving the dry periodical, the scientific treatise and the moral essay. They would fill our colleges with the severely practical, manual training and the sciences, and exclude the classics and astronomy. They would make religion wholesome, but not enjoyable. Are we pre-

pared for all this? Shall we starve ourselves on bran-bread or shall we demand along with it some roast beef? Are we to decline into Utilitarians and Vandals? They would make human nature one big desire for lucre; it should aspire to the poetic and divine. They would lay on literature the clammy hand of the ascetic schoolmen; it should be a thing of life, pulsating with the paradise of the blind Milton and the noble fancies of the Bard of Avon. The college, whose aim is to make men, they would constitute a manufactory to fill the trades and professions; while in religion the Psalm of praise would be hushed by the Lamentation.

If controlled by many practical "cranks" of the present, education would be a mere training to make gain. Can he build a cantilever bridge? Can he patent an air-brake or a labor-saving churn? are questions upon whose answers depends the quality of an education. Newton, Copernicus, Longfellow and Michael Angelo are vague and useless theorists in the eyes of these greenback educators. Train Jones, Jr., for trade; teach Smith brick-work, he is to be a mason; Brown is to keep store, drill profit and loss into him. It's a mental farce! Let them keep store and build walls and make shoes, it is honorable, but let the true education never be twisted into an apprentice agency for trade.

If the mind and judgment are properly trained one can successfully follow any calling Mental force is the aim in education, and without it a man may have spent his life on a Greek particle—may be a prodigy in memory—but he is not educated. The first essential of a mast, as one has said, is that it become a tree, it is then fit for anything; and the first essential in a collegiate course is to make the man, and he can then farm, preach or run for office.

The ancient gymnasiums made athletes—not boxers, not wrestlers; the modern college should make mental athletes - not memorizers, not imaginers, not reasoners. That education is the best which draws out all the faculties and makes a man master of himself. It is nothing but the mercenary spirit of commercial Vandalism that would rob the college of the classics and the higher culture. That nothing but the useful is valuable and that one may be a scholar in this day with no languages but his own, are vicious errors.

A liberal education will bless the boot-black, the hod-carrier. Those whose business is wholly material need specially that culture which, in the words of another, "reclaims men from the dominion of the senses; recruits their overtasked energies; quickens within them the sensibilities of taste, and invites them to the contemplation of whatever is lovely in the sympathies of our common nature, splendid in the conquests of intellect or heroic in the trials of virtue."

Character, too, should be more than practical. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The beautiful is not to be despised, for it has a place in the infinite mind, the seat of harmony, of perfection and of grace. The mind that conceived the lily, with all its harmony of parts, that declares its own glory in the majesty of the heavens, and invites the world to witness and admire divine art as the sun sinks to rest in the western skies, is one worthy to be imitated. Every recognition of true beauty, every sentiment springing from the perfect and ideal, ennobles us, tears from the soul its grave clothes of clay and fashions us more after the image of our Maker.

With many, sentiment is synonymous with weakness. Better be uncultured in philosophy and a failure in Wall street, with a heart to feel and a nature in accord with the lovely and beautiful, than be a Vanderbilt or an Aristotle, with a heart like a clod and the sympathies of a rock.

Without the aesthetic, music loses its charm, and pleasure vanishes from the earth. With the culture of sentiment in character, earth becomes beautiful, literature an unfolding flower, the past a pleasing dream and the future an endless harmony.

M. D. TELFORD.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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C. G. JORDAN, '91 EXCHANGES
F. H. McCLYMONDS '90, . . . BUSINESS MANAGER

FEBRUARY, 1890.

WITH this issue the Seniors of the staff are reminded that their services are no longer needed and that they must step out to give room for the Junior and Sophomore who will take control of the paper for the next year. We are consoled in that we are following the example of our predecessors and that our successors will, in turn, have to do the same. Rotation is one of the many peculiarities of college life, and we humbly submit to the time honored custom. Our labor during the past year has been pleasant and profitable. In making our exit from the editorial sanctum of the HOLCAD, we are again reminded that our college days are drawing to a close and that we must soon sever the associations that belong only to college life. The present management has endeavored to serve the interests of both college and students, believing that they should not be two conflicting and opposing elements, but that what is for the benefit of the one is for the welfare of the other. In our efforts to follow this course we have had the full and hearty support of the faculty, trustees, alumni and students. We wish the HOLCAD may continue to have the confidence of every true friend of the institution, which alone can insure its future prosperity.

THE book, "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, is arousing about as much interest during the present season as "Robert Elsmere" did last. Published in 1888, it is steadily increasing in popularity and is now selling at the rate of one thousand copies per week. The title of the book is rather misleading as it deals with the future instead of the past. In it the writer attempts to describe the present civilization as viewed in the year 2,000. While the contrast may not be greater than that obtained by comparing the present civilization with that of a hundred years ago, yet it certainly tends to create new ideas in those who think the present age rapidly approaching perfection. The book is socialistic, it is true, yet it carries the reader along by such easy steps as almost to convince him that socialism must be the final result. Unlike a great many other books of this nature, it carries out all the reforms which are now before the people, and the entire system is based on Christianity. The industrial army which is described is certainly a pleasing contrast to the armies which are maintained by modern nations for an entirely different purpose. Whether such a civilization can ever be produced seems doubtful at the present time, yet this does not detract in the least from the interest which it awakns. Miss Frances Willard, in the December number of *Our Day*, writes of meeting Mr. Bellamy and gives a pleasant description of him and his scheme. The book was not written simply as a romance, but the author is heartily in favor of all he describes in it. He is not alone in the movement, but with several prominent literary men has formed a club for the purpose of advancing the scheme. If Mr. Bellamy should fail to arouse

any further interest in the subject, he has at least lifted socialism from where it has been placed by many other writers.

THE generosity of Andrew Carnegie in presenting Allegheny city with a library is only surpassed by his gift of one million to Pittsburgh for a similar purpose. Mr. Carnegie, though usually regarded as a cold, money making man, certainly understands the solution of the labor problem. If more of our capitalists would follow his example the result would be plainly seen in the improvement of the laboring classes. That lack of education is one of the causes of discontent among working men, is conceded by all who study the problem. Free libraries and reading rooms in which workmen may spend their leisure hours is one of the best means of education. That the duty of providing these buildings rests on those who can most easily afford it, and who will be most benefited by their influence, is self-evident. But can only the workmen of the large cities enjoy these privileges? Surely, the manufacturers of the smaller towns could do something in this line, too. While they may not have the wealth of a Carnegie, yet it is not needed. The size of the buildings could be proportioned to the size of the town and the wealth of the builders. If such generosity as Carnegie's was more contagious the labor problem might be looked upon as a thing of the past.

THE concert given by the Boston Ideal Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Club was a decided success, and was probably the most popular ever given here. This was in a measure owing to the novelty of the instruments used, the capabilities of which were fully demonstrated by the performers, who are certainly masters of their instruments. We regret our inability to give the program, but would mention "Mosaics" and "The Patrol" as among the most musical and most finely rendered selections. The clever manipulations of his instrument by the banjo soloist were as amusing as they were unexpected, while the singing was very *fine*. We think that the introduction of more variety would make the program more interesting, as it was somewhat monotonous. However, it was entertaining to the audience, nearly every selection being encored, to which the company good-naturedly responded. It may not be amiss in this connection to speak of the practice of indiscriminate encores. No one can object to an occasional encore, it being an expression of approval on the part of the audience. But when a repetition of each number is demanded, as has become the custom here, it becomes very annoying to the performers, and is of questionable taste. Encore seldom and judiciously, and the performers will be better pleased than by an indiscriminate encore of each selection.

SOME of our exchanges have been making severe criticism on the article, "The College Education," which appeared in the January number of the HOLCAD. We are responsible for everything that is published, but that does not necessarily mean that we indorse everything these articles contain. They are written by the students and are published for their literary merits. In the article in question the criticisms have not been confined to the ideas it sets forth, but some have seen proper to make remarks reflecting on its author. "Such a man we take him to be," "One promising youth," are} the remarks these people deem a sufficient refutation of the ideas he advances. For the information of these uninformed champions of fogyism we will say that not only is J. M. D. a thorough student of Greek and Latin, but he is, as his article indicates, and as one of them admits, a profound and thoughtful student throughout. He does not object to the "dead languages" because he has not and cannot learn

them, but agreeing with some of the best men in the country, and in harmony with the broad and liberal spirit that characterizes the education of the present century, he is in favor of a revival of the "living."

Is newspaper and miscellaneous reading profitable to the college student? This question is often asked and is answered both affirmatively and negatively by those who are considered good authority. Those opposed say that a student should be thorough and accurate in all class work, and that this work should require all the time and effort of the student; that the reading of newspapers must necessarily take the mind of the student away from the text book, and further, that the student is apt to form careless habits of reading. The student should, above every thing else, be thorough in his class work and should not forget that this is the important thing. If he neglects his studies by spending his time reading novels and newspapers he had better quit college and devote his time to miscellaneous reading. He can do this just as well and better out of college than in it. But should class work take absolutely all the time the student has? Should the student be required to devote all of his time to the dead languages, to the sciences and to the philosophy of the ancients, to the exclusion of all knowledge concerning the events of the day? He should get a thorough knowledge of these subjects, but to confine the student to the preparation of long and hard lessons is to expect him to know all about the civilizations of Greece and Rome and absolutely nothing about the great questions that confront the present civilization. Many students could tell you every thing that is to be known concerning Pericles and Augustus, they are familiar with Greek roots in all their ramifications, but they could not name the counties that comprise their own Congressional district or the man who represents it in the national Congress. Some may form careless habits in reading newspapers, and this is a reason why students should read carefully, but it is not a reason why they should not read at all. We are glad to say that this is not to any great extent true in our own college. Where it is true here, it is the fault of the student and not in the wise provisions that are made for him in giving him free access and ample time to read the best books, magazines and papers. One cannot enter the library or reading room of the college any afternoon without being impressed with the fact that things have changed in the last year or two. These rooms are crowded for the first two hours in the afternoon with those who are seeking useful and practical knowledge that concerns the present. The influence of this is most marked in the work being done in the literary societies of the college. The performances have increased two-fold in number; it is seldom that a member fails or asks to be excused. It is a new spirit. The orations and essays have a new ring and the discussions and debates are animated and interesting. The student who neglects to make the best possible use of his society work, is neglecting the greatest advantage in his college course. It is here you can learn to write and speak, to speak with preparation and extemporaneously, to think on your feet, and to do this you must read. This spirit has not detracted from class-room work, but on the contrary, no better work has ever been done in Westminster than during the present year.

"A YANKEE in King Arthur's Court" (Chas. L. Webster & Co.) is the title of Mark Twain's latest book. The great wit and humorist, who has written to make every body laugh, has found a fit subject for his satire in the English nobility and royalty. He is never funny at the cost of the weak, the unfortunate, the helpless; his hate of injustice and love of equality appear in the manifold adventures and experiences of the tale. It

shows the same spirit as those bishops of New York who wrote the other day to all their churches in the land: "It is a fallacy in social economics, as well as in Christian thinking, to look upon the labor of men and women and children as a commercial commodity, to be bought and sold as an inanimate and irresponsible thing * * * * The heart and soul of a man cannot be bought or hired in any market, and to act as if they were not needed in the doing of the world's vast work is as unchristian as it it is unwise. The book contains a lesson in democracy which should be read by every one who loves liberty. The meaning is supplemented by illustrations of the artist Dan Beard, which are picturesque and characteristic of the spirit of the book.

ART NOTES.

—The Art Department is steadily increasing. Both studios are well filled and some excellent work has been done.

—As soon as the outfit arrives the Sophomores are to have lessons every other day in free-hand drawing preparatory to the study of Botany.

—Miss Hodgen has just completed a copy of Millet's "Angelus" in colors from a black and white study. It may be of interest to some to know something of the artist and the original work. Jean Francois Millet was a Frenchman by birth, whose struggles with poverty and discouragement from boyhood until shortly before his death, remind us again that talent and worth are too often unappreciated until too late. After pursuing his study for awhile in Paris by the help of an interested friend, he determined to work his way to a studio of his own, but soon found it was a difficult thing to do, he being entirely unrecognized by the profession at large. At one time during this period it is said he was so reduced in circumstances that he did portraits for $3.00 apiece. All the while he was bringing forth one work after another, but all to no avail. After some time he, with two or three friends, succeeded in having one of his pictures admitted to the Royal Academy. The picture sold, but at a comparatively small sum. After this he was admitted to be a genius, but his name never became famous until since his death, some years ago. After the "Angelus" was purchased by our committee, it was exhibited in Paris for several days, one-tenth of the proceeds to go to the widow of the artist. This was said to be four times more than the price paid for it during his life. The picture is now owned by the American Art Association, and was purchased from the French government during the year 1889. The price paid was the largest ever given for any single canvass, being $140,000. It is now on exhibitton in New York City. The size of the picture is 21½x27 inches, and shows an open field with the sun going down behind the hill. In the distance stands a little Catholic church. The foreground shows the figures of two French peasants—a man and woman, who seem to have stopped their work instantly and bowed their heads while the "Angelus" rings out for evening devotions.

MUSIC NOTES.

—Prof. Karl Merz, of Wooster University, died Jan. 30th with the prevailing disease. He was one of the best and most noted of modern musicians, and by his death the music world at large suffers a great loss. He wrote for most of the musical journals for which our conservatory subscribes, and had been editor of Brainard's *Musical World* since 1873. In speaking of him the Wooster *University Voice* says: "Prof. Merz was a man of most versatile talents. As an author, journalist, lecturer, composer and theorist he rounded the full circle of achievement. As a musician he was more than a mere performer; he was conversant with every branch pertaining to the theory

and practice of the musical art. As an instructor he had but few equals. His keen insight into human nature and his kindly heart gave him a power which has been but seldom attained by men of his profession. He was an advanced thinker and a man of the most broad and liberal culture. He is one of the few men who have spread their labors over several fields and have attained equal excellence in each. His phenomenal success was the result of the most indefatigable industry, and although having a finished education in early life, he was in many respects a self-made man. Those at a distance knew him through his musical and literary compositions; but those with whom he came in contact delight to remember him as a genial, whole-souled man."

—A piano and voice recital was given in the college chapel Thursday evening, Feb. 6, by Prof. Austin assisted by Miss Clara Whissen, violinist and accompanist. The following is the program:

Beethoven.....Sonata (Pathetique), Op. 13.
(Grave, Allegro, Adagio Cantabile, Allegro.)
Grieg Sunset.
Mendelssohn....It Is Enough. (Elijah.)
Gounod Ave Maria.
Boccerini.....Minuet.
Schumann.....Traumerei. Romanze.
Rheinberger.....Minuetto, (for the left hand.)
Grieg..... Bridal Procession Passing By.
Ernst..... Gipsy Dance.
Gade..... When Through the Meadows of Tender Green.
Donizetti { Recit.—Egli ancora non giunge.
Romanza.—Ah! non Avea piu lagrime.
Liszt.....Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. VI

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COLLEGE WORLD.

—The entire endowment of Princeton now amounts to $4,000,000.

—An anti-cribbing association has been formed in '91 at Amherst.

—Prof. Frances Bowen died at Cambridge, January 21, aged 78 years.

—George Bancroft, the historian, is the oldest alumnus of Harvard, having graduated in 1817.

—Because of lack of room Park College, Mo., cannot accommodate those who desire to enter.

—The installation of Hon. Seth Low as President of Columbia College took place on February 3.

—Low standing in Latin caused the suspension of nineteen members of the Freshman class at Yale.

—Of the whole number of appointments to West Point in the last fifty years only one-third have graduated.

—Fully forty per cent. of the students in the Universities of Prussia are unable to pay the full expenses of the course.

—Cornell has decided that no student over twenty-one years old will be allowed to compete for a scholarship after 1891.

—Twenty-five thousand dollars is all it cost Harvard for athletics last year, and yet the foot-ball team, the boat club and the ball club are in debt.

—The more radically inclined among the French demand that the University courses be open to all without any charge of fees, just as the lower schools are free.

—Harvard has 217 teachers and 2079 students. An increase in its library of 21,000 volumes during the past year makes its grand total over 360,000 bound volumes.

—In the Japanese University at Tokio the language of the country and the German are used as mediums of instruction. In general

the Germans are exerting a preponderance of influence on the higher education of Japan.

—A little over one-half of the 408 Senators and Representatives of the fifty-first Congress have had the benefit of a college education. Speaker Reed is a graduate of Bowdoin.

—The library of the celebrated German scholar, Dr. Gustave Bauer, of Leipsic, Germany, has been purchased by Haverford College. The library consists of 8,000 volumes.

—Wiley Institute, Peking, China, has developed into Peking University. An appeal is made to the Christians in the United States for an endowment of half a million dollars for the University.

—Marshall Field has given tenacres of land, valued at $100.000, for a site for the Chicago University. J. D, Rockafeller, of New York, contributed $600,000 as a starter for an endowment fund.

—Of the 414 students matriculated at the University of Copenhagen during the last term, eleven were women. The University of Helsingfoss, Finland, has also lately opened its doors to women.

—The Ohio Wesleyan University has fitted out a scientific expedition to Florida, in charge of the professor in Biology and four assistants. The party is fully supplied with dredges, nets, tangles and other apparatus for scientific research.

—The American Protective Tariff Association offered prizes last year to the members of the Senior classes of the American colleges for the best essays on "What are Raw Materials? Would Free Raw Materials be Advantageous to the Labor and Industries of the United States?" The first prize was awarded to Homer B. Diebell, of the University of Indiana, the second prize to S. L. Adler, of Cornell University, and the third to Norman C. McChesson, of Pennsylvania College. For meritorious essays silver medals were awarded to eight others. Prizes are again offered this year.

ALUMNI.

—Prof. Thompson has had an attack of the grippe.

—Rev. W. J. Best, '75, visited friends here last week.

—J. P. Whitla spent a few days at home not long since.

—D. L. Hay, '86, preached at New Bedford last week.

—Rev. R. Hood, '79, has accepted a call at Greenfield, Ia.

—Rev. R. J. Thompson, '68, is now laboring at Towner, Cal.

—Rev. Jos. McKelvey, '63, can now be addressed at Calcutta, O.

—R. J. Totten, '88, is reading law under J. N. Martin, '81, of New Castle, Pa.

—J. N. Martin, Esq., '81, has been elected a delegate to the Democratic State Convention.

—J. A. Alexander has received a call from New Athens, O., and Harrisville, O., congregations.

—We learn from the papers that Rev. A. J. Herries, '80, of El Paso, Ill., is a very popular preacher.

—Rev. M. B. Patterson, '82, has a call from the Shenango and Ebenezer congregations, Lake Presbytery.

—Prof. R. O. Graham, formerly of this college, is in very poor health, only being able to hear one recitation a day.

—Rev. David R. McDonald, '81, Tarentum, has been elected principal of the Freedmen's College, Norfolk, Va.

—J. Totten, '67, of Totten, Mich., is visiting his brotber, R. J., of this place. He is engaged in the lumbering business.

—The Fifth Church, Allegheny, Rev. J. W. Witherspoon pastor, had an accession of twenty-two at a recent communion.

—J. B. Richetts, '87, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, has received a call from the U. P. congregation of Parnassus.

—W. R. Mehard, '80, of Dunlap, Iowa, writes that he is enjoying good health and that they are having a very mild winter.

—Rev. J. A. Shaw, '85, of Newark, New Jersey, has received some very handsome presents from his congregation recently.

—Rev. D. F. Dickson, '74, and wife, of East Palestine, Ohio, are visiting Mrs. Dickson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. McCready.

—Rev. Joseph McKelvey, '63, has received a call from the U. P. church of Calcutta, O. At present he is visiting his family in this place.

—Rev. S. R. Gordon, '74, of Elmer Presbyterian church, Allegheny, was called here last week by the death of his father, William Gordon.

—Rev. E. P. Dunlap, '71, gave his "Illustrated Lecture on Siam" in the Presbyterian church of Grove City, Thursday evening, Feb. 6.

—Dr. H. A. Zimmerman, at one time a student here, has entered into partnership with Dr. Clark, one of the leading physicians of Youngstown, Ohio.

—Rev. R. W. Harshaw, '83, has resigned the charge of the U. P. church of Steubenville, O., and accepted a call to the Union Presbyterian church, Lexington Ave., New York City, at a salary of $2,500.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

The human lungs reverberate, sometimes with great velocity,
When windy individuals engage in much verbosity.
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and punch the diaphragm as though the deuce were in it.

Chorus—The pharynx now goes up;
The larynx, with a slam,
Ejects a note
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

Ye student breaketh ye maiden's heart,
He laugheth unaware.
But she, she breaketh his pocket booke,
Which maketh matters square.—[Ex.

—Who took Scott's umbrella?

—The most popular resort—Hall.

—"Them there's my sentiments, tew."

—Wonder if Leeper can decline "Stella."

—It is reported that the college is to be painted.

—Miss Doyle received a fine guitar a short time since.

—Wilson was home with Eldredge Sabbath week ago.

—Vanity and vexation of spirit—final examinations.

—Coming—an entertainment by the T. C. dramatic club.

—F. S. Daggette, '94, visited friends in town last week.

—The class picture question will soon agitate the Seniors.

—Why couldn't Trimble read the German text the other day?

—Where were Bovard and Keith when Miss J. left Bell's party, Jan. 24?

—Mr. Hunter, the well known mail-man, is very seriously ill with pneumonia.

—Prof. of Physiology—"Define hunger." Soph.—"Excess of emptiness."—*Ex.*

—Graham, '91, was called home some time since by the death of his grandmother.

—Rev. W. A. Campbell, formerly financial agent of this college, was home last week.

—S. S. teacher—"Who was Simeon?"—Student, hesitatingly—"He was—a man."

—S. H. Jordan, who has been teaching school this winter, is back in college again.

—Mr. Bigsby, a student of Rugby, England, spoke in chapel Thursday morn, Feb. 6.

—The Seniors have finished Mental Science and are now studying History of Philosophy.

—It used to be the "soulless Preps," but now it's the "soulless Seniors" in chemistry.

—W. W. Campbell, '91, will sing in the New Castle opera house, Monday night, Feb. 17.

—Mr. Thompson, of Hookstown, Pa., visited H. C. Swearengen the last week in January.

—Our genial friend, Dr. J. A. Van Orsdell, was home for a few days in the latter part of January.

—Prof.—"Did the Acadians go away in families?" Student—"No, they went away in boats."

—Doctor, making an announcement—"There will be a meeting at ten o'clock this afternoon."

—J. W. Cox, Esq., of Pittsburgh, lectured in the chapel Jan. 25, on the subject, "Abraham Lincoln."

—Miss Mary Stewart, '92, was called home last week on account of the severe illness of her grandmother.

—If society had allowed Campbell to leave before debate may be he would have been in time for his fair one.

—The twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet takes the sound ms-s-s, and requires two to pronounce it distinctly.

—The Seniors and Juniors finished Moral Science this week and will take up Gregory's Christian Ethics next week.

—"What an enigma you are, Nell." "Why?" "I never know how to take you." "You've never tried."—*Selected.*

—Professors McLaughry and Mitchell were both off duty for a few days last week and the week before on account of la grippe.

—An inconsistent remark—"I don't wish the professor any harm, but I wish he would have the grip for three or four days."

—McKelvey was away last week working up a select school. He succeeded in getting fifty-five students. Mac is a "hustler."

—Prof. of Psychology—"Please define ultimate incomprehensibility." Junior—"It means not squeezeable into nothingness."—*Ex.*

—Dr. to Juniors and Seniors who are exercising their vocal organs on a college song: "Where are those first Preps who are singing?"

—The grades of the Juniors on the first examination in Moral Science ranged from 60 to 100 per cent., most of them being above 90.

—German professor speaking in German—"Has a goose feathers?" Student, with vague understanding of the question—"Ich habe."

—Howard Campbell has returned home from New York city where he has been attending the medical lectures for the past few months.

—President Ferguson preached in Allegheny February 2nd and 9th. Dr. Mealy and Rev. Foster filled the pulpit here on those evenings.

—Prof. S. R. Thompson will lecture before the Farmers' Institute, New Castle, Feb. 13. His subject is, "Economy in Feeding," from academical standpoint.

—The window shades that have been put up in several of the recitation rooms not only keep the sun out, but afford a source of amusement to the small boys.

—"Should college authorities compel students to attend chapel exercises," was discussed in the Philo society, Feb. 3, and decided in the affirmative.

—Sound logic.—Students come to college to train their faculties: the professors are their faculties. Therefore, students come to college to train their professors.

—The Seniors have been reading their class essays. This accounts for their grave looking faces for the past two weeks. The essays, it is needless to say, are wonderful.

—Mrs. Irons, wife of Rev. W. D. Irons,

'75, president of Ingleside Academy, McDonald, Pa., visited her sister, Miss Mary Van Orsdel, the last week in January.

—The question for contest debate is: Should college authorities prohibit secret societies as they now exist in American colleges? Affirmative, R. K. Aiken; negative, R. L. Ralston.

—Eldredge knocks Hood's book out of his hands and when expostulated with by professor says, in ten-year-old school-boy tones, "Well, I aint goen to have him hitten me over the knee."

—Prof. Austin is respectfully requested to remember that Friday night is set apart for the goung gentlemen to discuss future "Articles of Confederation" with the young ladies at the hall.

—The hall girl who fixed up and waited till after 9 p. m. to receive a gentleman caller who did not come, will, no doubt, be tempted to make him a present of something to keep his hands warm.

—It might be well to inform the hall ladies that the sounds issuing from the music room in the southern end of the building on Saturday evenings are produced by violins and not by unfriendly cats.

—Dr. Ferguson delivered his lecture, "Three Days in Salt Lake City," in the U. P. church of Sharon, Monday evening, Jan. 27. The papers speak of it as being the best they have had there this winter.

—Drawing has been introduced in the college course. The Sophomores begin it next term. This is something the students are in great need of as a great deal of drawing is required, especially in Botany.

—The increasing demand for natural gas among the students within the last few weeks has led to the formation of several new "gas companies," all limited: L. & G., E. & W., W. & K., B. & H., K. & D.

—Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free, as advertised in another column.

—Wednesday, Jan. 29, being the day set apart for prayer for schools and colleges, Rev. Stockton preached in the college chapel at eleven o'clock. There was also prayer meeting at three o'clock in the afternoon.

—Dissolution notice—Notice is hereby given that the partnerships heretofore existing between the following parties, to wit: McE. & L., C. & U., S. & R., E. & McC., R. & L., have been dissolved by mutual consent(?).

—Little boy—"What is that man laughing about?" Pap—"He is reading a humorous article in an American religious journal." "What is that other man looking sad about?" "He is reading an English comic paper."—*Selected.*

—S. M. Kraer, '91, has left school and will go into business, contracting to put down oil wells. He has the best wishes of his many friends here. His brother Ed, who attended here two years ago, has been quite successful in the same business.

—There will be an elocutionary contest in the second United Presbyterian church, by seven of Mr. McKelvey's students, March 7. Music will be furnished by the conservatory orchestra. Two of the judges are well known elocutionists, viz: Prof. J. W. Lytle, of Pittsburgh, and Prof. J.G. Scorer, of Youngstown, O. The third has not yet been selected. The prize is a fine gold medal.

—A pound social was held at Mrs. Alexander's Tuesday evening, Feb. 4. A large crowd of young folks was present and a very enjoyable time was had. W. W. Campbell acted as auctioneer and did not do so bad considering it was his first attempt. He succeeded in selling two bricks, two parsnips, and a small box of oats at prices ranging from twenty to thirty cents. The highest price paid for any

pound was thirty-seven cents. It would be well to say, however, that the pounds were not all bricks, parsnips and oats.

—The regular monthly missionary meeting was held in the college chapel last Sabbath afternoon. The meeting was conducted by Prof. McGranahan. Miss Etta Reed read a paper on "Woman's Labor in foreign Fields." Miss Frank Barr read a paper on "The Relation of Prayer to Success in Mission Work." Mr. Bovard spoke on the "Relation of the Home Church to Foreign Work," Mr. Swearengen on "The Student Movement."

—A small boy had been having a day of unmitigated outrageousness, such as all children are likely to have who do not die young, and when he was ready for bed his mother said to him: "When you say your prayers, Georgie, ask God to make you a better boy. You have been very naughty to-day." The youngster put up his petition in the usual form, then added, "Please God, make me a good boy, nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.

—Listen to my tale of woe. Truly this story of a forlorn Bachelor of the Tom-chicken persuasion is worthy the pen of any epic poet, but owing to limited Space and the Dim mists of Age that shroud the former life of our Subject in Mystery, we must state only the plain, Blunt Facts. A Widowed Rooster, with one Feather in his Tail, wandered solitary and alone in the Campus. Little did he Suppose that even his Bare Ribs were coveted by that carnivorous animal Man and his fellow-mortal Woman. Yet these Two persons had Designs on his Life. One began operations by enticing Poor Tom into a Cage where he fed him with such Food as a starving Rooster knows how to Appreciate. Under these Benign influences Tom waxed Fat. The disappointed person watched from Day to Day his filling Sides and Much Saliva was deposited at the thought of the juicy Steaks that might be carved from his Rounding breast. At last a Fortunate Day came. The Cage Breaks. But alas! Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire! He unwittingly crossed the Dead Line of the former Disappointed Person's premises, and immediately he was seized and hurried to the Block of Execution. The Abandoned Fowl saw that his hour had come, but his Despairing Croak could not secure him from an Untimely and Melancholy End. Chop went the Ax, and the Victor, flourishing the Bloody Carcass, shouted in triumph, "I've got him!"

—A warning to the premature skater:

Now the skater premature,
Whom the frost-bound ponds allure,
Dons the steel again.
See how swift he glides and slick!
What! a crash? A plank there, quick.
Saved—but stiff as any stick!
Trot him up the lane.—[Exchange.

EXCHANGES.

None of our exchanges have a more imposing appearance than the Bethany *Collegian.* But it does not give all to outward show, as it is replete with reading matter of a high and entertaing quality.

We are inclined to believe that if the *Campus* would devote a little more space to the elevation of the students and not so much to locals and fraternity notes it could be made a paper of a higher standard. Although the paper is up to the common standard, yet there is still room for improvement.

The Geneva *Cabinet* comes this month wrong end up. It matters not whether wrong end up or right, it makes its presence known. It contains an article on infidelity. It maintains that no infidel books should be read, but this we think depends to a certain extent on the reader. If he is a man of mind and conscience to read such a book only strengthens him in the truth. The preposterous fallacy of the infidel shames the very pretense of belief in his

teachings. Certainly the idea of a God and a future life is better than no God and a future non-existence. Reason, unbiased, can never listen to such ideas. Man's only way to progress is through an ideal, and no lofty height can be reached without perfect ideal, and that ideal is God.

Among our latest exchanges is the *Harvard Lampoon* and it is a welcome visitor. It is not remarkable for literary productions, but its illustrations are fine and certainly cannot fail to attract the attention of the most pronounced bookworm. The illustrations of the Jew clothier and winter sports at the female gymnasium are worthy of notice.

The February number of the *Illini*, as ever, is sparkling with gems of practical thought. This paper is possessed of the pure Western pluck. It contains an article on Beethoven. "Mr. Gladstone says that Beethoven is the greatest of all composers. He has a moral power not to be found elsewhere and he who studies him intelligently and sympathetically is sure to discover the speech of an earnest soul——earnest in the pursuit of noble objects full of noble ideas."

"BUTTON, BUTTON."

Mrs. Riverside Rivers.—My dear Miss Fulton, how lovely to see you here? Were parties very different in your day? Miss Ann Fulton—Well, somewhat. In my day the girls wore one-buttoned gloves, and dresses buttoned up to the neck; now they wear one-buttoned dresses and gloves buttoned up to the neck.—*Ex.*

The *University Voice* contains an article on Daniel Doughtery, the prince of platform lecturers, and also some extracts from his lecture on "Orators and Oratory." He says: "I prefer instead of the definition of Demosthenes, 'action, action, action,' acting, acting, acting. Cicero said, 'There is nothing so difficult to find among men as an orator.' It must be understood that one must be born an orator. Demosthenes labored to overcome the defects of his speech, but those defects were evidently the effect of feeling upon the sensitiveness of the nerves. It must not be inferred that the only feature of oratory is the stress laid upon delivery. One of the forces in oratory is purity of motive and sincerity. He should not utter a sentiment which does not come from his heart. When a speaker finds he has the sympathy of his audience it electrifies him, it broadens his mind. The grandest efforts have never been preserved, unless taken in short hand, because the occasion has produced them."

The *Rambler* contains an article on the morals of college students. It states that some think that college boys are "a fast set," at least a vast majority of them. This is an opinion too often expressed and at the same time without any proof. True, college students are not as a general class perfection, neither do they make any claim in this line. But compare the college boy, if you please, with your office or business boy and see if he does not stand far beyond him in morals. Among the young men of our cities you will find the vast majority spending their evenings in the theater, the saloon and gambling house. Now, is it so with the student? The evenings of the student are spent in his room toiling away striving to catch a gleam of light for the illumination of his intellect. Don't be too ready to say "fast boys." Think and see if you could not often say fun instead of fast. Mind only from the colleges come the men to fill our pulpits and offices of trust and honor. The *Rambler* is filled with interesting matter and is well worthy of persnal. The article on the "Race" is especially worthy of mention.

JOSEPH K. PEARSON. DAVID W. PEARSON.

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THE HOLCAD.

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THE SPHINX'S STORY.

One day when the sun went down in the East,
While the daylight lessened and dark increased,
I sat and chatted with Mrs. Sphinx,
Who sits bolstered up in her bed and thinks
Of the good old days so worthy of praise,
Of old-time people and old-time ways;
Of tales she had heard by her grandsire told,
About times when he wasn't "quite so old."
In Young America's ruthless way.
I asked her, "Tell me a story, pray."
She looked surprised, but drew a smile
Over her face, and thought awhile.
"Tell you a story? What shall it be?
About the land or about the sea?"
"Both!" I promptly announced my choice.
And then she began in a dreamy voice:
"I heard my grandsire tell one day
Of a great Undine across the way—
The watery way—you understand?
With the side-walk along it paved with sand."
"It hasn't got all the sand," I said,
The thought evoked by her sandy bed.
"No," she snapped in curt reply,
"It has no more sand than you or I."
I felt subdued by this compliment,
And sat with my soul in attention bent.
"I suppose," I murmured, "that you must mean
That the Mediterranean flows between."
"Yes," she said, "your geography's good.
I knew you could tell, if you only would.
This great Undine was a beautiful maid,
Capriciously tempered and gayly arrayed,
With a passion for water—my grandsire said,
And an anxious life her old mother led.
For they lived by the sea, and all alone
Undine liked to perch herself on a stone
That stood far out on the sandy beach,
Just out of the laughing water's reach.
The waters loved Undine, and Undine loved them,
And longed their swift currents to follow or stem,
But her mother said so decidedly 'No,'
And watched her so closely that she never could go.
But the waters crept nearer and nearer so sly,
And Undine was delighted to see them so nigh.
And one day, when her mother was taking a sleep,
All at once, with a great irresistable sweep,
The Sea threw its arms 'round the happy Undine,
And smiled up in her face with the brightest blue sheen,
But not quite around her, for her mother awoke,
And, striding towards them, in compromise spoke:
'Blue Sea, I allow you to play with Undine
As long as you promise you'll ne'er come between
The child and her mother.' 'I promise,' said he,
And bowed at the feet of the ladies with glee.
With her mother behind her, the Sea at her feet,
Undine, like a queen, still maintains her old seat.
"Undine is said to be exquisitely fair,
With the softest of eyes and most silken of hair;
But of all her beauties, the greatest, they say,
Is that of her foot, as it dashes the spray.
For if, when you're near her, you hear quite a splatter,
You'll find she has one of her feet in the water.
And, indeed, all around her, her garments look draggled,
And, worn by the water, are tattered and haggled.
And one day when her mother was standing beside her,
For some misdemeanor essaying to chide her,
The Sea grew angry and stirred up a broil,
Which she tried to settle by pouring on oil.
But being too hasty and heeding it not,
She made on the robe of Undine a Greece spot.
"Many a gift has the old Sea brought her,
And many a suitor has eagerly sought her;
But all in vain, for they never caught her."
The Sphinx ceased speaking, but kept her eyes
Fixed on the darkling, star-lit skies.
"Ah," I said, "does she sit there still?"
"Yes," she answered, "and always will."
"And what are the names of this mother and child?"
"Asia and Europe," the good Sphinx smiled.
"And why is her foot's beauty worshiped so?"
"Study your Latin and you will know."
Study my Latin—yes, that's the bother—
I wish she'd turned that foot back with the other,
So never a Caesar's or Cicero's pen
Had moved to trouble the sons of men.

—JEAN ROBERTSON.

LEADERSHIP.

The narrow history of the world is bound up in the lives of its leaders. We read advancement when the wisest, justest men have been leaders. We read degeneracy when the people have been led by weaklings and demagogues. The leaders wrong, the people wrong; the leaders right, the people right. *Vox populi, vox dei*, is undoubtedly fallacious, but *vox ducis, vox populi*, appeals to all history for its confirmation.

The Saxon race is trained and taught to aspire to leadership. The love of power is instilled into them from their earliest days. Hence, the would-be leaders are plentiful. Many there are who are ready to offer their leadership, but they are only of the flock and must be led. Leadership requires more than a mere willingness and desire to lead. Those who would direct must be elevated to an eminence where they can view the world above the passions and selfishness of the common mind. They must be hundred-headed and Argus-eyed, able fully to comprehend their situation. They must have a sincerity that will command a reverence. Sincerity the world can't help but admire. It can't help but follow if sincerity only lead; even though it may lead downward, often, still the history of the past proves that men will follow even delusion if only a sincere man lead in it. Mohammed was fearfully deluded, but at the shrine of his sincerity there worship to-day more than one-sixth of the human race. The motor power that actually forced him to his work was the overwhelming conviction that he was divinely commissioned, and though his errors were many and gross; though he was a wild fanatic, and even though the spirit from which he received his inspiration was Beelzebub, instead of Gabriel, as he claimed, still sincerity was his and it was to this that he owed his following.

The leader is always an enthusiast and capable of communicating this enthusiasm to his fellows. He is superior to dangers and difficulties. "There are no Alps!" rang out Napoleon's voice, when these barriers were urged against his Italian campaign, and before his determined march they levelled.

But above all the leader has the *positive* element within him. Passivity can never lead. Aye, more, negative qualities can never make manhood. Scarcely less despicable is the positively bad man than the negatively good man, who is good simply because he lacks aggressiveness enough to make himself felt, either as good or bad. Positive qualities which make the individual felt — a power among his fellows — are manhood, but negative goodness proclaims the weakling. He may receive the plaudits of the populace—and he willn ever receive their censure, he may flatter himself that he lives without an enemy, but earth will never tremble at his tread; and when he dies six cubic feet will be ample space for all there is of him. But the positive, aggressive man—his coffin may be no larger, but his life, his influence will live on with ever increasing power. It is poor eulogy to say of a man that he died without an enemy. He who goes forth into the heat of the battle may expect to get his garments bespattered with blood and dust, while he who only overlooks the battle from a distance may boast of clean hands and spotless garments, but he can never carry off the laurels. The world will be no better for his having lived in it. Mere negative goodness is contemptible, and he who has the positive element within him and who has lived for his country and for his fellowmen, though he may have made many a mistake and committed many an error, is infinitely superior to him who in keeping himself spotless has done no one else good. Self-assertion and positive aggressive influence are qualities not only of the leader but of the man.

Have you ever stood on a locomotive by the

side of the engineer in the darkness and mists of midnight? Have you felt the blood-curdling, nerve-stifling thrill as you realized the plunges you were making in the darkness? The bold gleams from the blazing headlight penetrate the blackness and give an ominous aspect to all they touch. The train plunges and dashes headlong, sweeps past bold curves at the bidding of the engineer; he stands with his hand on the lever and keenly peers through the shades and notices every passing object. One feels an awful sensation of danger as he rides here for the first time. The cold chills travel quickly through him and he longs for his destination. If the engineer does not feel these sensations it is because custom has steeled his nerves.

Such is the position of the leader, only more awful and more dangerous. He stands with his hand on the eternal destiny of millions. With the headlight of his judgment only for guidance he plunges his train on in the darkness, not over a road that has been traveled and tried for years, but he forms his own route and his engine is the first to travel that road. He may not feel his danger and his responsibility, for familiarity makes mountains but hills. Thus it was that Luther led a whole continent from the ecclesiastical darkness of the Middle Ages to the comparative brilliancy of the religious liberty of modern Europe. Thus it is that Gladstone is leading that same continent into the full enjoyment of political freedom. It was thus that Patrick Henry, by the lightning flash and volcanic fire of his eloquence, led the colonies into the Revolution, and Washington, by his consummate genius and skill, led them through. Such are the leaders whose fame has been world-wide, and such the leadership that has shaped the destiny of nations. Such are the leaders that serve as beacon lights for whole continents. But these have been comparatively few. Few, indeed, have come forth from nature's die already labeled "a leader." Transcendent genius is rare. But leadership does not belong to the very great. There is a leadership in the influence of every sincere, earnest and active man. In the most quiet districts, shut out from the busy turmoil of the world, we see leadership in all its beauty and simplicity.

There are in the world just two classes—the leaders and the led. Two men meet in a railroad car: one by his enthusiasm and aggressiveness leads the conversation and directs it as he will; the other only helplessly follows in the particular chosen channel. Men meet in business: some few by their common sense and by their energy dictate terms to the others. The Solons meet in legislative halls: it is not ability that commands here, it is not genius always, but it is the combination of those qualities that make successful leadership—sincerity, earnestness, energy and a devoted enthusiasm. The world divides—the leaders and the led. The one class is composed of men, the other of weaklings and underlings—mere tools. Not that all can always lead, but that no one need always be led, every man can be a leader in his sphere, otherwise he need not care to be. But in his profession or vocation, it is only manhood that he make the most of all his powers and energies, and in doing this he will lead.

To lead is to develop all the inward resources, to create power, and to enlarge life's horizon. To follow, where one might lead, weakens, dwarfs, destroys. Here we find the mission of our thousands of colleges. They are to take from the number of the flock and make them leaders. They are to emancipate the mind from the bondage of prejudice and ignorance and lead it out into independence and superiority. This is the mission of our colleges, and how well they are accomplishing it let the leaders of the nineteenth century make answer.

But it is in serving well our superiors that we are best prepared to lead. Before transcendent genius and real greatness it is only man-

hood to bow. Here the taunt of "Boswellism" becomes an honor. When nature sends a master-genius into the world, to refuse to follow is worse than folly. Manifest superiority demands a reverence. "*Ich dien*," I serve, was written on the banner of the Black Prince, but that same service that he rendered to a greater made him a leader among his fellows. "*Ich dien*"—a magnificent motto! We serve,—we serve that Greatness that is worthy of all service. Let us serve Truth, Justice and Loyalty, and serving thus we will lead just in proportion to our zeal in serving.

R. W. McGranahan.

IS PROTECTION THE TRUE AMERICAN POLICY?

The question, as stated, involves the controversy as to whether protection should become a fixed and permanent policy in the United States or be modified with a view to free trade. This is not distinctively a question of ethics, of metaphysics, or of orthodox truth, as some appear to treat it, but rather one of business. Does or can protection protect, is the vital issue in this controversy, as it is carried on at the present time. What protection means should be explained by a protectionist. One of them has done so in the following sentences: "It is our belief that protection should correspond to, should be the representation of, the difference which exists between the price of an article of home production and a similar article of foreign production. A protecting duty calculated upon such a basis does nothing more than secure free competition; free competition can only exist where there is an equality in the facilities of production. In a horse race the load which each horse carries is weighed and all advantages are equalized, otherwise there could be no competition. In commerce if one producer can undersell all others he ceases to be a competitor and becomes a monopolist. Suppress the protection which represents the difference of price according to each, and foreign productions must immediately inundate and obtain the monopoly of our market."

If protection means anything, this expresses it with great exactness. We must equalize the facilities of production, is the central argument which is constantly recurring in all protectionist writings. That the facilities of production cannot be equalized by a protective law is almost self-evident. It is not true that an import duty equalizes the conditions of production. In proof of this let us recur to the familiar illustration in which it is supposed that English broadcloth can be sold for five dollars per yard, but it will cost eight dollars a yard to manufacture cloth of the same quality here. To encourage home-industry a duty of three dollars per yard is laid on all English cloths imported. This prepares the way, and that industry is set up; but plainly it is sustained only by a tax of three dollars a yard paid by every one who wears broadcloth of either domestic or foreign production. If there is any real benefit in this tax it goes to the manufacturers. But some one says this goes to the laboring men in the factory and national labor has not been impoverished. In a sense this is true, but it does not justify the system. If one class of American laborers were to steal from another class it would be in the same sense true that the simple theft does not impoverish the laborers of the country in the aggregate, but this truth would not justify the robbery nor be an argument for legalizing the same. Now let us look at the whimsicality of the result in the case supposed. The law can only equalize the conditions of sale. It is evident that while the Englishman sells his cloth at five dollars per yard, the three dollars which go to pay the tax are taken from the

American consumer. But upon each yard of English cloth the country loses nothing; for the three dollars which the consumer pays to satisfy the tax goes into the treasury of the country which pays them. There is improper distribution, but no actual loss, because protection has failed to equalize the facilities of manufacture and the foreign cloth has come in as a cheap product. On the other hand, there will be about three dollars lost upon each yard consumed of American manufacture; for while the buyer pays them, the seller just as certainly does not gain them, for even according to the hypothesis he will receive only the cost of production. The facilities of production have not been equalized. This can be accomplished, if at all, only by the self-levelling power which operates under free trade. If the protectionist insists that equalizing the conditions of sale is virtually the same thing as equalizing the facilities of production, he must allow that exchange is a factor in production, and that whatever restricts exchange interferes with production, and this seems to be the real state of the case. The conclusion of the whole matter is that protection, so-called, is simply an obstacle in the way of legitimate trade.

It is further evident, that if protection does protect and equalize facilities as is asserted, then the very cause of exchange is removed. For the system of exchange is based precisely upon the diversities which the protectionist seek to render null. Why should the hatter and the tinner exchange if each has the same facilities for producing the same articles? Why should the protectionist who attacks trade in the very cause of its being, clamor, as he invariably does, for steamship subsidies to increase it? Perhaps our opponents reconcile their doctrine by that which some one has styled "The transcendentalism and mysticism of the protectionist faith," but for the sake of precision and simplicity we prefer to call it absurdity.

The system called protection assumes that commerce is a gambling device in which one party wins and the other loses. "Find out what England wants you to do and then do the opposite," is a complete summary of their wisdom, and they compare the field of production to the turf. But, while it must be admitted that protection so-called is a veritable handicap, this is more a contrast than a comparison. The contrast is seen in the aim of the two processes. On the turf the race is at once a means and an end. One horse wins the prize while all the others lose it. The public has no interest in the struggle independent of the struggle itself. When the horses are started in the course with the single object of determining which is the best runner nothing is more natural than that their burdens should be eqalized. But if the object were to utilize the fleetness of the horses, in sending important messages, nothing would be more insane than to place obstacles in the way of those horses whose speed affords the best means of attaining the desired end. Now, in the field of production the end in view is to utilize rather than to test the skill and efficiency of the various productive agencies. Hence the illustration exposes the folly of artificial restriction rather than otherwise.

It is a fundamental principle of free trade that commerce is a mutual benefit. In an exchange both parties win, or else obviously one would refuse to trade. If, then, one party puts obstacles in the way, the total gain is diminished, the diminution probably being divided. If the other party creates an obstacle the gain is still further diminished or destroyed. It is a matter of regret, therefore, when one party is guilty of this folly, but it only doubles the mischief and still further injures the other, if he, likewise, perpetrates the same folly. This is the answer to the well-worn and stubborn notion that free trade must be reciprocal, or would be good if all nations would adopt it. One nation which adopts free trade gets more than it would if it put on restraints, even

though all other nations may have restraints. It will share the gain if they follow its example, for the gain is multiplied at every step, but even while they hold back it gains as much as it can and makes the best of a bad state of things while waiting for them to come to a better mind, if it adopts freedom.

But this sounds a little like theory and we are met by the clamorous exclamations of theorists, ideologists, utopians, men of maxims, impractical logicians, etc. Perhaps we can here break the monotony by agreeing somewhat with our antagonists. When they say that free trade is a logical theory and that protection is not, we can agree; and if the statement were presented to the free trader that contradictories do not agree we will admit that his weakness for logic would probably compel him to accept the "maxim."

The protectionist, on the other hand, "lives, moves and has his being" in what he calls facts, and from the observation of these he makes many strange discoveries. The latest is that protection reduces prices. This must be gratifying, indeed, to those who believe it, for we have learned that an infinite decreasing series will come to zero, and if this be the reason for perpetuating the policy the indications are that we will not have to wait until the twentieth century even for the days of Edward Bellamy when no money will be needed, but ere then our national storehouses will be filled, not by an industrial army, but by the great and beneficent institution of protection. How unfortunate it is for those of us who have to be disturbed in these delightful dreams by the lurking suspicion that it was not protection alone that has reduced the price of steel rails in this country.

However, this theory of reducing the prices is not always used by the protectionist. It is wholly unfit for campaign purposes, and when he goes out during the campaign to harangue the wool-growers or wage-earners for the purpose of winning votes he changes his doctrine just a little and teaches that protection means higher prices for every branch of industry. If by such jugglery he means to convey the impression that protection both raises and lowers prices, we do not wonder that he renounces the theories of logic, for certainly such speculation has no reference to that science. And then the "half-wise book men," influenced by their logic, might confront him with a maxim that can be disposed of only by ignoring maxim, logic and book men all in a lump.

The advocates of restriction have another argument, or subterfuge rather, which is no less novel and interesting. The Americans adopted this policy in the belief that they could, by a few years of self-denial, get certain industries started, which would then "go alone" and become independent sources of wealth. No one denies that protection can discriminate in favor of certain industries, and judging by the number of millionaires and monopolists in that branch of industry, we believe that home manufactures have been protected, slow as they are in learning to "go alone." But this is not a reason for making the practice general and permanent, so the protectionist condescends to theorize in his peculiar way for an argument in favor of making it general and permanent. This he does, of course, from facts, or we might say from one fact. That fact is the discrimination above referred to. But he says that our interests are so intertwined that we prosper together or languish together, and how can one branch of industry be benefited without benefiting all others? Some one has exposed the fallacy of this by framing a petition represented as coming from the manufacturers of candles, lamps, chandeliers, reflectors, etc., and from the producers of tallow, oil, gas, and everything used for lights. The petition reads as follows: "To the Honorable, the Members of the Congress of the United States:—Gentlemen, We are subjected to the intolerable competition of a for-

eign rival, who enjoys, it would seem, such superior facitities for the production of light that he is enabled to inundate our national market at so exceedingly reduced a price that the moment he makes his appearance he draws off all custom from us, and thus an important branch of American industry, with all its innumerable ramifications, is suddenly reduced to a state of complete stagnation. This rival, who is no other than the sun, carries on so bitter a war against us that we have every reason to believe that he has been excited to this course by our perfidious neighbor, England. (Good diplomacy this for the present time.) In this belief we are confirmed by the fact that in all his transactions with this proud island he is much more moderate and careful than with us.

"Our petition is, that it would please your Honorable body to pass a law whereby shall be directed the shutting up of all windows, sky-lights, shutters, curtains, in a word, all openings, holes, chinks and fissures through which the light of the sun is used to penetrate into our dwellings to the prejudice of the profitable manufactures, which, we flatter ourselves, we have been enabled to bestow upon the country; which country cannot, therefore, without ingratitude, leave us now to struggle unprotected through so unequal a contest. We pray your honorable body to hear the reasons we have to advance in its favor. If by shutting out as much as possible all access to natural light, you thus create a necessity for artificial light, is there in the United States an industrial pursuit which will not, through some connection with this important object, be benefited by it? If more tallow be consumed there will arise a necessity for an increase of cattle and sheep. Thus artificial meadows must be in greater demand, and meat, wool and leather must become more abundant, and so on *ad infinitum*."

It is unnecessary to comment on this petition further than to say that if it had been genuine it would have offered the protectionist an admirable opportunity for the application of their—what shall we say—their theory? No, they reject abstract theories. Their doctrine? their system? their principle? Not quite; they do not like doctrines; they hold systems in horror, and as for principles they declare that there are no such things in political economy. We will say, then, their practice—their practice without theory and without principle. D.

THE DOCTRINE OF MALTHUS.

The problem of poverty, its causes and remedy, has ever been an enigma to the economist. He has sought to explain it by natural laws and has evolved many theories concerning it. Of these theories none has been more powerful in its influence on human thought than that of Malthus, which was enunciated near the close of the eighteenth century. The theory, concisely stated, is this: Population tends to increase in geometrical ratio. That is, the human species increase as the numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, and subsistence as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Suppose a country with a popnlation of one million and with means of sustenance just equal to that amount. In the first twenty-five years the population will increase to two millions and the subsistence will also be doubled. In fifty years the population will be four millions and the means of sustenance equal to three millions. In 75 years the population will be eight millions and the means of sustenance equal to four millions. Thus four millions will be left unprovided for. If the theory is true there must come a time when the means of sustenance will not be sufficient for the population, and a part at least must perish.

Is the theory true? Has an all-wise Creator

made man so wonderful and strange and then placed him in a world of limited resources where he must eventually starve? "Are God and nature at strife, that nature lends such evil dreams?" Or is the doctrine of Malthus false?

For the past century the doctrine of Malthus has been the accepted one. Men of greatest genius have advocated it, and it has triumphed over all other theories. The reasons for its success are apparent. It seems to be founded on a mathematical certainty, and is apparently proven by analogies in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Statistics show that the population of the world is increasing. It is an undisputed fact that animals, especially insects, have increased until they have become too numerous for their subsistence and have perished from starvation. Vegetation may become so rank as to extinguish itself, and from these analogies it is argued that humanity must starve at last.

But perhaps the greatest cause of the acceptation of this theory is the fact that it falls in with the human desires. In reliance on it the rich man can enjoy his wealth regardless of the cries of humanity, and throw all the responsibility on the One who has created these laws. He argues that if he were to divide with the poor it would only necessitate all starving instead of a few. And the poor, accepting this theory, argue that labor is useless as nature has not provided sufficient resources, and take for their maxim: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

An additional argument has been added by science. The doctrine of evolution as advocated by Darwin is the theory of the "survival of the fittest," which he says "is the doctrine of Malthus applied with manifold force to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms."

Thus established by facts and analogies the theory is accepted as true, and applied to moral and social problems. But are the mathematical certainties, on which the theory is founded, certain? and are the analogies analogous? Is it a *fact* that population increases faster than means of sustenance? and do analogies in the animal and vegetable kingdoms prove the theory when applied to man?

True, the present population is greatly in excess of that in the time of Adam, but had it increased in the manner suggested by Malthus there could scarcely be standing room in the world for humanity. The descendants of Confucius are referred to in proof of the fallacy of this doctrine. These consitute the aristocracy of China and the family is distinctly separate from all others. According to the theory that population doubles itself every twenty-five years, the descendants of Confucius would now, after 2200 years, number more than 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, but in reality they only number 22,000. The increase of the population of the world is a question of dispute. Some men maintain that in the last 2,000 years the population has decreased, in proof of which they cite countries which were once densely populated but are now almost uninhabited. Thus the mathematical calculations of the doctrine are not based on facts.

But as to the analogies, what? Because the animal and vegetable kingdoms press against the limits of subsistence, is that any proof man will do the same? Henry George has well answered this question. "It is from the vegetable and animal kingdoms that man's food is drawn, and hence the greater strength of the reproductive force in the vegetable and animal kingdoms than in man, simply proves the power of subsistence to increase faster than population. The increase of animals is at the expense of their food, and when they have reached the existing limits of food, their food must increase before they can increase. But unlike any other living thing the increase of man involves the increase of food. Here is the difference between man and the animal. Both the jay-hawk and the man eat chickens;

but the more jay-hawks the fewer chickens, while the more men the more chickens."

The same author makes another striking contrast between man and the animal kingdom. He says: "Granted that man is only a more highly developed animal; that the monkey is his distant relative; yet there is this difference between man and all other animals—he is the only animal whose desires increase as they are fed; the only animal that is never satisfied. The wants of other living things are uniform and fixed. The ox of to-day aspires to no more than did the ox when man first yoked him. The sea gull of the English channel who poises himself above the swift steamer wants no better food or lodging than the gulls who circled round as the keels of Cæsar's galleys first grated on the British beach."

But not so with man. As his wants are satisfied new wants arise, and with his increased desires comes increased capacity to gratify them. Man cannot be compared to other living things, and analogies from the animal and vegetable do not prove the doctrine of Malthus. The adherents of this doctrine do not, however, maintain it to be literally true. They say "that population, continually tending to increase, must, when unrestrained, ultimately press against the limits of subsistence, not as against a fixed, but as against an elastic barrier, which makes the procurement of subsistence progressively more and more difficult." In this form the theory is not so objectionable and seems quite plausible. But the results accruing from it are more objectionable. It attributes all the misery and wants of man to the niggardness of nature and not where they belong, to the injustice of society. And notwithstanding the plausibility of the theory, is it not still more plausible, judging from the advancement of science in the nineteenth century, that man will compel nature to yield to his necesities? While there are men whom the sun serves and the waters obey, what fear has man of starving? L.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

Mr. Henry. W. Grady, in his eloqnent but un-American speech at Boston, declared: "The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth." This statement is certainly true, and what is more remarkable, the American idea is now compelling the attention of the South, which has kept itself hermetically sealed against it for generations. Hence this ground-swell whose tremors are felt to the farthest corners of the republic. Four years of war, by great destruction of life and property, punished our nation for the sin of slavery, changed the negro from a chattel to a person, taught the South the impossibility of setting up a slave government here; but the lesson of justice, liberty and equality for all mankind, the South has yet to learn. The doctrines of the Declaration and of the last Amendments have no place in the southern head or heart.

The lazy, aristocratic civilization developed under the slave system, was partly from climatic conditions, according to the southern mind. The destruction of that system presented new conditions to both the master and the slave. To make a living, the former must work with his hands as well as his head; the latter with his head as well as his hands. This is an inestimable good to both.

The negroes upon emerging from slavery were of course ignorant and vicious. They stood in abject fear of their white neighbors, did their bidding, were virtually slaves (as most are yet), and there was no "trouble." But twenty-five years have wrought great changes upon the condition of the freed-

men. Education and Christianity have taught many of them the dignity, the rights, the duties of manhood and citizenship, the Amendments begin to be realized, or rather the outlook is that they certainly will be, and now, forsooth, there is a negro problem. Why? Simply because the South begins to fear or feel or believe that, after all, though he be black or not all white, though he were once held in estimation as a thing, "a man's a man for a' that."

An old sentiment, a cherished opinion ingrained by years, dies hard. The negro was useful as a slave, is useful as a drudge in nominal freedom; but the negro daring to use the railroad ticket that he buys or to take his place as a man among men, as a citizen among citizens, is a monstrosity, in the eye of southern culture.

Verily, for the negro's sake, for its own sake, for our country's sake, for the sake of progress, "the South must be conquered; not by the sword, but by the power of truth." Not the negro's ignorance, but his race, is the grievance. The dawn of intelligence, the reviving of manhood, the collecting of property, the development of power—these are the negro's crimes.

Prejudice reads thus: "Go, teach all nations"—except the negroes of the United States. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—provided they have no African blood in their veins. "All men are created equal"—within certain limits. About one-half of our population have adopted as a doctrine, "This is a white man's country;" "the white race must dominate forever," and so their minds and hearts are closed against our general duty implied in "who is my neighbor?" and also against our particular duty to the colored people within our borders. The plea that the history of our country puts into the mouth of the black man falls upon ears that hear not.

Insane proposals to "colonize" the Negroes here or elsewhere show the desperation of men to realize this wicked doctrine. Such visionary schemes, together with the horrible barbarities practiced upon them in these States, are the last agonies of caste, born in selfishness, nourished in slavery, but doomed to death by the progress of the Christian religion. They are intensely American, and, when educated, are excellent citizens. That race lines in religion, in politics, in society, in fact, shall one day vanish in this country is as certain as the Judgment Day. "But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

But all this is critical, not constructive. What then is the question, and what is the answer? The question is, How to remove from the white people their wicked, murderous prejudice against the colored people, so that all will unite in developing to the highest degree all our resources of brain and heart and soil and mine. The answer is, Elevate the Negro by the book and the Bible. Nothing but this can secure for the black man (voluntary) humane and Christian treatment; nothing else can break down mad theories; nothing else can unite the North and the South.

If there be such a thing as honest debt, surely we owe the Freedmen a Christian education, owe them a chance to show the posibilities of their race.

Our government owes them absolute protection, so that a citizen shall be as safe in Louisiana as in Pennsylvania. It owes them a school of trades. It owes them, and others, the Blair bill. It owes them, and others, a national law requiring literary qualifications for suffrage. The latter would protect the citizen, protect the government, dignify citizenship, and give wonderful stimulus to the cause of education.

But the great work rests upon the Chris-

tian church—of the North. (The "best society" of the South treats the white mission teacher of colored youth as a leper.) State schools with national aid will be useless to the colored race unless they have educated, godly colored teachers. The Church must furnish, and is furnishing, these through the "mission schools" that crown the hills of the South. God greatly honors the faith that builds these schools. His command and the results are their sufficient argument. The Church is doing much; it ought to do far more. The United Presbyterian church is doing much; it ought to do far more. The colored people of the South need our church to give them Psalms for songs and to redeem them from the bondage of the lodge. Westminster, with other colleges, in peace as in war, proves herself a friend to the oppressed.

Our duty was made clear in 1863—"Let my people go." It is equally clear now—"Go, teach all nations," especially the Freedmen of the United States.

J. R. Millin.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

"My *soul* to me a kingdom is." In this kingdom there are laws; there is obedience or disobedience; there is anarchy or order; there is separation of government; there is the history of growth or decline.

A broken physical law involves its penalty. A denied intellectual law implies a punishment. A defied spiritual law presumes its retribution. Leap into the ocean; no opposing law of salvation interfering, you will drown. Defraud the hours of rest for study or for dissipation; you lose the mental power of controlling natural sleep. Contest against that surrender of the soul to its Creator, which we call the religious life; the religious life withdraws itself from you. Unbelief closes over the willing unbeliever like the waves of the sea or the tides of insomnia.

Again, the great law of development is the law of action. Every natural power grows only by exercise. Any school boy knows that he can create the iron ball of muscle on his arm only by the use and training of the muscle. Any college girl understands that the various faculties of the brain, the mathematical skill of the accountant, the acquisitive power of the linguist, the obedient memory or what is called the conservative power of the historian, as well as the rythmical faculty of the poet, the manual dexterity of the musician, and the balanced imagination of both, become serviceable only through action, as they become through inaction inert. As with the brawn, so with the brain, so with the spirit. To exercise spiritual power is to develop and strengthen it. To disuse it is to repress or extinguish it.

Spiritual power is the flower of the human growth. In spiritual character we find the highest, finest, and most complex form of the species. All other nature, whether physical or mental, is embryonic to spiritual nature. Spiritual culture is the culmination of human education.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD.

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MARCH, 1890.

THE HOLCAD has again changed hands, and is now under the management of a new staff. To the members of the staff the work is new, none of them having had much experience in this line. Their "editorial" talents, therefore, are to be developed and tested in the future. If we look at the present prosperous condition of the paper, which is due largely to the earnest efforts of the retiring staff, we have much to encourage us in making the paper one deserving the patronage of the loyal sons and daughters of Westminster. As a staff we will endeavor to make the paper one of interest and profit, and to this end we would ask the aid and co-operation of all friends and subscribers of the HOLCAD.

THE lecture on "Egypt and the Copts" given in the second church, March 2, by Mrs. Nichols, was largely attended and was in every respect a good one. It was a description of the home life and customs of this people and also of the methods used by missionaries for their conversion. These facts were gleaned, from her own experience as a missionary to that place. It was not composed of things which might be read every day in books of travel, but of things which came under her observation and which were new to the audience. The intense interest, which at times lapsed into an almost oppressive silence, is strong evidence of the kind of an appreciation which the audience had for the lecture. Mrs. Nichols is the wife of the late Rev. Nichols of the Egyptian mission, and has taken this plan to support herself and family. We heartily wish her success.

THE prospects are that the students will take a new interest in base ball and tennis this summer. For the last year or two base ball has here been on the decline, and we are glad to see the interest in this popular and healthful game revived. A new club is soon to be organized which, it is to be hoped, will do great work. Tennis also promises to be quite popular with the students. There are now four courts in town and it is very probable some new ones will be made this spring. Each of these games is very suitable for students, and if not indulged in to such a degree as to become an obstacle to study and the general welfare of the student in place of a stimulus, is to be encouraged.

MUCH credit is due the members of the different societies for the interest they have taken in this work during the past term. Although the societies in their various departments were far from perfection, and there were times when they fell below the standard, yet it might truthfully be said of each that it was a model society. That all students are not members, and that all members do not take an active part, though a large majority of them do, are facts to be regretted. Better be without a college education than to neglect the practical training of the literary societies. Neither Patrick

Henry nor our immortal Lincoln received a college education, but they were "brought up" in literary societies. A great many of our Congressmen never received a college education, but no doubt they have had much training in literary societies. We do not mean to detract in the least from the value of a college education, it certainly is of vast worth, but it is a notorious fact that the college education without the literary training is about equal in value to so much chaff.

THE elocutionary contest given by the class of Charles M. McKelvey, on Friday evening, March 7, is now a thing of the past. The breeze of excitement which existed among the students for several days prior to contest, has subsided. The money which was freely wagered on the supposed successful contestants has, as far as known, changed hands. It is needless to say that much money was wagered. There were many bets ranging from the enormous sum of one penny to five. If we are not misinformed one student wagered the fabulous sum of twenty-five cents. In general the audience was well pleased with the performances. One of the contestants added much to the dramatic effect of his production by accidentally stepping upon Dr. Ferguson's great toe. The bone of contention, a gold medal, was awarded to Mr. E. C. Little. He won by rendering his selection in a natural manner. Excellent music was furnished by the conservatory orchestra under the supervision of Prof. T. M. Austin. The violin duet by Miss Whissen and Mr. McClure, and also the vocal solo by Prof. Austin, were highly appreciated. One noticeable feature of this contest was that the selections were all extremely difficult. This is too often the case. Some think that the first essential is to get a fine selection, no matter whether they understand it or not, and then proceed to slaughter it. This is a sad mistake and should be avoided. You must be master of the piece, not it master of you. It is not promiscuous gestures and shouts that constitute a delivery, but gestures and articulation in their proper places. No one should attempt a selection which he does not thoroughly understand and which he cannot master. This does not strike all the performers in this contest, but some of them certainly had selections far beyond their reach.

No one who has ever heard the Juniors sing can question their musical ability. No one who has ever heard them will ever forget the siren strains that gushed from their melodious throats. They care not for time or tune, nor whether Chopin or Beethoven or a First Prep. was the composer, all that they want is a song equal to their abilities. The spirit had somewhat lagged until the sprightly Dutch song, "O Tannenbaun, O Tannenbaun," revived it with all vigor. Who can hear these songs and say the Juniors of Westminster have no spirit? As the sweet melodies roll along the corridors the faculty rush forth and bid them halt. The command is given: You may sing in the class-room, but must refrain in the halls.

It is bad that it is not agreeable to the faculty, but nevertheless it is right. Juniors, obey the rules, for the day is not far distant when you may be called to be members of faculties, and then you will sing no more.

THE elective system is a question of much interest among college authorities, and as time rolls on it attracts more sttention. In times past, when colleges were less numerous, when a college graduate was considered more than common, when the professions were craving for more men, this question attracted little or no attention. But now, when colleges are numerous, when the professions are glutted and a man to succeed must necessarily be a specialist, he sees the imperative need of educating himself in that line. The doctors who to-day are high in their profession are either

a surgeon, an optician, or a homeopathist. The same is true in every path of life : special positions call special men. The advance of time demands that a college should offer the student a wider privilege in choosing his own course. Certainly there are limits to electives, but when once a student is a Junior or Senior and has chosen his profession, then the privilege of choosing studies on this line should be granted him. It has been said that persons are fools while in college and do not know what they need, but if this is so the future looks dark for them. That the elective system would be more widely adopted we think is the desire of the vast majority of students.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Illinois College has a fire brigade.

—There are 190 college papers in the United States.

—Harvard has 189 courses of study and Ann Arbor 242.

—Washington, D. C., is fast becoming an educational center.

—A class in colloquial Latin has been formed at Rutgers.

—Hamilton College has had 2,505 alumni of whom 1,954 are living.

—Prof. F. D. Allen, of Harvard, has set to music all the odes of Horace.

—There are twenty-two Yale graduates in Harvard as instructors or students.

—Dr. McCosh's present course of lectures is probably the last he will deliver at Princeton.

—Hon. Seth Low was installed president of Columbia College, February 3, with imposing ceremonies.

—The Chautauqua Assembly now has a roll of reading members of 60,000, and one of 150,000 of members or ex-members.

—The lectureship on poetry at the Johns Hopkins University will probably be offered to James Russell Lowell for the coming year.

—Brazil, with a population of fourteen millions, has no college worthy the name. Graduates there fail to pass higher than a Prep. class here.

—A movement is on foot to establish a national university at Washington, D. C., commemorative of the discovery of America by Columbus.

—Reported benefactions to forty-two American colleges during the last year amount to over $3,675,000, the gifts ranging from $10,000 to $500,000 each.

—The Italians of Boston have taken steps for educating their young people in their own and in the English language. They propose to build an industrial college.

—Harvard has lately erected new gates. They are elegant in design and workmanship. These were built by the college from a gift of $10,000 of Samuel Johnson, of Chicago.

—Mr. Henry W. Sage has recently given an endowment fund for the library of Cornell University of $300,000. He has already given about $1,000,000 to the institution.

—The inter-State oratorical association includes about forty colleges in the following States, viz: Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Colorado.

—The students of Illinois College are soon to have a gymnasium. $2797 were recently raised by the students and faculty. It will become an important factor in the intercollegiate contests.

—Thirteen members of the Senior Prep. class at Washington and Jefferson college were expelled for absenting themselves from the Latin recitation. It is thought most of them will be reinstated. Students, beware !

—There are fifty-five State institutions of learning in the Uuited States, the Methodists have sixty-one colleges, Baptists forty-seven, Roman Catholics forty-seven, the Presbyterians forty, and the Congregationalists twenty-six.

ART NOTES.

—Mrs. Ella McKee is painting a study of plums.

—Mr. Russell has completed a marine view in crayon.

—Miss Emma Mehard has finished a beautiful study of Marechel Neil roses.

—The St. Bernard dog painted by Mary Stewart shows very excellent work.

—"A Snow Scene" is the subject of a study which Della Doyle will soon complete.

—Miss Clara McConnell has just finished a very pretty marine view called "The Dashing Wave."

—The screen decorated with nasturtiums, painted by May Kennard, will be very pretty when finished.

—A scene from country life in summer has been the work of Miss Maud Chapin. She is now at work on a cluster of apples.

—Miss Sadie Elliott having lately finished a study in crayon of "A Stag," has begun another, "A Scene in a Sugar Camp." This in oil.

—A gentle stream, in whose waters at the base of an overhanging tree are moored two boats, forms the prominent foreground in a painting by Grace Perkins. A stretch of woods is seen dimly in the distance, and completes the effect well named "A Shady Nook."

—The art department is increasing; two students are at work in crayon at the Hall studio, while in the one at the college six may be found. In the former, Lizzie Gibson and Mattie Lytle; in the latter, Misses Mehard, Thompson, Elliott, Brice, Junk, and Mr. Russell.

MUSIC NOTES.

—There is nothing like music to embalm and reproduce the past.—*Edwards.*

—"There's music in the air" of Westminster now. If "music soothes the savage soul," then surely the ladies' quartette, having proved the right to their name, "Æolian;" the Adelphic and Philo orchestras, who in friendly rivalry move their respective societies each night with "concord of sweet sounds," and the talented conservatory orchestra, whose skill and popularity are fixed,—have long since seen the savage soul serene. Seven players in the society orchestra are Juniors. Boys, what's the matter with the orchestra of '91?

—The chorus class of Prof. Austin has done good work this term. Under his able lead the class is preparing to give the sacred cantata, "The daughter of Jairus," near the opening of next term. This selection, composed by John Stainer, is fine and varied in its effects, must please an audience and profit a class. Come to its recital.

—We go to press too soon for a full account of the recital, the program of which is given below. In addition to the program there is to be a talk on the life, character and works of this great composer. The talk will be given by Prof. T. M. Austin.

MENDELSSOHN RECITAL.

1809–1847.

Part I.

Overture—Piano Duet.....A Midsummer Night's Dream
Miss Clara L. Whissen and Prof. Austin
Vocal Solo.....Oh, Rest in the Lord! (Elijah)
Miss Belle Comin
Piano Solo.....Song Without Words
Miss May McCreary.
Vocal Duet.....I Would that My Love
Misses Lizzie Borland and Della Doyle.
Piano Solo.....Andante and Allegro
Miss May Chapin
Vocal Solo.....Oh! for the Wings of a Dove
Miss Lizzie Gibson.
Piano Solo.....Athalia March
Miss Anna Kirk.

Part II.

Overture—Piano Duet.....Hebrides (Fingal's Cave)
Vocal Solo.....On Wings of Song
Mr. W. W. Campbell.
Piano Solo.....Rondo Capriccioso
Miss Clara L. Whissen.
Vocal Duet.....Greetings
Misses Florence Mealy and Jennie Foster.
Piano Solo.....Spring Song
Mr. Reed McClure.
Piano Solo.....Hunting Song
Miss Mary Johnston.

ALUMNI

—S. G. Huey, '88, was in town on Feb. 23.

—Rev. T R. Lewis, '79, and wife, '77, a daughter.

—Rev. Gilfillan, '74, has been called to Stone Valley.

—Samuel Douthett, '88, was in town Feb. 28 Wonder what he comes here for?

—Miss Lizzie Houston, '87, is at home. She has been teaching at Albany, N. Y.

—Rev. J. B. Work, '82, is now situated at Concord, presbytery of Big Springs, Neb.

—Rev. J. C. White, '70, Hanover, Ill., has been holding revival meetings at DeWhitt, Io.

—J. W. Hutchison, Esq., '87, has moved to Butler, Pa., where he will practice law in the future.

—G. W. Robinson, theological seminary, read a paper at a recent convention held at Chester, Pa.

—Rev. S. R. Gordon's, '74, congregation, owing to increased membership, will enlarge their church edifice

—Rev. A. L. Davidson, '85, Washington, Iowa, has recently received seventeen new members into his church.

—Rev. H. S. Boyd, '75, Greensburg, has been holding revival meetings and nine were added to his church on Sabbath, March 2.

—Rev. J. A. Reed, '82, preached his farewell sermon at Grove City, Feb. 23. He goes to the Charles street United Presbyterian church, N. Y.

—Rev. J. D. Sands, '72, preached his tenth anniversary sermon of his pastorate in the seventh church, Pittsburgh, March 2. He has not labored in vain.

—Rev. John H. Gibson was assisting Rev. Boyde, of Greensburg, at his late communion, and Rev. M. M. Patterson, '70, preached two sermons for him on Feb. 28.

—Rev. J. G. D. Findlay, '86, Newberg, N. Y., at a recent communion received fifteen into the church, and on the same day the church raised $75 for missions.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Can Bailey, Sr., Reed?

—Did you get 90 per cent?

—Was Venus the *god* of love?

—Where does Crooks go twice a week?

—How much did you lose on the contest?

—Ask Hamill about the revolt of the sardines.

—Bailey, Jr., is certain that Tennyson is an American author.

—Harry Mealy returns quite frequently to visit his parents(?).

—R. E. Johnston is home from medical college, Cleveland.

—The conservatory orchestra furnished the music for the contest.

—Several houses in town to let. Senior gentlemen please note.

—Strange Mr. King should think Julius Cæsar had a Roman nose.

—Quite a number of our young folks enjoyed the skating last week.

—Prof. Swan spent Washington's birthday in Kane City on business(?).

—Why does the name of Alexander fall so trippingly from D. P's. lips?

—Keith's friends will be pained to learn that he will steal—examination boards.

—The A. & P. society held a basket social a short time since. They realized $75.

—Donaldson, Jr., won't steal many things, but he has a weakness for thermometers.

—R. L. Ralston has returned home seriously ill from the dregs of the dreaded la grippe.

—Doubtless it made the thermometers feel good to get down to zero once this winter.

—John Houston, of Albany, N. Y., visited his father, Rev. A. Y. Houston, last week.

—The mission band of the First church held a social at the home of Mrs. Spencer the evening of March 4.

—Can any one inform the uninformed why

Prof. Swan thought his one letter better than all the Hall mail?

—J. W. Hutchison, '87, does not forget his old friends in town. He spent a short time in our midst last week.

—S. A. Kennedy, chemist in the iron works at Sharpsburg, Pa., visited his brother, T. W. Kennedy, on Feb. 28.

—Mrs. Campbell, of Grove City, expects to remove soon to New Wilmington. She comes to educate her daughter.

—Probably Mrs. Robertson was not the cause of the absence of all the Hall ladies from chorus class Friday night.

—Johnston's star may be dimmed. Already D. P. Smith branches out into the "unknown ability of the unknown."

—Mr. Porter, '89, looked in on college last week. Like many of his class he is teaching "new ideas how to shoot."

—The well known breakfast plate of eggs and *Ham'll* awaken pleasant thoughts in the mind of Miss Lytle hereafter.

—Different photographers have samples of pictures on exhibition through the town in hopes of securing the Seniors' orders.

—We are glad to hear that a number of new students are expected next term, and also that a few formerly among us will be back.

—What's the matter with Elliot? Well, from appearances at the contest we are commencing to think "he's all right" again.

—The elocutionary contest was a decided success. The judges, after a half hour's deliberation, awarded the medal to E. C. Little.

—Did you notice the elaborate bow Prof. Swan made to the ladies in the chapel the other morning as he started to his class-room?

—Miss Jessie Wilson, '87, graduates this week from medical college, Chicago. Miss Wilson expects to go out as medical missionary.

—Miss Margaret Anderson, '89, expects to give lessons in drawing during the school vacation. We wish her much success in her new work.

—The members of the Christian Endeavor society held a social at the home of Miss Anna Shaffer Feb. 25. The society is in a flourishing condition.

—The base ball mustache is here—nine hairs on each side and an umpire in the middle to call mashes—and for color and texture, why! eider down is nowhere.

—After hunting throughout the Old Testament for the book of Hebrews, in church last Sabbath, Wallace concludes that indexed Bibles are great institutions.

—We learn from the *Times* that Professors Ferguson, McGranahan, Swan, Mitchell, McLaughry, Thompson, McElree and Kuhn are candidates for popular votes.

—To the chagrin of the Hall girls, the laboratory ghost visited their domicile Saturday evening last, and the girls were minus some plates of taffy as a consequence.

—Gentlemen, do not congratulate yourselves on your prospects for economy this summer. The ladies will contrive something else to take the place of ice cream.

—This term's increased wear and tear has necessitated extensive repairs to the Hall boardwalk. Though you do leave with heavy hearts, boys, try and tread lightly.

—Student (reading Virgil)—"And thrice I tried to throw my arms around her—and that was as far as I got, Professor." Prof.—"That was quite far enough, sir."—*Selected.*

—C. M. McKelvey assisted at an entertainment given by the students of the McElwain Institute, in which Prof. Jas. McCracken, '89, is a teacher, on the evening of March 6.

—We are pleased to announce the approaching nuptials of Mr. D. Clark Morrison, '87, and Miss Elva Belle Galbreth, at Angeleno Hights, California, March 19, 1890.

—Scene: Verdant Freshie looking through the telescope for the first time. Wily Soph. puts Freshie's hat over the end. Freshie—"Why, the moon is inhabited!"—*Selected.*

—Student in Roman history—"In the midst of the games the Romans rushed upon them and seized the women and children." Prof.—"No, Mac, all they wanted was the women."

Scene 2: Friday evening at contest. Miss appears accompanied by Mr. McK., better K. known as Friday. Natural conclusion: Mr. McK. took it upon himself to settle the dispute amicably.

—R. E. Porter, '90, and sister, Fannie, entertained a number of friends at their home Friday evening, February 28. The party returned in time for chapel exercises next morning.

—The increased demands upon W. A. Leeper's gallantry compel him to oft times make more than one trip, and as a consequence of the extended labor we hear that he is turning *Grey.*

—Howard Campbell has returned from medical college, New York, and has since sold his store to Mr. Mitchell. He expects to pursue his study of medicine during the coming summer.

—The T. C. Dramatic Company gave their first public entertainment in Lininger's Hall on the evening of Feb. 28. They possess talent and will doubtless overcome minor faults by continued practice.

—The lady students of the art room are accomplished *modistes*, as a full length figure of Mrs. McGinty gives evidence. They will be open to engagement after commencement. Worth, please note.

—Dr. Ferguson being absent, Prof. McGranahan preached in college chapel Sabbath evening, March 9. Judging from present indications Professor will be one of the foremost preachers of the time.

—The city council must secure name plates for our street corners. Mr. Bigsby, of Rugby, England, became confused during his recent visit to our town and was compelled to secure the services of the small boy to pilot him to his hotel.

—The students and late alumni of the college will be pleased to learn that Prof. Fank bonner expects to be among us as an instructor next term. He comes to assist Prof. Thompson in his work.

—We have heard of "hog Latin" and "pigeon English," but what would you call this? "It is *tempus fugit* were here." The Senior's blackboard in the laboratory is responsible for the above.

—The different societies of the college made a raid upon Philo's hospitality a few evenings ago. By unusual activity the marshall secured (through extensive borrowing) a sufficient number of chairs.

—W. G. Dice, '92, has gone home on account of ill health. Later: we learn that Will walks seven miles per day for exercise and will be back next term. Guess he is practicing for field work in Botany.

—Prof. Austin would turn green with envy if he should see Dr. Ferguson conduct the Juniors in their vocal exercises in the corridor during the changes of classes. The *stops* and *rests* are especially noticeable.

—Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus, free, as advertised in another column.

—Third Prep. to Freshman—"Why was Cato the wisest of ancient philosophers?" Freshman—"I give it up." Third Prep.—"Because he did not learn Greek till he was eighty-four years old."—*Selected.*

—Prof. Swan lately received from a friend in Baltimore a check for $2,500, a present to the college. Westminster would not suffer

financially if all the friends of the faculty and students were as liberal as this one.

—When Wallace offers to pay the charges on an express package addressed to McClymonds' lady friend (if Mac will deliver it at the Hall), and Mac accepts the banter and delivers the package, who is "worst sold?"

—Miss Shontz, a graduate of Monmouth and an accomplished lady, will give instruction in elocution during the coming session. She comes highly recommended. Now is your opportunity, oh! ye students; make the best of it.

—Scene 1: Miss K. and Miss G. approaching the Hall, Mr. McK. meeting them. Miss K. quietly to Miss G.—"This is Friday." Miss G.—"You are mistaken; it is Thursday." Miss K. (mischievously)—"Don't you know this is Friday."

—Why is Miss McLaughry so very careful to impress upon the minds of the lady members of the class in Literature that part of Emerson's essay on "Culture" which tells that the cultured persons never grumble at their rooms or boarding?

—The Sophomores and Scientific Freshmen are receiving instruction in drawing, preparatory to their work in botany next term. Miss Hodgen is well pleased with the advancement the two classes are making and pronounces the Sophs. a wonder in this line.

—Junior No. 1 playfully strikes Junior No. 2 as they leave the chapel for the recitation rooms. No. 2 emits a demoniacal yell, and when remonstrated with by the Dr. assures him that he can stand a great deal, but must protest when it comes to having his back broken.

—The laboratory must be haunted, at least odd things occur there. The night of the A. & P. C. social Wallace's overcoat walked off and did not return for several days, when it made its appearance at Ed's room in time for breakfast. And some one or some thing spirited one of the baskets away before the buyer could find the fair owner. Such ghosts should be made to "walk no more."

—The loan exhibition to be held in New Castle, opened Wednesday, March 12. The object is to raise money to cancel the debt resting on the Y. M. C. A. Among the curiosities on exhibition students will recognize some of the treasures from Westminster's museum.

—From the threats made by some of the gentlemen members of the Senior class in regard to their commencement suits, we may expect to see everything in the clothing line from Scotch caps, stogie boots and sack coats to high silk hats, Prince Alberts and kid gloves. But don't worry, girls. They will be slick as mice and as sweet as sugar plums.

—The Leagorean society celebrated their thirty-fifth anniversary by a musical and literary entertainment in the college chapel, Feb. 22. The programme was as follows:

Part I.

Piano Duet—Charge of the Uhlans,
Misses Haney and Robertson.
Address,
Miss Belle Comin, Pres.
Vocal Solo—On a March Night,
Miss Lizzie Gibson.
Essay—A Glance Backwards,
Miss Alice Foster.
Piano Solo—Castagnette,
Miss Jean Robertson.
Declamation—The First Settler's Story,
Miss Frances Junk.
Vocal Duet—Gentle Be Thy Slumbers,
Misses Gibson and Comin.

Part II.

Piano Solo—La Printemps,
Miss Mary Johnston.
Essay—Where Are We Now?
Miss B. May White.
Quartette—Peasant's Wedding March,
Misses Comin, Gibson, Mealy, Foster.
Salutatory—1925,
M. Maud Hanna.
Violin Solo,
Miss Whissen.
Declamation—Archie Dean,
Miss Clara McConnell.
Piano Solo—The Mill Clack,
Miss Maud Haney.

EXCHANGES.

The *North-western* contains an interesting account of University Day at the N. W. University.

The *Annex* is taking a place in the front rank of college journalism. The current number is especially entertaining.

The *Simpsonian* is one of our best exchanges. Its literary pages are always interesting and instructive, while the editorials are able and vigorous, giving evidence of active research on the part of the writers.

A dull student who had given correctly the different parts of *gero*, was asked by the professor how he did it. "I guess 'e guessed 'em," was the answer of a wicked classmate. —*Ex.*

One of our exchanges comes to hand with a sermon of Talmadge's. While, as literary productions, they would grace the pages of any paper, yet this is scarcely the legitimate field for college papers, but has been preempted by the daily newspaper of our cities, or the modest weekly of the country village.

The *Censor* sets forth the advantages of the literary society in a manner which meets our hearty approval. This journal, though modest in appearance, contains much that is interesting. We think, however, that it would be improved by devoting more space to literary and less to jokes.

The faculty of Dickinson College has decreed that young men and maidens must not walk to recitation together. The bell is rung twice. At the first tap the girls go to the school-room, two minutes later the young men are summoned. In the time of Caliph Al Raschid the girls had to go about with their faces veiled. The faculty of Dickinson seem to have overlooked this precaution. The system at Dickinson might be termed differential co-education.—*Ex.*

The *Rambler* criticises the practice of commendation among exchanges. We agree with it that this is carried too far. But we have often noticed another fault, that of criticising anything and everything different from our own standard. Of the two, the latter, it seems to us, is the greater fault, and the hardest to overcome. The proper spirit is a union of the two, the ability to see and recognize the good in another, and in a charitable manner to point out defects, with suggestions as to their remedy.

The attitude of the Oberlin *Review* on the recent Ohio State contest is, to say the least, very uncourteous. While defeat is disappointing, yet the proper thing for the vanquished is to gracefully submit to the inevitable instead of continually complaining of unfair treatment at the hands of the judges. It is scarcely possible that they could have made so great a mistake as the *Review* thinks. Such a spirit as this defeats the great end in view, and if such were the general feeling 'twould be better to have no contest.

Recent numbers of the Ithaca *Journal* contain accounts of recent conflicts between the Freshmen and Sophs. at Cornell. Black eyes, broken noses and torn clothes were the prominent features of the fight. Several of the warriors were supplied with lamp black and asafoetida, with which they decorated the faces of their opponents. Such proceedings as these are a disgrace to any institution, and, strange to say, they take place only among the *higher* institutions. If this were education "'twere folly to be wise,"

—St. Peter—"Halt!" New spirit—"Can't I come in?" St. Peter—"I'd rather you would not. You are just out of college and we don't want any advice about running the universe."—*Selected.*

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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. VI. NEW WILMINGTON, PA., APRIL, 1890. NO. 8.

THE ERLKING.

[Translated from the German Goethe by F. S. Ditto.]

Who rides so late through the wind at night?
It is a father and his baby bright,
He holds the boy in his loving arms,
He holds him warmly and safe from harm.

"Why hide you thus your face my son?
"Ah, father, the Erlking bent on fun—
Do you not see his crown and train?"
"May son, 'tis a cloud foretelling rain.

"You lovely child, come, with me go;
Will play fine plays forgetting woe;
Many pretty flowers my land doth hold;
Many, my mother's fine dresses of gold."

"My father, my father, indeed don't you hear
What the Erlking whispers in my ear?"
"Lie still, keep still, my darling boy;
The wind the autumn leaves doth toy."

"O, beautiful child, will you go with me?
My daughters shall treat you royally.
My daughters lead dances all the night long,
And they'll rock you to sleep with dance and song."

"My father, my father, do you not see still
The Erlking's daughter on yonder hill?"
"My son, my son, I hear what you say,
'Tis only the willows, old and gray."

"I love, and am charmed by your beautiful form;
If you'll not come without I'll take you by storm."
"My father, my father, he touches me now,
He has brought the death-sweat to my brow."

It frightens the father, he rapidly rides,
The suffering child in his arms he hides.
He reaches the court with troubled tread,
In his loving arms the child was dead.

THE HOMELESS NATION.

History, as well as poetry, has its tragedies, and can we find any as dark as the story of the Jews?

Even to-day, throughout the civilized world, many regard the Jew with dislike, perhaps aversion, as an unattractive, indeed as a dangerous element in society.

We ask, why is this? Why when any reference is made to the Jew is some one sure to say, "Well, for my part I despise him," or "I dislike the race as a whole?" Now let us investigate the matter and we will find our friend far from acquainted with the characteristics of the Jewish people as a nation.

When we look back throughout all the ages, we can find no chasm which has seemed so deep and wide as the one which severed the Jew from the world which he would not have and which would not have him.

Have we been unjust in our judgment of this people? Let us look at their advantages.

In the Bible we are told that the Hebrew people are the chosen from among the nations of the earth to exhibit the perfection of beauty. And what a grand beginning they did make! Had the Jews not been disturbed in their progress a thousand or more years ago, they would have solved all the great problems of the civilization which are just being solved now.

Then why is a nation having these noble qualities, this great intellect, now rejected, aye spurned, by man? I shall tell you.

Eighteen centuries ago the Jews had their hearts desire; their history was filled with miracles; their poets were inspired prophets; and at last the royal house of David gave birth to a child in whom the Deity himself became flesh and dwelt with man. But how was he treated? Rejected by the very people he chose. The one they should have adored they crucified, and to-day the Jew is suffering a humiliation not less extreme than his previous exaltation.

The short-lived independence of the Jews, brought to pass two thousand years ago by the prowess of the Macabees, and closed by the encroachments of the Romans, is a very memorable period in their history, because then for the last time they were their own masters in their own ancient seats.

Since that they have been flogged, tortured, spat upon, their name flung at them as an opprobrium of superstition, hatred and contempt. The story of the Jew is everywhere the same—persecuted wherever he goes. A constant moan is heard from him, with variations indeed, but seldom a note in which we miss the quality of agony.

In the time of the Richard Cour De Leon the Jew had no defence against a world in arms before him. If sickness prevailed, it was because the Jews had poisoned the wells; if a Christian child was lost, it had been crucified at a Jewish ceremony; if a church Sacrastan was careless, it was because the Jew had stolen the host to stab it with knives at the time of the passover.

In all lands the cry has been against the Jew. No matter who sinned, he was the one to suffer, and at once the occasion was made use of for attacks in which hundreds of thousands might perish. Basle expelled her Jews, Firbrough burned them, Spires drowned them, and the entire community at Streatsbrough (two thousand souls) were dragged upon an immense scaffold which was set on fire.

At Worms, Frankfort and Mainz they anticipated their fate by setting their homes on fire and throwing themselves into the flames.

But let us not credit our ancestors with all the persecutions against the Jews. Do we not ourselves speak slightingly of them? Charles Lamb frankly writes, "A Jew is no where congenial to me; centuries of inquiry, con-

tempt and hate on one side, of cloaked revenge, dissimulation and hate on the other, between their and our fathers, ought to effect the blood of the children, and I cannot believe that a few words as liberality, candor, and light of the nineteenth century can close up the breaches of so deadly disunion."

Do we think with him? Are we unjust? We cannot say that this is unjust. We can prove that the race upon which this great seal is set, and upon which this punishment rests, is and has proven itself a noble one.

T Jew clings with great tenacity to every element of his nationality. Through many years, thro gh many trials he is still the same old Jew; this character is intense—he either hates or loves. We feel no object so cherished as the one towards which the Jew turns affections; on the other hand, where, in any man, can we find such a capacity for malevolence? What scorn has he, during all these years, shown to the rest of the world!

Among the mighty members of this race of oriental origin are shown noble qualities in brilliancy of imagination and flashing honor; even to-day we speak of "The man sharp as a Jew."

In poetry we hear a voice pervaded with melancholy. Sometimes it wails, and again it laughs and jests. 'Tis the voice of Henrich Heine. Many follow the pen of this great author with delight. His irreverence, his disregard for propriety, and his insolence suit them.

Where in history can we find the name of a more learned man than Maimonides, who died at Cairo at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the writer of the wonderful Philosophy, which anticipated in its reasoning the thought of a far later day?

As our type of the great Hebrew artists we shall hold up Felix Mendelssohn. He has been called the very soul of music. What more could be said of him?

Then it cannot be for want of intellect that to-day we Christians do so dispise the Jew. An indication of their rank as men of intellect is seen to-day in the fact that the leader of the Liberal party in Germany is a Jew, the leader of the Republican party in France is a Jew, and the late head of the conservative Ministry in England was a Jew.

Some people open their eyes when these things are related to them and wonder, "Is this the Homeless Nation, or has some new race sprung up? Can this be the down-trodden Jew who is gaining eminence over them"?

Then look at the Jew as he stands to-day. Does he shrink like a fawning dog at the foot of his persecutors? No. Proud, prouder than ever he faces the whole world, unarmed and defenceless, and we stand back awed and submit. This is but the beginning. The Jew is gaining ground.

A nation that can boast of such men, of such progress, need never fear that her frame will be shattered before there is a brotherly coming together of men, a recognizing in the spirit of charity of the necessity of difference of creeds, and an era of mutual forebearance.

And as the heart of man refines and softens, where all are brothers and all share the universal lot, then not some of us, but *all* of us, as we look into the face of our dearest friend and wisest counselor, shall exclaim, "Is it possible that this is the despised and persecuted Hebrew? Is this a member of The Homeless Nation?" A. M.

THE SOLDIER OF THE APPIAN WAY.

Like the tender touch of the hangman, who robes the culprit to lead him to his horrid fate, dawned the day of doom upon the gay city of Pompeii. The splendor of the scene might well have been a theme for poet's pen or music's choicest harmonies. Breezes swelled with the notes of feathered minstrelsy, till every leaf seemed laden with an anthem. On mountain slope the grass shimmered with the baptism of the night. A mirrored city trembled on the ocean's silver bosom. 'Twas sunny Italy's sunniest morn, and it seemed as though throned Nature had cast her rarest gifts at the feet of that proud city. But 'twas only a serpent's charm to hide its venom. Ere noon, where pleasure's votaries had mocked the thought of retribution, their corpses quivered with life's last convulse. The earth had burst her bands. But amid the awful scenes which follow—the rushing crowd, the tottering pillars, the agonies of death, and the flashing tongues which lick the inky sky—there is one how does not quail, the sentinel at the gate of the Appian Way. Instinct whipsers: "Fly!" Duty reaches forth her hand and says: "Thy life." In mute submission to her will he sets his features in stoic fixedness, and there he stands. His creeping, stifling shroud winds slowly round him, but still he stands, and stands, and dies, and Duty claims the sacrifice of a noble soul.

For eighteen centuries the world forgets the story of his heroism. But Science tears from the mouldy city her sulphurous grave-clothes. And to-day that same stalwart figure sentinels the gate of the Appian Way—mute, yet speaking; dead, yet living—a monument to fidelity, to duty, to the triumph of the heroic.

Such is the spirit that has moved the world. The ceaseless conflict between principle and policy has given history its charm. What a lifeless page would it be if naught but the story of the tyrants' cruel deeds were written there! The battle-fields which he has made, where steel crossed steel, and crimson life-tide freely ebbed away, have witnessed scenes where courage triumphed over fear, and all the world stood still to wonder at man's spirit. But grander still are those other battles, often bloodless, where Duty mails her soldiers with a supreme disdain of consequences.

We admire the genuis of military despots, but our admiration is rather the fascination of a triumph than appreciation of their greatness. They could destroy, but they could not build. Such an one could strike terror to the heart of every European by the spell of his name, but he left a nation of idlers, whose government to-day is akin to anarchy.

Contrast this fruitlessness of selfish policy with the triumphs which nations have achieved under the guiding star of principle. The Gideon Bands of history have shaped the destiny of many a people. From England's plains, where Alfred smote the Dane; from Scotland's hills, where the Highland clans swooped down on Edward's host; from Alpine passes, where the blood of Swiss patriots stained the rocky cliffs; from a Yorktown, where Freedom's sleeping infant woke, there comes a voice which breaks the silence of the years, and whispers its messages of peace to succeeding generations. After the flush of victory and the despondency of defeat, what of the love of martial glory and of power in national life? What of the higher motive of an exalted purpose? The story of the nations bears us the answer: Wherever Duty rears her standard, there the crown of victory falls.

But a step farther, and we find the same true in politics. Every political party is the child of a principle. So long as such organizations, faithful to the cause of truth, feel the import of their mission, they are potent fac-

tors in conserving the interests of good government. But when this ceases as an acting force, craft and policy cannot hold them together, and their collapse follows.

France to-day is fast nearing a political crisis for want of some definite purpose actuating its parties. Republicans, Monarchists and Imperialists alike have been moved by the thought of the hour, rather than by a steady purpose.

The Irish question is the old contest between principle and policy. The Tory policy of coercion seeks to make law the expression of force. The Liberal policy of Home Rule seeks to make it the embodiment of principle. The issue is not uncertain. Fidelity to principle must conquer cringing policy. Soon Ireland will rise from her thrall and shake from her tattered garments the dust of centuries, while the shriek of the evicted peasant will give place to the song of freedom.

But turning to individual life, how striking the array of grand characters who first have conquered their own spirits, and thus equipped, have gone forth to make their lives tell upon the world! Who would say that the life of Arnold Von Winkleried was a failure, or his death a wanton sacrifice? Breaking from the ranks, he opens wide his arms and presses to his breast a sheaf of Austrian spears. But that was the decisive moment in a battle which won for Switzerland an enduring peace.

Europe's great religious reform was the growth from one man's planting. And does it not approach the miraculous that one man could shake to its very center a religious system whose bulwarks were ignorance and credulity? A system which palsied the hearts and consciences of its devotees. Devotion to duty was the secret of that power, which challenged the admiration of statesmen and the fear of kings.

England had her Bacon and her Pitt. Bacon, outraging justice and the honor of his official station, received a bribe, and spent part his declining days in a felon's cell. But Pitt, ever faithful to the fortunes of his country, did more than any other man to make Britain the mighty empire she is. By so doing he made himself a conspicuous figure in the galaxy of the world's statesmen and placed his name among the foremost of the good and the great.

But not they alone who have led a conquering host, or swayed a Parliament, have won the victor's palm. In the humbler spheres of life the same story is repeated. The gurgle of the martyr's blood, like some weird voice, has spoken into being the cherished institutions of our civilization.

Garfield said: "I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost." And so it is. The crucial test of history will tell the enduring results of a deed done at the behest of duty. Although, like the soldier of the Appian Way, its influence may lie buried beneath the debris of gathering years, yet one day it bursts upon the world as a ray of hope to buoy some fainting spirit, as a beam upon some shadowed soul.

And all along the course of time principle has been a victor. And while fidelity's moulding influence shall be read along the shining track of the ages, yet it yields a present reward. For from every burning heap which frees a martyrs's spirit; from every turf warmed by a patriot's blood; from every couch where the last thought of devotion kisses away the soul of a dying mother; from every spot where death consecrates a life, there burst forth voices which swell into a paean of victory. And as that soul mounts aloft on wings of light, the sweet consciousness of duty well done lights up the face with a last smile like the footprint of an angel.

H. C. S.

THE SERVICE OF SONG.

Art must win its way by ministering to life. Besides the mere bodily needs, humanity has an evil nature to be overcome, a mind to be stored with ennobling thoughts, and a soul to be filled with love to God. Whatever helps to supply these needs renders a most noble service to life. It was Victor Hugo who said, "The beautiful is as useful as the useful, possibly more so."

That there is beauty in song, none will deny; that there is usefulness, some may.

The Greek mind discovered and appropriated its power in issuing laws and upholding reforms. "Fortified by its celestial harmony Apollo dwelt among the gods; Minerva spread light and wisdom among her worshipers; Arion with his lovely voice charmed the very fishes of the sea, and Homer himself attuned his lyre to its rythmic flow."

At the beginning of the second Messenian war Sparta was in great perplexity. The enemy threatened destruction from without and all within was dissension. At this critical time Terpander, one of the founders of Greek music, was sent for. He came, and sang. The effect was remarkable; men burst into tears, enemies embraced each other, and the dissension was at an end.

And what an effect it has upon the baser passions of men! Who can doubt that many suffering hearts, black with sin and ready to curse God and die, have through one stray song of paradise, been led to repentance? "It has remanded to their dungeon more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more theiving sorrows, than there are sands on the sea shore."

The hymn sung by a mother to her child may in after years be the voice that will call him from ruin. An American gentleman once travelling in Japan, in his wanderings alone through a strange city happened into a gambling saloon, much frequented by travelers. As he stood within the room his attention was attracted towards two gentlemen playing at a table near the door—gentlemen apparently of education and refinement, but now devoted to the vice of gambling. When the game had ended and they were about to begin another, the elder of the two being engaged shuffling the cards, the younger leaned back in his chair, and, apparently unconscious of his actions, began to sing quietly the well-known hymn:

> "One sweetly solemn thought
> Comes to me o'er and o'er,
> I'm nearer my home to-day
> Than I ever have been before."

The older gentleman's interest in the cards seemed to cease, and, as the younger proceeded, the sadness on his countenance deepened, and he bent forward listening intently to every word until the singer, still unconscious of the effect he was producing, ceased. "Where did you learn that?" the older gentleman asked eagerly. "Oh! I heard it in America," the younger answered. To the mind of the elder it seemed to recall vivid pictures of a better past, and, throwing down the cards, he rose from the table, saying, "I learned that song at my mother's knee, and, with the help of God, I renounce henceforth my evil practices and devote what is left of my life to the services of Him of whom my mother taught me."

What good has been done in the world through one such work as the "Oratorio of the Messiah?" Thousands of people have by it been elevated and ennobled and led to seek the "Messiah" of whom Handel sang. Aside from its direct influence enough money was raised by its rendition to build the Orphan's Home in London.

Jennie Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, while in this country gave fifty thousand dollars for benevolent purposes, so that through

her sweet singing many poor and suffering ones were comforted.

Before the Civil War the general enthusiasm of the time caused men of poetic natures to break out into song. These songs had a powerful influence in shaping the sentiments of the people, in giving an impulse to the cause of freedom. Whittier sounded the call to duty and chanted anathemas against slavery and all its forms of cruelty. It was said of him, "There are few men living who have done so much to operate on the public mind and the conscience and heart of our country as John Greenleaf Whittier. When the great scroll shall be unrolled exhibiting the benefactors of our race, we shall see written alongside of Guttenburgh, Columbus, Washington and Grant, a galaxy of names no less brilliant, consisting of Haydn, Wesley and Whittier.

The songs of a country are characteristic of its manners. The fiery and romantic intensity of the Spaniards, the frivolity of the French, and the languid sentimentalism of the Italians are all apparent in their songs. A statesman has said he cares not who makes the laws so long as he can make the songs of a people. So long as the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home," are heard from one end of our land to the other, anarchy will not reign over us.

In the sixteenth century there lived a man, the influence of whose musical life and example upon later generations can hardly be overestimated. He placed song next to theology, and see how he used it in the spread of the gospel! Luther's enemies claimed and confessed that more of his converts were won by means of his songs and music than by means of his preaching.

On down through the histroy of the Christtian faith we see what a powerful accessory if was. Those who oppose our missionaries today accuse them of using song in order to attract the people. How often has the gospel as sung proved effectual, when as spoken it seemed powerless.

"And aided by his blessing,
The song may win its way,
Where speech had no admittance,
And change the night to day."

Song has ever been used in the service o praise to God. Through it we are enabled to express our love and thanksgiving to Him. The sweet psalmist of Issael wedded his prayers to melody. One of these will excite a man to devotion more certainly than a logical discourse. It has led the sinner to repentance, it has brought the Christain nearer to his God, and has been a solace and comfort to him in his sorrow. It has healed the brokenhearted and bound up his wounds. It has given courage to the weak and weary. It has poured balm and consolation into the hearts of poor widows and crying orphans. It has sent dying soldiers gently to their rest, and comforted those left to mourn.

Song heralded the coming of the Savior, for at his birth the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And it will go on in its triumphal service until the mighty host of the redeemed are gathered in heaven, where they shall sing forever and ever "the song of Moses and the Lamb, saying great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

MARGARET T. KING.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM—A REPLY.

MR. EDITOR:—Please permit me to reply to the malignant charges made against the South and the Southern people by Mr. J. R. Millin in his paper on "The Negro Problem."

In the first place he calls the eloquent speech, made in Boston by Mr. Grady, a short

time before his death, "un-American." Either he knows nothing of the character of that speech, or is rendered incapable of comprehending its truth by the blinding force of his prejudices. He says: "The doctrines of the Declaration and of the last Amendments have no place in the Southern head or heart." I denounce this as false, absolutely false! and the product of a brain totally ignorant of history, blinded by prejudice, and filled with bitter hate towards the South and the Southern people.

All know what the South has done and is still doing. The patriotic leaders she has placed before the world, and those she is now sending out, let the actions of these speak for themselves. They are sufficient to convince any thinking man of the fallacy of Mr. Millin's statements.

The condition of the negro in the South, if true as given by Mr. M., is lamentable, and the "horrible" "barbarities" (?) practiced upon them by the people of the South, would be deeply pathetic if they had any foundation whatever. He would have his readers believe that the Southern people (except the negroes) are barbarians, wanting in all things that belong to a cultured and civilized people. No doubt that in himself alone he sees that delicate refinement, that high cultivation, that refined culture, that modest elegance, so wanting(?) in the Southern people, and so essential to good society. Perhaps it would require but a slight stretch of his fertile imagination to conceive himself to be the embodiment of all virtues, the great "light" (?) to "lighten" the South, and to pluck from her eyes the scales that blind her to the practice. Brother, "Remove the beam from thine own eye" before you attempt an operation on any one else.

And yet he asks, "who is my neighbor?" Surely not the people of the South, for on them he heaps every abuse his malignant brain can suggest. Who then? It is a question we would all like to have satisfactorily answered, and we await the echo.

Right glad I would be to see Mr. M. prove his faith in the "amalgamation process" by his works. Let him choose as the wife of his bosom a buxom negro maiden, ladened with perfume of the roses (?), and the aroma of lilies (?); let him impress on her ruby (?) lips (don't think her nose will interfere at all, it is too flat) the kiss of holy wedlock. Then and not till then will we believe that he is sincere in what he says.

In the name of society, in the name of all that is sacred and holy, can the omnipotent Father, even in his infinite greatness and long suffering, look without contempt on such things? Should we question his power to pronounce a curse, or to do what seemeth to Him good? Shall we, poor worms of the dust, try to transform races that he has made? "Hath not the potter power over the clay," or was the curse pronounced against him meaningless? And can we remove this curse by the so-called "amalgamation process?" We answer *no*, but rather would we bring that curse on ourselves and our children.

Mr. M stoops so low as to drag in the Holy Writ to sustain his foul argument, quoting: "If it be of God ye cannot overthrow it." We answer, if it be of the Devil, or one of his imps, it will overthrow itself as soon as a few fanatics are called to their final reckoning. For the good of the North and South; for the good of the whites and negroes, and for the good of society and religion, we pray that their departure into the great unknown may not be unnecessarily delayed.

Let us not forget the words of that immortal hero, uttered with almost his dying breath, "Let us have peace." Well did he know the fierce attacks that would be made against our fair land by narrow-minded fanatics—"things" unworthy of the name "men," whose aim is to separate the North from the South, when

the desire of all *true* men is that there shall be *no* North, no South, but one undivided whole.

Let us bear and forbear and all work together for the strengthening of our glorious Union, trusting in that Power which shapes the destinies of men and nations to lead and direct us.

J. WM. MCCLUNG.

Liberty, Miss.

CRANKS.

Through the influence of popular usage within the last decade, the word "crank," by an unaccountable, and doubtless unwarranted, use has come to mean something more than a lever with which to turn a grind-stone or a corn-sheller, and has acquired another signification almost synonymous with fanatic. It is used to designate those persons who are very ardent in any line of work which they undertake, and who carry their hobbies to such extremes that they and their hobbies both become obnoxious.

These peculiar individuals are to be found in every clime and in all conditions of society, engaged in movements as diverse as the dispositions and inclinations of those who are their originators; however, those who espouse certain causes which affect morality, religion or education are more influential than manual laborers.

The distinguishing characteristic of the crank is, that instead of endeavoring to make the most out of existing circumstances he establishes an ideal state of things to which he thinks every one should conform.

He poses as the great reformer of the time in which he lives, and may be seen in all public places advocating his views in stentorian tones, supplemented by such sweeping gestures that one, at the first impulse, would think him more of an adept in the "fistic" arena than on the platform. By his intolerant zeal and bigotry he brings odium upon measures which he advocates and which may be laudable in themselves, and in this way so excites public indignation against them that their final triumph is delayed. This was true of the Puritans. Either as a result of persecution or because of their extravagant and fanatical dispositions, they rendered themselves unnecessarily distasteful to their sovereigns. King James VI of Scotland, before his accession to the throne of England, had been a Protestant; but on account of the pertinacity with which the Presbyterian theologians asserted against him the rights of the synod, after his coronation he was intent upon the restoration of Episcopacy, which he accomplished. Indeed, it may be fairly concluded that if the Puritans had not been so aggressive and had endeavored to promote their reforms by the method of substitution, King James would never have proclaimed the "Divine Right of Kings," at least not with so much persistence, and that the religious persecution which followed might have been largely averted. Hon. Jeremiah Black, whose keen insight and integrity could not be disputed, said to a friend a short time prior to his death, that the landing of the Pilgrims upon Plymouth Rock was one of the most unfortunate events in the history of our country. However extravagant this statement may have been, it doubtless contained a great measure of truth; because it is an historical fact, that these people, by their hypocritical demeanor and by speaking through their verses in "holy tones," excited a great amount of prejudice against their reforms.

Another peculiarity of the crank is, that although he is a great agitator of reforms, when the time comes for a final test he falls into obscurity, and the sober-minded individual takes his place. As to what the solution of the slavery problem would have been had the southern States not precipitated war by secession, is a matter for mere speculation, but there is no doubt but that awful conflict was hastened by the injudicious actions and extravagant views of the extreme abolitionists, yet when the awful crisis came, singular to say, none of these extremists wielded the potent influence, but that man whose distinguishing characteristics were sober-mindedness and a tender regard for the interests of all parties concerned, was found at the helm to guide the Ship of State through that awful voyage with such triumphant success that the name of Abraham Lincoln became immortal.

The crank does not give his undivided attention to matters of State, but is equally as perseverant either in religious reforms or in his attempt to solve the great problems which affect capital and labor; especially does he aspire to prominence in the former. This would certainly be gratifying if he were a person of such a character as to give credence to a cause, but as a rule, on account of his injudicious methods, he only brings them into disrepute, because his religious zeal and phraseology are in an inverse ratio to his religious knowledge, Unhappily the church at the present stage of advancement is not free from such obstructionists. They establish some ideal plane of morality to which they think every one should ascend, but which is incompatible with existing conditions of society, and then call upon the church to aid them in securing the enactment of a law conducive to the desired end. She, lest she may be accused of not being in sympathy with reforms, espouses their cause and supports it until public opinion stamps its disapproval upon it in some unmistakable manner. The result is that the influence of the church is proportionately decreased in the eyes of the world.

Cranks are also zealous labor reformers By one master stroke of the legislative power they would forever settle the disputes which have always existed between capital and labor. In other words, they would recreate men, endowing them all with equal powers, and would have the millenium come long before the preordained time.

Because of the nature of their case, there seems to be little hope for these benighted people. They learn nothing from the rebukes which public opinion heaps upon them, because it is their ambition to be martyrs to it. Either because of having heard of the martyrs of old, whose virtues have been extolled through all the succeeding ages, or by interchanging cause and result in those words of our Saviour which say, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and shall persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake," they seem to think that if they are opposed by a majority then they are persecuted, and consequently are enlisted in a noble cause. It is a grievous folly. Public opinion in this enlightened age is the greatest reformative agency in existence. True it is that majorities have erred, but it is not a logical conclusion that the opposition of a majority necessarily implies truth in the tenets of the minority. What the world needs specially under republican forms of government is calm, considerate men, who carefully weigh consequences before taking decisive action in any important project. D.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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APRIL, 1890.

OUR ball club is striving to make arrangements with some of the colleges for games to be played at Pittsburgh during the intercollegiate contest. Go on, boys. Do everything in your power to make this movement a success. Strive to cover Westminster with glory.

THE elocution class conducted by Miss Shontz is in every way a success. A great number of our students are making strenuous efforts to obtain some knowledge in this master art. This is a step rightly taken, although it should have been taken long ere this. It is a fact so well established that further argument is not necessary, that in every institution which makes any pretensions of being a college there should be a privilege granted to the students of achieving some knowledge in elocution. The movement made this term should be so encouraged by faculty and students that never again would Westminster be without a competent instructor in this line. Students go to college to wear out their small clothes and put on those of men, to fan that spark of oratory which slumbers in the bosom of every individual into a furious flame. Where is the orator without grace? Where is the orator without the nicest articulation and delivery? Nams a single orator whose soul is not a glowing ball of enthusiasm. There can be no orator without these requirements? Where is the place to develop these essentials? We answer, the first, the best place is at college, for when life in reality comes too many other cares command the attention.

SINCE contests are the order of the day it might be asked why the ladies' societies of Westminster do not have them annually. The question is much more easily asked than answered. Possibly it can be accounted for by the unassuming and retiring dispositions of the ladies themselves, but the more probable reason is, that until recently they have had but one society and have consequently been unaccustomed to matching their champions.

Now we might ask, why should they not have them? To this there seems to be no good answer. In fact all the considerations are on the other side. A contest creates a spirit of emulation which cannot but help both societies. The members are thus led to take a greater interest in them and become more enthusiastic in working for their welfare. The pecuniary part of the contest is no insignificant one, especially if the society happens to be much in debt. But the chief benefit is the stimulus it gives to literary excellence. There is no doubt but the average member will prepare a performance more carefully in a society which holds contests than in one which does not. We do not mean nor dare to assert that the

performances of the societies mentioned are of an inferior quality. Far from it. But we believe (and isn't it reasonable to think so?) that their standard could and would be raised were the ladies, to contest. So, ladies what's the matter with a contest?

It is surprising to hear the criticisms in reference to the Carnegie Free Library. One fault finder will say that Mr. Carnegie could have made a better disposal of his money if he had donated it to the needy poor; another complains that it was built from a purely selfish motive—that of perpetuating his name; another finds some defect in its management, which Mr. Carnegie could have remedied had he but made the proper provisions beforehand, and so on. Some people never get tired of criticising. It seems to be chronic with them and it is worse than the chronic rheumatism, for while the latter makes only its victim miserable, the former reaches out to other people also. The purest angel that ever dwelt in heaven could not manipulate affairs to suit such persons. Why don't they look at the bright side of things? Why don't they commend Mr. Carnegie's generosity without doubting his sincerity? Wouldn't it be charitable to cover up his mistakes, which relatively are very insignificant, by the beneficence of his donations? If it was a selfish motive which induced Mr. Carnegie to donate his $250,000 for the public good, our opinion of such motives is not so bad, and we would like to see some more such selfishness practiced by other capitalists.

At the last meeting of the board of trustees the curriculum of the college was somewhat changed. The present Scientific course was lengthened one year, making a four years' course in the college classes; and another course was introduced, known as the Literary and Music department. It is about the same as the present Scientific course, except that music is an elective and can be substituted for one of the college studies. This change will, no doubt, meet the approval of all. Those who do not wish the classics, but who desire a four years' course, can now have it in the sciences. If they prefer a shorter course, the Literary and Music department is open to them. It can safely be said that the college is in better shape than ever to meet the wants of students, and we hope that a goodly number of new ones will come in and test things for themselves. But to vary the subject a little, we might say that the college is a progressive one, and that new departments *might* yet be formed. Judging from the quiet marriage of Prof. Swan to Miss Duffield—both of the class of '86—last vacation, we might infer that he, for one, would be in favor of a Matrimonial department. How is it with the rest of you?

The inter-collegiate contest between seven of western Pennsylvania's colleges, which is to come off the last week in May, is everywhere hailed with delight. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and other western States, have for some time had such contests, and it has been a matter of regret to Pennsylvania students that the Keystone state should be outdone in this particular by her western sisters. And so when the challenge was sent, the colleges were ready to accept. The contestants for this year will, on account of the briefness of the time, labor at a disadvantage, but, however, the contest promises to be a great affair—a model in literary and oratorical ability. Some of the colleges have already chosen their representatives by taking the successful orator in society contest. Others will select by means of a preliminary contest.

But, however the representatives may be chosen, each one will have a man for the occasion. It is needless to say anything about the advantages of such a contest, every one knows what they are. But there is one thing which we sincerely hope, and it is this, that the man who "gets there" will be the one who wears the largest hat, and not the one, as occasionally happens, who carries the fattest pocket-book.

MUSIC NOTES.

—On account of the increase in the music department another piano is needed. A Fisher Grand has been ordered.

—This term, three graduating recitals will be given; the first in about a week, by Mary Johnston, instrumental, Jessie McNaugher, voice; the other two, one by Hattie McLaughry, instrumental, Lizzie Gibson, voice; the other by Lizzie Gibson, instrumental, Will Campbell, voice, will be given later in the term.

—The pleasant weather of the fall and spring terms which usually has the effect of lessening the number of music students has this term failed to detract any from the steadily increasing interest in the musical department of the college. Both a number of the old students have increased their hours and several new ones began. More than one hundred and sixty lessons are given each week.

—Edward Baxter Perry, the blind musician, on Tuesday evening, the 8th, gave a Piano Lecture Recital in the parlors of the conservatory of music. The program throughout was of the highest standard and was heartily appreciated by the audience. A peculiar feature of the entertainment was the prefatory remarks to each selection, in which an interpretation of the author's idea was brought out, together with some history of the composer's life and times. As a speaker Mr. Perry is easy and graceful in style and diction and wins interest in advance for his performances on the piano. It is here he takes the highest place, aiming rather to bring out the emotional element than at mere mechanical execution. He succeeds in overcoming the sense of the performance by awakening in his audience a sympathy with the composer's thought. The following is the program :

Chopin	Sonata, op. 35. Introduction and Allegro. Scherzo. Marche Funebre. Presto.
Schumann	Warum.
Rubenstein	Barcarolle, G Major.
Rubenstein	Staccato Etude
Liszt	Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.
Wagner-Liszt	Spinning Song from Flying Dutchman
Chopin	Polonaise.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Hazing is now the rage.

—In Germany students fight duels.

—The new gymnasium at Yale will cost $200,000.

—There are 850 colored youths attending Hampton Institute.

—A National Press Association for college papers is contemplated.

—The expenses of Harvard last year amounted to $947,437.

—The average age of those who enter college is seventeen years.

—Twenty-two American colleges can date their beginning before 1800.

—Ten colleges were founded in the United States before the Revolution.

—Twenty-one graduates of the University of Michigan are in Congress.

—At a mass meeting Dartmouth raised $1,200 to be given to base ball.

—The Columbia college library is said to be the best managed in the world.

—Eastern colleges are paying a great deal of attention to boating this term.

—More than 100,000 students are attending American colleges and universities.

—Argentine Republic has two universities which rank with Harvard and Yale.

—Ohio has more colleges than any other State in the Union. Pennsylvania comes second.

—The Senior class at Lafayette has decided to wear the cap and gown at the coming commencement.

—The Presbyterian Wealaka mission school in the Indian territory was destroyed by fire recently. Loss, $40,000.

—The life-saving crew of the Northwestern University, Ill., lately saved eighteen lives from a wreck on Lake Michigan.

—Mr. Simon Tandes, Indianapolis, Ind., has given $50,000 for the erection of a fire proof library for Wabash college.

—Yale has agreed to row the famous champion eight-oared crew of the Atlanta Boat Club, of New York, in the spring.

—The Yale crew can now, by the aid of a mirror, watch themselves while rowing. They can then see their faults and correct them.

—The Babylonian explorers of the University of Pennsylvania have secured 3,000 tablets which will soon be brought to the university.

—The oldest living graduate in the United States is now nearly ninety-eight, graduating from the University of Vermont in 1813, at the age of twenty-one

—Prof. H. A. Howland, of Johns Hopkins University, has been made a member of the Royal Society of London. There are only two other American members.

—Contracts for the building of the Methodist college at Sioux City, Iowa, have been closed. It is to be known as the University of the Northwest. Endowment fund, $300,000.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Archie Hope was in town on April 5.

—R. L. Hay, '86, has declined a call from New Florence.

—W. S. Patterson, Esq., '74, Pittsburgh, died March 18.

—R. W. Donald, '89, Logan's Ferry, was here April 2.

—Prof. Thomas Moffatt, '89, of Sunbury, was here March 17.

—E. L. Porter, '89, Allegheny Seminary, visited here March 15.

—Rev. R. B. Taggart, '65, Pittsburgh, was in town the first of April.

—Rev. C. H. Wilson, '84, Sag Habor, N. Y., returned home March 20.

—Rev. N. L. Heidger, '84, has tendered his resignation to his congregation.

—Rev. J. B. Rickets, '87, has been called to the Logan's Ferry congregation.

—R. W. Dunn, Esq., '67, assumed the duties of mayor of Franklin, April 7.

—Rev. R. A. Gilfillan, 74, Trutle Creek, has an urgent call from Ottawa, Iowa.

—Miss Jennie Wilson, '87, graduated at the Chicago Medical college, March 18.

—Rev. S. M. Black, '68, preached in the Ninth church, Philadelphia, March 30.

—Miss Franc Donalson, '87, having finished a successful term of school, is at home.

—Rev. Joseph McKelvey, '63, occupied the pulpit of the Second church March 30.

Rev. A. H. Elder, '59, Cleveland, O., is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

—Rev. J. A. McCalmont, '74, has resigned his pastorate of the Newton, Iowa, congregation.

—Dow Aiken, '85, a pominent young lawyer, is a candidate for district attorney of Bellefontaine, O.

—At Angel's Heights, Cal., March 19, Mr.

D. Clark Morrison, '87, and Miss Elva B. Galbraith.

—Rev. D. S. Little, '67, has been elected vice-president of the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—Rev. J. R. Brittain, '63, Chicago, recently received as a present from his congregation a purse of $200.

—Prof J. A. McCracken, '89, has been retained at McElwain Institute, New Lebanon, for another term.

—Prof. W. H. Dodds, '82, principal of the Allegheny High school, was here the first of April visiting his daughter.

—Rev. J. A. Alexander, 86, occupied the pulpit of the First church, April 6. He preached an excellent sermon.

—Rev. S. R. Gordon, '74, Pittsburgh, has been elected alternate delegate to the Presbyterian General Assembly.

—Prof. J. N. Swan, '86, and Miss E. J. Duffield, '86, were married at the residence of the bride's parents in Kane City, March 19.

—The new church edifice of the First U. P. church of Buffalo, N. Y., Rev. R. C. Dodds, '80, pastor, will be dedicated during the meeting of Assembly.

—J. P. Whitla, '86, was elected principal of the Greenville High school to fill the unexpired term, the principal having resigned. J. N. Martin, '83, loses his law student for a short time.

—Among the graduates at the Allegheny Theological Seminary, March 25 and 26, are: J. B. Rickets, '87, D. F. McCalmont, '87, J. S. Hill, '87, S. P. Barackman, '87, R. P. Allen, '85, J. A. Alexander, '86.

—Rev. D. R. McDonald, '81, has commenced his labors as principal of the Norfolk Mission School. There are nearly four hundred students in the school. H. W. Moore, '86, is an instructor in the institution.

—A Happy Meeting at Pittsburgh.—The banquet given by the Alumni Association of Westminster college at the Hotel Schlosser, on March 27th, was a grand success. One hundred and eight persons enjoyed this happy meeting. Nearly all the guests were graduates of the college. Dinner was served in the best style, the large banqueting hall and tables presented a very attractive appearance. Tropical and rare pot plants were used in decorating the hall and table. The following toasts were announced and responded to: "The Past of the College," "The Future of Westminster," "Our College Town." These were responded to by Dr. Hervey, Rev. D. S. Littell, S. C. Donalson, Esq. Other toasts were responded to by Rev. De Whitt Benham, Mrs. P. F. Crawford, Miss Sarah M. McElree, Reid Kennedy. J. Q. A. Irwin and others. Remarks were made President R. G. Ferguson. ex-President J. K. McClurkin, President J. D. Irons, of Muskingum college; Judge McMichael, of New Castle, and others. Miss Stella Swartwood and Prof. T. M. Austin furnished excellent music. Space fails to speak of others who were there. An effort will be made by the Association to have annual dinners hereafter.

—A challenge to oratorical combat has been received from the Western University. The challenge was accepted. An oratorical association was formed by the two male literary societies, and W. R. Dickson, Allen Graham, Thomas Trimble, G. W. Bovard, R. L. M. Alter, C. G. Jordan, were elected as contestants for the honor of representing the college at the contest, which will be held in Carnegie Library Hall, Allegheny, Pa., May 29. The The Western University, Allegheny College, Geneva, Thiel, Grove City, Washington and Jefferson, and Westminster are the members of the league.

—On which side of a donkey would you look for the most hair? On the outside.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Which way?

—The craze—blouse waists.

—The first and last thing—elocution.

—"O, where did you get that hat?"

—Ask Scott how many fish he caught.

—What makes Miss I. R. look so happy this term?

—"A new broom sweeps clean," and so does a new store.

—Miss Doyle's sister, Anna, visited her at the Hall last week.

—Why do maiden ladies wear mittens? To keep off the chaps.

—Miss Whissen gives fifty-six instrumental music lessons each week.

—In what ship are many of our student friends sailing? Court-ship.

—Prof. Austin gives 112 lessons in music and voice culture each week.

—The genial, well-known face of Prof. Fankbonner is again seen on our streets.

—285. Let the good work go on. Harvard, look out for us! "We am a comin'."

—Why are ships always called "she"? Because the rigging is worth more than the hull.

—Have you seen the latest in the line of "full dress suits?" If not, call at the laboratory.

—R. L. Ralston, '90, who left school last term on account of sickness, returned this week.

—The eighth wonder—that the spinsters of the village failed to assist Prof. S. in his late departure.

—Miss Shontz gave a recital in the Second church on the evening of April 10. It was well attended.

—J. thinks there will be room in the town for the rest of us when the Seniors go home for Senior vacation.

—Miss Mary Johnson was absent April 7th, attending a reception given by her and Mrs. J. J. Pierce, of Sharpsville.

—C. M. McKelvey is principal of the Independent Academy at Fort Palmer, Pa., with fifty students in attendance.

—If the chimerical young lady named Maud Harvey would materialize she might get a letter by calling at the P. O.

—James Alexander, '86, preached in the college chapel Sabbath evening, April 13. Westminster may feel proud of him.

—C. W. Eldredge, '91, and D. P. Smith, '92, attended the Y. M. C. A. district convention at Beaver Falls, April 11-14.

—For the benefit of those who are not provided with high power microscopes, we state that Alter has shaved off his mustache.

—Huey, '88, is in town frequently, but not to visit his alma mater. He is more loyal to other interests in another part of town.

—Prof. to Junior: "When did Paul begin his second missionary journey?" Junior (with self satisfied air): "Fifty-one B. C.

—Judging from (dis) appearances at the breakfast-table, a brisk morning walk is as good as pickles for sharpening the appetite.

—Several new tennis courts are in course of preparation. Evidently it will supplant base ball in the mind of the youth of Westminster.

—The all absorbing topics among the Seniors: Senior party and graduating outfit. Are you sure you will need the suit this year?

—Prof.—"Does the question embarrass you?" Student—"No, sir; the question is quite clear, it is the answer that bothers me."

—Hood searches long for a lost umbrella and finally finds it at the Hall. We wonder if that can be where so many "lost" umbrellas go.

—Trust the girls for taking care of themselves. They were not going to allow their fun to be spoiled by that "horrid lamp" on the porch.

—We see by the *Globe* that 285 students are now in regular attendance and quite a number of students are out for the spring term who will return next fall.

—They say there is to be a wedding in town about commencement, which will concern very nearly one of the graduating class, —as well as the town people.

—Jahu De Witt Miller will deliver his famous lecture on "Love, Courtship and Marriage," in the college chapel, April 16. This is the last lecture of the course.

—The class in botany are getting a double dose of the science this term. Prof. Thompson has charge of the laboratory work and Prof. Fankbonner of the recitations.

—"A man shoulders a great responsibility when he takes a wife." He does: but it is nothing to be compared to the "little responsibility" he may have to shoulder a year or so later.—*Ex.*

—The Freshmen have adopted class colors —crimson and black—and will sport light colored soft hats soon. Waken up, ye Juniors and Sophs; go ye and get some style about you likewise.

—Will Robertson, '88, the famous corneter, surprised his many friends by his sudden appearance among us. We hope soon to hear the strains of "music in the air" as in "ye olden time."

—Anyone having fifty dollars ($50) to dispose of can find as much as he wishes in the the line of C. M. (chicken meat) and M. J. (mulberry jam) at the 2nd table, Ladies' Hall. —*Communicated.*

—Craig and A. B. Smith, J. Q. Hamill, W. L. Scott and E. G. Bailey are good "Mickeys." Orders should be left with the President (Craig), who guarantees swift work and satisfactory prices.

—Two gallant seniors sat in a cart sunning themselves at the edge of the campus the other day. But when the fair one appeared they fled precipitatly, allowing her to untie her horse herself. Boys, you will go out into the cold world in a few weeks. Look out, some one may bite you.

—If the Pittsburgh papers don't want their reliability seriously impeached they had better stop publishing the Don Quixotic telegrams they receive from friends (?) of the college at Wilmington, Pa.

—We thought Prof. F. was the proper kind of a man when he remarked that he would give us a "clean record from this time on," but, sad to say, it was only a slip of the tongue quickly corrected.

—Facts are facts, no matter how much one wishes it otherwise. So in spite of the press it was twenty-five dollars ($25) and not twenty-five hundred dollars ($2,500) which was given for the benefit of Westminster.

—Prof. Thompson has the model of an instrument for measuring the growth of plants almost completed. These machines heretofore have been imported and are expensive. It is unlike the imported ones in several particulars.

—McClure goes into a Pittsburgh music store, when the following dialogue ensues between the would-be purchaser of an oratorio and the clerk: McC.—"Do you have the 'Messiah'?" Clerk—"No! he does not stay about this establishment." Sequel: hasty exit of McClure.

—What this college needs worst just at this time is some arrangement whereby "moon stricken" couples can meet after church. The agony depicted on some of the boys' faces as they in vain tried to overtake their fair ones the other evening after services was heart-rending even by gaslight.

—Hood and Alter have organized a base ball club at the ladies' hall. List of players and positions as far as learned: Hood, pitcher (he has all the "shoots"); Alter, catcher (he never misses them. Oh, no!) Misses Doyle and Junk have not yet been assigned positions, but are doing "great work with the stick" and

give promise of becoming good "heavy hitters."

—The following persons have entered as new students: Miss Hazen, Greenville; Miss Galbraith, Leasureville; Miss Clingin, New Castle; Mr. Thompson, New Bedford; J. G. Allison, Fleeger; W. B. Campbell, Coultersville; J. G. Wilson, Prospect. Old students who are back to finish up: Miss Purvis, Mr. McCormick, W. H. King.

EXCHANGES.

The *Washington-Jeffersonian* contains an excellent article on "reading the newspaper."

The *Vidette*, from Claverack, N. Y., makes its first visit to us this month. It contains much interesting matter arranged in a neat and pleasing form.

The system of grading is receiving an extra amount of attention at present. The majority of our exchanges present arguments against the system. The *Pharetra*, however, impartially gives both sides a hearing.

The *University Monthly* contains, among other interesting matter, a good article on mind culture. In this article the oft forgotten distinction between mere memory training and the culture of the intellect is clearly set forth.

The last number of the *Censor* contains the announcement of its inability to enter on another volume, owing to financial embarrassment. We hope that ere this the difficutly may have been overcome, and that it will continue to visit us.

The *Acamedian*, taking offense at a criticism in the Geneva *Cabinet*, devotes half a column to ridicule and abuse of that paper; its language is, to say the least, unparliamentary and uncourteous. Although the criticism may have been too severe, still, the *Acamedian* is unjustifiable in its attack, not only on the *Cabinet*, but also on the college represented by it. It is also in direct violation of that spirit of journalism which recognizes criticism as one of the most important aids to success.

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THE HOLCAD.

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LIFE'S MIRAGE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE HOLCAD.]

We gaze into the future with an eye
Of sweet expectancy, hoping that years
Hold for us untold pleasures such as lie
In Fancy's realm—all sunshine and no tears.

And Hope, the soul's sweet sister, whispers low
Of how the coming years are fraught with joy.
Unburdened by the weight of coming woe,
And filled with happiness without alloy.

Far out upon the sea the sailor boy
Yearns for a happy circle hid away
Among New England's hills, his dearest joy,
The hope that brightens and begniles delay.

The brilliant beauties of the autumn scene
Are present ever to his eager eye,
Mingled of crimson, russet, gold and green,
Yielding the voice prophetic—all must die!

He sees his mother stand with open arms,
To kiss her benediction on his brow,
As if to shield him from all rude alarms
She almost seems to hover near him now.

At home once more! The very air grows bright
With quickened memories of hours gone by,
When all were gathered round the glowing light
That burned upon the hearthstone, bright and high.

The scene has changed—his vision was a dream.
Home joys had fled e'en as a story told.
His honored father has crossed Jordan's stream,
His gentle mother sleeps beneath the mold.

And such is life. The aged man will tell
How short the time has seemed since he was young
And full of vigor; how high hopes would swell,
And o'er the future years bright visions flung.

And are we gliding down the stream of Time,
Reaching for baubles strewn along the shore,
Turning a closed ear to the voice sublime
That tells of perfect rest forever more?

Our memories are immortal; let us aim
To fill them with earth's rarest, purest lore;
Seeking for mental gold that ne'er grows dim,
But glows with increased lustre evermore!

CANTON, O. —OLIVE SWARTS.

HISTORY AND GOD.

It was a scene in the metropolis of France —"sunny France," it has been called— but that day there was no sunshine. There was gloom resting on the broad and usually smiling countenance of heaven. There was gloom veiling the chaste and roseate beauties of the morning. There was a deeper, deadlier gloom-cloud hanging around the spirit— shrouding, like a death pall, the heart of almost every metropolitan.

Enough was discernible in the moving faces of the thronging multitude to indicate that they had gazed on scenes of blood till every feeling of humanity had frozen and stiffened! The horrors of revolution had congealed that natural and spontaneous flow of kindness and affection which God starts in every rational creature at its birth. There was something in the strange grimaces and shouts of the maddened populace, as they dragged out victim after victim to the fatal guillotine and saw them die, or, as they crept stealthily to their secret garrets, and trembled lest their names would head the death-list of the coming day—something that spoke plainer and louder than words, and talked of the withering effects of civil war upon the human heart.

Hark! What's that. Those startling yells of seeming triumph that the breeze wafts from the Tuilleries—what are they? Half human —half demon! They seem like the toneless voices of mortals whom scenes of horror hath made devils of, and who are just merging back into the semblance of humanity again! Ha! in their wild clutch they are carrying another victim. A man? Yes, he wears the form; and yet, if that hideous face tells anything, it tells that, for a long time, within that human form a fiend has made its habitation and looked out through its portals! See how he curses and writhes and shrieks, as they drag him to the place of execution!—the *Place de la Revolution.* The executioner tears a bandage from the victim's fractured jaw. Hot blood gushes forth and sprinkles the garments of the by-standers. His face drops upon his breast. One loud, horrifying shriek of agony that pierces heaven, is answered by the hisses and execrations of the whole multitude, and with the falling death-axe that crime-darkened spirit is wandering to the judgment-bar of the Almighty. A poor peasant approaching the mangled and still quivering form exclaims: "*Oui, Robespierre! Voila un Dieu.*" "*Yes, Robespierre! There is a God.*"

Yes, that was the corpse of Robespeirre, the imperator, for a time, in that dark drama. That scene was the closing scene of the "Reign of Terror." A sword, swung by the frenzied hand of Anarchy, had, for a time, been waving over France—plucked again and again from the nation's own bosom—dripping with the life-blood of her youth and beauty—reeking with the gray haired murders of her fathers and mothers, 1,200,000 human forms bent beneath the death-stroke of the fatal guillotine. Louis Capet had been dethroned, and, with his sweet Queen, Marie Antoinette, cruelly condemned and executed. Monarchy, indeed, had fallen, but in its place a power had arisen worse, a thousand times, than earth's worst tyrannies. Heaven daring impiety had crowned a reckless and degraded female, and worshipped her as the "Goddess of Reason." Goddess of Reason! Aye, there was a feast of Reason! There was a feast of boastful, glorious, immortal, Gospel-rejecting, God-reviling human reason; and yet with a more irrational and stupid piece of mulish mockery this old earth never was disgraced! The hideous doctrine had been enunciated, "A Deity is supposed to be the highest order of crystallization." A tragedian at a church, on whose tombstones he had read, "Fear not for death

is an eternal sleep," carrying this thing to the farthest stretch of profanity, stood up and said, "God! if you exist, why do you not avenge your injured name? I bid you defiance. You dare not launch your thunders! Ha! you see he remains silent. Who believes, after this, there's such a thing as a Deity?"

That wild and profane taunt had been answered. The slumbering vengeance of the Omnipresent had been flung back upon a guilty people. Israel's sweet singer had sung centuries prior to these scenes in regard to just such infidels, "Their sword shall pierce their own heart." And it did. Leader after leader—the first and second triumvirates—Marat, Danton—one after another had fallen in their own mad broils; and at the scaffold of the last tyrant, that man stood up and said, "*Oui, Robespierre! Voila un Dieu!*" Yes, there is a power higher than the will of monarchs, stronger than the might of warriors, that rules and guides the destinies of men and nations! There was a fact that France denied. It cost a million of her sons to learn it. But she did learn it. And it is a fact that has yet to be taught the world's historians—*there is a God in history.* A remarkable fact is that histories have been written of events as though they formed a kind of moving automata, dependent on no controling cause beyond their own action. What would you think of a man describing the wonderful powers of the human hand? "There is a hand, which, when it grasps the sword, nations tremble for the impending stroke. When it is held aloft in debate or war the mightiest results depend upon its fall." But in describing that hand he came no farther back than the elbow. He forgot that back of that hand, moving that arm, giving that hand all its power for deeds of heroism or noble daring, *there is a soul.*

Well, just that silly thing has been done by historians. They have forgotten that back of circumstances and events—back of ordinary antecedents, there is an immediate power that "moves the hand that moves the world." They forgot that God is the soul of history. Yes! The Spirit of Jehovah is still moving on the waters of time. His hand yet drives every ship of State that's driven. And it requires no supernatural vision, in tracing histories of all nations from the beginning of national existence, to see that He has been driving them to a converging point. Distorted, and warped, and mangled as events do seem, you can see an invisible and yet fearfully propulsive power moving them, like the radii of a circle, directly towards the culminating point. And the shakings so visible in the nations at the present day indicate that it is not far distant. And what is that point! Why, it's a time in history when the constitutions of nations shall be based upon eternal Bible principles! When the host trampled banner of liberty shall flap higher than the dark flag of oppression. When man shall stand as God made him to stand—free, unshackled, beneath the breeze-fluttered pennant of the free!

S. N. Moore.

PLAYGROUNDS.

Nearly all living creatures have their playgrounds. Even nature seems to have reserved these for herself. Sometimes, perhaps, a lonely valley, hidden from the sight of man, but adorned with all her beautiful works; or, maybe, some solitary hillside where there are only

> "Rocks and lonely flower leas,
> Playgrounds of the mountain breeze."

As man is the highest type of all mere

animal life, so his playgrounds have the greatest significance. Each one of us can look back to a playground. In some of our minds there arises the picture of grassy meadows. We see again the wild flowers dotted far and wide, and seem to hear the whispers of the long grasses as they bend with the passing breeze. Others of us see a long stretch of sand and remember how the waves came dashing in as old ocean reclaimed for his own again our sunny playground with its forts and castles. Others of us again made our playground beside some mountain stream, a flat stone by its side formed a resting place, and there we built miniature lakes, tall ferns overshadowed their banks, and water-wheels of sticks and leaves echoed the songs of the birds.

As we grew older our playgrounds have had less of a material character. Our mental faculties, as they have been aroused, have demanded their playgrounds, and very often have usurped our material ones. A book may become our playground, or perhaps we allow ourselves to be carried away on some visionary scheme of happiness. Our playgrounds thus become somewhat indicative of our true character and natural inclination. Where do our thoughts fly when free from restraint? There we find our mental playground. Our thoughts may return to our daily work, and in that case we find in it our playground. To the great mind it is a delight to ponder over the thoughts of other great minds; to the artist, to visit new scenes, or to meet some other artist; to the naturalist, to wander up and down the hills listening to the songs of birds and watching the busy squirrels. As in childhood we wandered from one playground to another, so we do in later years. The ocean of memory comes dashing over them as we leave, and there is left only a beautiful memory. '92.

ABBOTSFORD AND NEWSTEAD ABBEYS.

An author and his surroundings, like a landscape painting and its background, are inseparable. The mind naturally associates the author with the man; his writings with the incidents of his life and place of residence.

When Shakespeare is mentioned, one's mind recurs at once to Stratford-on-Avon, the humble birthplace of the "myriad minded" poet and dramatist. The name of Burns recalls, not alone the illustrious bard whose songs have thrilled men's hearts, but the "Ayrshire plowman" as well, as he lived close to nature's vibrating breast and observed her smile or frown. The mention of Gladstone recalls, not so much the "Great Commoner" who exercises more than kingly prerogative, as the "Grand Old Man," the idol of society, as he lives in the retirement of his home in Hawarden Castle.

With somewhat the same feeling one regards those grand and historic piles, Abbotsford and Newstead Abbeys, places almost as famous as the authors that there resided—the enduring monuments of their greatness—Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott, and Newstead, that of Lord Byron.

These illustrious poets lived in the same age, but there is little similarity between him who, by his wierd verses and romance, was called the "Wizard of the North," and the "grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme," who, by the suddeness and splendor of his career, blazed meteor like for a while, to fall into the blackness of the darkling void. Both descended from noble families, were reared in the lap of luxury. But how different that early training, which was to leave its imprint on the character of each! Scott's ancestors belonged to

those "border families" which he, as the minstrel of the North, has forever rendered famous. Born of indulgent parents and amidst the bleak and rugged scenery of the North, his surroundings were the best—such as served to keep pure his vivid imagination and to fire his poetic genius. Byron's ancestors were degenerate, tainted by murder, debauchery and all their attendant evils. The son of a passionate sire and more passionate mother, his education made him the toy of those violent extremes so apparent in his character. He was either all love or all hate, all joy or all sorrow, either gay or cynical, humble or proud, sensitive or apathetic, benevolent or misanthropic, either a Christian or a sceptic, the friend of society or its foe. Whatever his condition, the passion of the hour swept down upon him like a mighty tempest, and the copious wellings of his heart flooded forth good and evil impetuously.

Scott and Byron lived on the eve of a literary revolution. The shackles which had fettered the poetic genius of their precursors were about to be broken, and the rules of classic verse to give way to the dictates of a poetic era. Their verses knew no restraints. Scott was romantic, and he had painted other ages with a charm that will never fail. Byron has told his tales with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Scott's genius was versatile, and as a biographer, a novelist and a poet his fame ranked high. Byron's genius was uniform, limited to poetry, and poetry of a single kind. Scott's imagination was wide, and his graphic delineation of character was as varied as the classes and conditions of men. Byron's imagination was narrow, though lofty, and throughout his works he has painted but one character, and that character himself, grand, gloomy, solemn and impressive. His writings are his own joys, his own sorrows, his own travels, hardly transformed or modified. Scott's writings are pure, and it might be said of him that he "uttered nothing base." Byron's writings, though abounding in passages of delicacy and tenderness, are by the general judgement of mankind decidedly pernicious. Both endeavored to reform the vices of men. Scott unmasks their faults, and that not rudely. Byron chastises them, and that sternly. Scott, the sympathetic, kind and benevolent, was by his conversational powers the idol of society. Byron, the gloomy, despairing and proud, was by his vices a social leper, a pariah so despised that ladies left drawing-rooms when his presence was announced.

Both excelled in description. Scott's strokes are strong and vigorous, Byron's few and bold. Scott is grand, Byron sublime. Scott's descriptions show a deep love and reverence for nature. By his power he has clothed the hills and braes of old Scotland with a glamour that never fades. So vivid is his portrayal that one imagines he sees the scenes described. There are

> "The mountains that like giants stand
> To sentinel enchanted land.
> Aloft the ash and warrior oak
> Cast anchor in the rifted rock."

Here, again, is the verdant heath, where

> "Boon nature scatters far and wild
> Each plant and flower, the mountain's child."

Byron gives to his descriptions the color of his character. He breathes his feelings into verse as he describes those wondrous Alps:

> "Above me are the Alps,
> The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunder bolt of snow!
> All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
> Gather around those sumits as to show
> How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

True, the writings of these two illustrious men are not now as popular as once. Our age is practical rather than aesthetic. But the muse of poetry has written high on the scroll of her admirers the names of Scott and Byron, and future ages will revere them long after Abbotsford and Newstead Abbeys have fallen by the wrecks and ruins of time. C. S. M.

LANDLORDISM IN AMERICA.

Rome, once the greatest and most powerful nation on the globe, fell by reason of her landed estate. The early Romans had their public domain, of which they were exceedingly proud, and a free farm for everybody. So secure did they feel that it was not until the time of Lucinines could they be made to understand that there was such a thing as a land question. Gradually this law providing to every citizen a certain limit of territory as his own became submerged by the higher and wealthier class until all the land was owned by landlords and the tillers of the soil became tenants and slaves. Rome did not awake to her danger until the evil had so firmly taken foothold that she was powerless to reform it, and thereby the empire became one of millionaires and beggars. Then the commonwealth failed to prosper. The poor, unwilling to submit to the treatment of their landlords, took arms against them. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand," and on this fell the Roman empire. Is this the situation of America to-day? True, America has refused to avail herself of one of the most vital of the advantages she became heir to by virtue of her late entry into the family of nations, and to benefit by the sad experience of other nations in regard to the land question. It is diffiuclt to realize the extent to which the system popularly known as landlordism has gained footing on American soil, or the ignorance of American people in this regard. America seems anxious only to bestow her soil as completely as possible out of her hands and to leave the proprietors of her mammoth grants as irresponsible as absolute monarchs in the disposition of their own possessions. Even now agriculture, the pride of America as it was of Rome, is seeing her conditions revolutionized. The small proprietor is being transformed into the tenant at will. The small holding passing away and being succeeded by the large estate. However, for we may carry the parallel movement of America and Rome, we find the Americans no wiser nor fonder of freedom than the fathers and citizens of Rome. And how near to the course of Rome is America to-day! But as has been said, the Roman argument is not a convincing one; year by year the ghosts of republics, that hovered around the cradle of our nation with mute warnings of desaster since we failed to heed their example, have gradually vanished in the light of a better knowledge, that there is very little practical use in endeavoring to induce youthful, headstrong America to learn wisdom from ancient Rome. In a country where population is rapidly increasing as in America to-day, landholders should increase proportionately, but, on the contrary, they are rapidly on the decrease. As society develops, the large stock-range is succeeded by the farm, the farm of extensive cultivation by one of intensive, the grainfield by the market garden, and the market garden by the city lot.

We might take as an illustration of this the city of New York. The land there when inhabited by the Dutch was measured by acres and hundreds of acres, now by feet and inches. Then each family owned its own home. Now such an ownership is a rare exception. The lot once occupied by but one family now carries families tier on tier; where the ownership of a few acres once gave the proprietor opportunity to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, the ownership of a few square feet now enables him to live in luxurious idleness on the toil of his tenant. Thus, while the average sized holding in New York has greatly decreased, the prevalence of landlordism has greatly increased, and what has taken place in New York is going on along the frontier of America to-day. If we should take into consideration the farms of America, we would

find that not one-half of the tillers own the soil they till, but they are owned by men of capital. The old maxim, "He who by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive," has all been changed, for the growing class of farmers live in cities and never touch the handles of a plow. Indeed, such American farmers can be traced to their homes in London and Paris, thousands of miles from their estates. That the farmers who really own farms and enjoy free life are in the minority needs no census table to prove. As a people, our population is rapidly increasing. We have now practically reached the limit of our public domain, and whether in the eastern hemisphere or in the western, in the first century or in the twentieth, on the earth or on the moon, it necessarily follows that the ownership of land must tend to concentrate, and an increasing proportion of the people to become tributary to the rest. As this concentration increases, the value of land increases, and it becomes much harder to purchase. The landless as compared with the landed must steadily increase. Is there not practical comparison in anything Roman with anything American? Did not the wealthier class in Italy discriminate most unfairly against the poorer classes in regard to taxes? Is not the small farmer of the United States to-day taxed far more highly than the rich landholder? Were not the legislative, executive and judicial powers of the Roman government almost entirely in the hands of the wealthy land holders and money lenders, as is the case in our land to-day? Was not the ultimate power of making laws and changing constitutions for a long time in the hands of the Roman people, as the same power is in our hands to-day? If it was this that destroyed Roman civilization, is it not this that must destroy our modern civilization? For what happened in Rome and what came to pass even in Great Brittian has begun here. Human nature is the same in America as it was in Rome or is in Great Britian. It is not changed by the crossing of an ocean, and social laws do not vary with the meridians of longitude, nor are they suspended by written constitutions. Indeed, if American landlordism differs in anything from the worst Irish landlordism, it is due only to the fact that its pressure of population is not yet so great. Therefore, if it was this that brought such misery upon our mother countries, shall it not more speedily bring greater evils upon ours? For our life is faster, and obstacles to industrial changes weaker. Unless these laws be changed and our Government lay the ax at the root of all our social difficulties (for there lies social crime), our Republic shall surely fall as Rome has fallen. Yes, our nation has omitted to apply the most important of all social adjustments, the most fundamental of all human relations, the principal enunciated at the Declaration of independence: "That all men are created free and equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." Until this truth is regarded, our Republic is as a house built upon the sand, and our civilization must breed its own destruction.

WILL W. CAMPBELL.

THESEUS.

Mythology had not yet bowed to history when the hero of Attica was born. The criterion of ancient civilization was not a self-goverened state. The land destined to be the seat of the rising power in the East nature had fortified most carefully. On the first of her three boundaries mountain barriers stood; sleepless sentinels. The others, Aegean breakers guarded with ceaseless vigils.

Hillside and valley were covered with the

olive, symbol of peace in all ages, while the people were climbing rapidly the heights of civilization. But over all these gifts of nature hung the curse of man's neglect.

Years before, by fault of ancestors, a fearful beast, once harmless, but permitted life, had come to be a devouring demon. To satisfy his avaricious appetite the yearly tribute of Attica must be paid with seven of her strongest sons and seven of her fairest daughters. Each revolution of the earth brought grief to new households. Each year beheld the gates of Athens open and saw the little band of victims go forth to a fearful doom.

How often this human tax was paid we know not. At length he who was to stay the beast and free the land from servitude became a man. Of his own free will, leaving home and father, he offered himself a morsel for the fiend, determined to rid his people of their terror, and was successful. The strong blows of his well wielded sword stretched harmless at his feet the monster he had come to feed. Attica was free ; the monster was slain. Joy and gladness reigned supreme ; happiness beamed on every countenance at the glorious tidings. And, while the name of Attica was known, the name of Theseus was honored.

Cycles of time had since accumulated, witnessing the rise and fall of mighty nations, when a people, almost the antipodes of the Athenians, laid the foundations of a great republic. Colonies, at first dependent, grow to be independent nations. Villages develop into cities. Mighty forests bow before the ax of the pioneer. Fertile acres yeild willingly the treasures slumbering in their care for centuries. All seems prosperity. Future greatness seems already realized. The United States of future ages, the United States of past years a thousand fold magnified. But under all their glamour of national vigor which at first appears, a careful research reveals the presence of national disease, discovers national evil. Then the truth stands forth in characters of blinding brightness. America is under tribute too heavy to be paid.

Not seven of her youths, but ten thousand times so many is the payment she must yearly make. Each cycle of the globe an army of citizens go in at the castle gates of the inexorable master. Each year she must see the yawning tomb receive their bodies and listen to the creaking gates of hell as Satan throws open wide the entrance to his domain and welcomes in, with demoniac joy, the annual supply of souls gathered in by his agent, *Drink*. No day can dawn but new homes are devastated, fresh crimes committed, humanity outraged anew, and souls of men once pure forever damned.

Say not the monster, whose hunger can only be appeased by such and so much food, is harmless. Looking at his nature methinks the modern minotaur will not but die in a most furious struggle, and the modern Theseus must equip himself for the battle with the utmost care. The Herculean strength of a united people, the sword of popular suffrage, sharpened at the forge of educated public sentiment and wielded by the good right arm of constitutional law, alone can conquer. A Theseus such as this alone can free the doomed.

But can we boast of such a myriad minded hero! We believe him already a youth. Day by day brings evidence of his progress in strength and prowess. The deep breathed mutterings of the foe indicate his own forebodings of the final combat. Pulpit, press and rostrum emphatically proclaim the rise of his power, while the prayers and tears of bereaved thousands hasten on the day of conflict.

The power to be overthrown is great, but the time when America's Theseus can meet and slay America's greatest foe, each individual must help determine.

When at last the morn of victory dawns, the battle is fought and won, and the oppressor slain, a great nation will lay at the conqueror's feet the plaudits of an emancipated people.

The history of past victories for the right will be neglected for the record of new triumphs over wrong. And as the host, redeemed from the Stygian shores, marches into eternal bliss, a world will echo and re-echo heaven's blessing upon the redeemer of enthralled humanity.

When the name and fame of Theseus of mythology shall have faded forever from the minds of men, and have buried themselves deep in the fogs of the myths from which they sprung, the glory of the true deliverer of his fellow-men from death will continue on forever, made bright and ineffaceable by the munificent smile of an approving God.

His name, interwoven with the name of him who abolished human slavery in a less horrid form, shall be engraved upon the tablets of the human heart. The greatness of his deeds will be passed from lip to lip, and his praises sung by the united human race until time shall have merged into eternity. W. A. L.

"YOU IN YOUR CORNER, I IN MINE."

All living unity implies diversity, and just in proportion to the elevated type and significance of the unity will be the variety of the elements it comprehends. The higher the plane of action, the more intricate becomes the design. In the desert each grain of sand is exactly like its brother particle, and therefore is no organic whole.

All the life and beauty of the world is the result of the correlation of the earth and sky, of sea and land, of mountains and plains. All social unity springs out of the differences between man and woman, parent and child; men of thought and men of action; the men who produce and the men who consume.

No number of stones, however deftly chiseled, would of themselves constitute a great cathedral. No number of repetitions of the same musical sound would generate music. And always where the most perfect unity is effected it is the result of the greatest variety and complexity of parts.

This law holds good in all known forms of matter,—through all varieties of vegetable, animal and social organisms, and is most clearly demonstrated by the result of the commingling of the varied tastes and inclinations of men.

No number of individuals of the same temperament would constitute such a changing, restless, busy world as we know ours to be; and for that reason—lest in such a great universe there be continual jostling and quarreling—you must be in your corner and I in mine. And thus in one great whole we have many component parts. In unity we have diversity.

Before the mass of stone becomes the cathedral, time must be spent and labor expended. The architect must sketch the plan, the mason lay the foundation, chisel the flinty rock into shapely forms, rear the polished columns and lay the architrave before his task is done and the whole cathedral becomes one dream of beauty. In music we must have not one tone only, but many. Here a harmony, there a seeming discord. Now soft as the breath of a maiden's kiss, again powerful as the blast of a hurricane, until all the tones blend themselves into one grand, melodious symphony.

It takes man—"the riddle, jest and wonder of the world"—to make a complete world of this terrestrial orb. There is not one man to spare from all the teeming millions; each has a task awaiting him. We are born for a destiny higher than that of earth alone. No man has yet been born whose work was not born with him; and when he fits himself for it the work will present itself.

We, as students, have not reached our corner; but it awaits us, and we cannot be too well prepared for filling it. Until we gain it our grand business is not to attempt to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to *do* what already is at hand.

Michael Angelo will paint no more. Soon the brush of Munkaczy will tint the canvass for the last time. The world must have painters. Their corners await you. Talmage and Spurgeon will not always sow the good seed, and the corners they have filled will await occupants.

Already the step of the "Grand Old Man" grows feeble in the halls of England's Parliament. Time has marked with no gentle touch the brow of America's great statesman. Soon their empty corners will reproach you.

Not every corner glistens with earth's glory; some are dark, obscure and sad; but they must be filled, and you and I must fill them. Someone will seize Munkaczy's falling brush and follow in the foot-prints of Angelo. The dust of oblivion must not settle on the Bible whose leaves were turned by Talmage and Spurgeon. Already the front rank of England's and America's sons crowd upon the tottering forms and faltering footsteps of their aging champions.

While some may hold the reins of government, some must hold the check-rein and follow the plow; while some may hold the palette and guide the brush that paints, not for one kingdom or generation, but for all nations in time to come, others must daub the walls of the peasant's hut; while the eloquence of some may charm the civilized world, others must bear the highest commission ever granted to man into Africa's jungles and midst Greenland's snows.

Your corner may be small and dark and gloomy, but your existence is neither objectless nor in vain. You and I are the necessary links in the great chain of events from Eden's paradise to the unseen portals of eternity.

Then, as if by the magic of the enchanter's wand, the darkest shadows are transformed into beams of glory, the deepest woes into thrills of joy, as we remember that not even the angel Gabriel himself could fill your corner or occupy mine.

And do you think that the world that has been awed into silence by the gloriously blended tints of Raphael, Angelo and Munkaczy, thrilled by the burning eloquence of Talmage and Spurgeon, delighted by the pen of Shakespeare, Whittier and Longfellow, edified by the wisdom of Stevenson and Edison, will honor you for deeds less worthy? It may endure, but it will not bless. Never since the first stroke of Clio's pen has the world demanded so much of men as it does to-day. No slipshod, careless work will suffice now. The world expects to see your corner and mine filled with skilled, devoted men and women, active and energetic, honest and trustworthy. It asks no more and will be satisfied with no less.

Far away, beyond Atlantic's eastern shore, a cozy, antiquated village nestles among the hills. Its appearance is anything but prepossessing, yet the palaces of earth's great ones owe much to this secluded spot. If we were to enter one of the more pretentious buildings, we might see a number of men busily engaged in weaving different yarns and threads into a large curtain, itself seeming but a tangled mass. As each plies with deft fingers the brilliant threads, we observe that each has a separate task to perform. There we see the soft white light of a silver thread, here the glow of a scarlet yarn; there the yellow gleam of the golden skein, here the sable hue of the silken warp. Many ignorant laborers under the guidance of one skilled master. Hour after hour, day after day, they toil away, never seeing the beauty of their work. They view but the tangled ends, for the beauty of the picture lies on the other side. Yet from those dingy rooms come the tapestries that adorn the homes of kings.

There are more blind weavers than those of the tapestry halls. There is another, larger, grander curtain than those trifles on which men spend their hoarded gold. That indescribable, phantom like, mystical veil that forever hangs before us, vaguely separating the seen from the unseen, time from eternity. Before this veil you and I must take our places, slowly weaving our allotted corner in the infinite picture, blending the woof of pleasure and the warp of pain. Slowly we labor on, sometimes with a light heart, often with a heavy one. Weeping in the shadow, laughing in the sunlight. Here we only see the tangled ends, but somtime the curtain shall be lifted for us, and we shall pass from darkness into light. Then perhaps we may be allowed to view the beauty of the complete picture from the other side. And when this curtain leaves the loom, when all the weavers shall assemble before the great white throne, when time shall end and eternity begin, may you be in your corner, I in mine. A. L. R.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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MAY, 1890.

THE college authorities have lately purchased fire escapes for both the college building and the dormitory. This was doubtless a wise investment. To provide for the safety of persons who might be within in case of a fire is certainly right. Hundreds of lives destroyed by fire could have been saved by such escapes. But while we strongly approve the action in providing these escapes, we sincerely hope that a fire will never require them to be used, either at the college or the dormitory.

THE lecture, "Three Days in Salt Lake City," delivered here by Dr. Ferguson, May 1st, was both interesting and instructive. It is a detailed account of what he saw and heard while stopping for three days in the city of the Mormons. It pictures life among the Mormons as he beheld it. It was written and delivered in that entertaining style which is characteristic of the doctor. As a lecture we would recommend it highly, and we hope that in the future many more persons will have the pleasure of hearing it.

THE question of deepest interest to-day in Westminster, and we believe to all the alumni, is the one in regard to reinstating in the Adelphic Society, regardless of any precedent, and not in accordance with the Adelphic constitution, the men who almost two years ago voluntarily withdrew from the society. These men who were once members of the Adelphic Society, first tried in every possible way to crush the society, tried to obtain permission to establish a new society, and in the influential paper, the Pittsburgh *Leader*, from time to time, articles have appeared full of intended insult to students and faculty; yet with all this, before their eyes was always written the word "failure." But a decision replacing these men in the Adelphic Society was a surprise to all. It threw the entire school into anxiety; the societies questioned the use of their constitutions, the reinstated men questioned how this law was to be enforced, and for aught we know are still questioning. The members of the Adelphic Society simply maintain the privilege of receiving members in the manner stipulated in their constitution, and believe this nothing more than just. Standing on this foundation they have positively refused to admit members in any other way.

"CLASS spirit" is now beginning to show itself more prominently in Westminster. To be thoroughly convinced of the fact one needs but to notice the harmonious colors lately adopted by two or three of the classes and to listen attentively to the "sweet, low" strains of the class-yell, the effects of which will thrill even the most unsympathetic soul. To be present on an occasion when class vies with class, each sustaining its own yell, is extremely inspiring. Class spirit is something for which Westminster has never had much use. Socially it mattered little whether a student was a Senior or a Freshman. Whatever his class he had the rights of a student and no more. The Senior, because he was such, did

not demand that the Freshman should do reverence to his superior dignity. They regarded themselves as on equal footing. It is highly desirable that the relations existing between college students should be such. Class spirit may be very harmless, or it may be injurious to or even frustrate these ends. So long as it merely creates a pride in the class, holds it together in the prosecution of its laudable plans, and stimulates a friendly rivalry between the different classes it will be productive of much good by keeping things moving in a lively, business like manner; but whenever it so degenerates that it leads the Senior to look down upon and domineer over the Freshman it is no longer commendable, and is the source of a strife disagreeable to both parties. Such a condition of affairs does not necessarily nor naturally follow "class spirit," but thus it culminates only when it is allowed indiscriminate sway.

THE question as to whether or not college examinations should be done away with has of late been receiving much attention in the college journals. It has been discussed both *pro* and *con*, but the majority seem to favor no examinations. This is a very natural conclusion for the student so often thus tortured, to reach. But aside from all prejudice there are grave objections to final examinations at least. Although it may not be true in all cases, yet we believe that in the majority of studies they are practically useless. In the first place it is scarcely possible to put the work of a whole term into one brief examination paper. Much of it must necessarily be omitted. To the student such an examination on the one hand means a review of the whole work, not a systematic, thorough review, but simply a "stuffing" or "filling in" process which enables him to put in a good paper, but which he forgets the next day; on the other hand it gives many a student who shrinks from such an extended review a plausible pretext for inventing and using those "memory jogging devices" which have found their ways into every examination room. Whatever may be said in favor of such examinations, they certainly come far short of accomplishing their intended mission. But all examinations are not open to such objections. There is one kind we favor, and it is "frequent examinations" during the term, held at the option of the professor and not announced beforehand to the class. They can thus be made more comprehensive, because of their limited extent, and the student, not knowing when they will occur, is likely to keep up his review so as to be always prepared. If we are opposed to final, we would also oppose the abolition of all examinations. If the student feels sure there will be no examination, the universal experience is that he will study simply for the recitation and will soon forget waht has gone before. Frequent but brief examinations of the kind we favored we think would be the remedy for this.

WHO will be first honor man, is the oft repeated question as senior vacation approaches. But the question is soon answered and the curiosity and anxiety manifested by different persons has subsided. The one who through four years has toiled so faithfully now reaps the reward. But what member of the class will be first man in fifteen years after all have been struggling with the realties of life, is not yet answered. Though the fact that one is first honor man does not stand in the way, yet it often happens that commencement day is the summit of his success, and he is outstripped by one whose class standing has not been nearly so good. This, however, should not be an argument against good honest work in college. The man did not fail because he was first honor man. There was other reasons. To be first honor man will not make one succeed afterwards, but the education of such a one does not

prevent him from making through industry and determination an eminent success.

The question of studying the classics is one frequently commented on. It has its supporters and opposers. The two classes of men are like two travelers standing on the bank of a mighty stream. Both say, sublime, wonderful. One, aroused by curiosity, starts for the source. He marks the gurgling fountain whence it takes its rise. He notes its many tributaries, comes down until he finds his fellow traveler still wrapped in wonder. These two men launch their boats in this mighty stream. The one, acquainted with its waters, sweeps on in triumph, the other, ignorant and suspicious, is floundered by the rushing current. Thus it is with two students. The one studying classics goes back and stands by the gurgling fountain of Homer, notes the tributaries of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Dante, Bacon, and of every other, until at last he sails on the great Amazon of thought, serene and triumphant. He who scorns classics is ever in doubt, never firm, and likely to be drowned any moment. The classics are the one true source of all learning. No man is educated without them.

—Senior motto.—"Do the work before you." Senior colors———? Senior yell—The Seniors have not yet adopted a class yell, but are assiduously practicing on a peculiar combination of sounds. It is supposed that they intend adopting it as a yell. We cannot express it in type, but if you ever heard those long eared animals, so much used for hauling coal cars, etc., bray, you have it as well as it can be expressed. The yell is given with a *natural* inflection and sound that is, to say the least, wonderful.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Yale refuses to race with any college but Harvard.

—The new boat house at Harvard is considered a great success.

—The academic course at Harvard has been shortened one year.

—Cornell's new library has a shelf capacity of 475,000 volumes.

—The Harvard subscriptions to the Delphi fund amount to over $1,000.

—North Carolina is agitating the organization of an oratorical association.

—Williams college has received a donation of a law library of 15,000 volumes.

—Prof. William Hyde Appleton has declined the presidency of Swarthmore college.

—The University of Michigan will erect a new law building next year to cost about $200,000.

—The sum of $1,000 has already been subscribed toward building the new boat house at Cornell.

—Buchtel is soon to receive a legacy of $25,000 from the estate of the late Dr. W. H. Ryder, of Chicago.

—The students of Vassar are mourning the death of Miss Abby M. Goodwin, one of their lady professors.

—There is a movement on foot in the University of Pennsylvania to establish a chair of Irish language.

—Marietta is to have a new college for women, to be called Elizabeth College. It is to be sort of an annex.

—The Mohammedan college at Cairo, Egypt, is the oldest in the world. It was founded 800 years before Oxford.

—The National Library in Paris is the largest in the world. It was founded by Louis XIV, and contains 1,400,000 volumes.

—Prof. G. F. Magom, D. D., retires from the professorship of metaphysics at Iowa college. He has filled that chair for 26 years.

—Athletic sports are being very much agitated now by many of the colleges that heretofore have paid very little attention to them.

—Governor Campbell recommends the Legislature of Ohio to establish a department of Forestry and Mining at the State University.

—Bluffton, Ala., is to have a University which is to cost $1,500,000. It is to be 300 feet square, 7 stories high, with an interior court 200 feet square.

—In Russia there are 32,000 schools; in Austria, 29,000; in Italy, 47,000; in Spain, 29,000; in England, 58,000; in Germany, 60,000; in France, 71,000.

—Lake Forest is to have a new building which will be devoted to the use of the Christian Association. It will contain a gymnasium, a long felt want.

—Three of Illinois' students will make a tour of England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy this summer. They go for recreation and sightseeing.

—The Grand Viser of Turkey may close the American school at Constantinople, because he believes the young Turks get very liberal views about government.

—Prof. Richard H. Mather, D. D., assistant professor of Greek, Amherst College, died April 17. He graduated from the college in '57 and for a number of years has assisted his uncle, W. S. Tyler, who is now over 80 years old.

—Muskingum college is in a state of excitement. One young lady was expelled for dancing, while a professor was suspended for keeping company with a young lady student during study hours. The professor denies the charge.

ART NOTES.

—Miss Marian Crawford is painting a study of nasturtiums.

—Mr. Russell has just finished a dog lying on a wharf, in crayon.

—Miss Maud Chapin has nearly finished a difficult study of purple and white lilacs. The blending of the colors with the green of the leaves is tasty and unique.

—On the canvas of Miss Brice is nearing completion a low lying landscape; the water intermingling the near sky and ground, reflects the light from the setting sun, casting a red glow over the scene.

—A huge basket of pansies is the subject of a painting now nearing completion by Miss Clara McConnell. The blooms crowding out almost over the basket's edge present a natural and pleasing appearance.

—Miss Shontz is painting an ocean scene. In the foreground the waves dash against a huge jutting rock, breaking into white spray, while further out in the calmer water sails are seen. Somewhat threatening clouds nearly covering the blue of the sky completes one of the most picturesque scenes in the studio.

—Another basket, from which has just tumbled some luscious looking peaches and pears, has been nicely executed by Mary Stewart. What promises to be a tempting group from still-life is now before her canvas. A half emptied box of soda crackers, others of which lie scattered about, a water glass, &c., happily convey the illusion of a hastily left lunch.

—The "Old Barn" is the title of Miss Eva Andrews' study. This stands prominently in the left at whose side runs a limpid brook, pigeons and swallows fly overhead, while behind a grove, thick with underwood, shows at its edge wild flowers among the grass. A quiet and deserted effect is well portrayed by the whole scene.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, is an expert in playing lawn tennis.

—J. S. Hill, '87, and H. D. Gordon, '87, attended the Berry-Shaffer wedding.

—Rev. R. L. Hay, '86, was in town April 29. He goes to Muncie, Ind., for the summer.

—R. T. Campbell, '86, and S. G. Huey, '88, were licensed to preach by the Mercer Presbytery.

—Rev. J. B. Clapperton, '66, of Jersey City, has received a call from the Dexter, Iowa, congregation.

—Rev. J. C. White, '70, has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Hanover congregation, Presbytery of Chicago.

—Rev. M M. Patterson, '70, of Wilkinsburg, had twenty-three accessions to his church at a recent communion.

—W. J. Shields, '85, has been ranked among the honor men of the department of mathematics at Cornell University.

—Rev. J. A. Duff, '81, at Minden, Neb., is conducting a class of young men in systematic Bible study. He is loved by all.

—J. A. Alexander, '86, has preached several times in the Second church, and is well liked here. He takes charge of a church in Ohio.

—Prof. J. R. Millen, '84, of Knoxville college, has been received as a student of theology under the care of the Presbytery of Tennessee.

—J. S. Swogger, '89, is at home now from a winter's term of teaching. He expects to sell territory for his father's patent churn power this summer.

—W. R. Irons, '87, J. W. Elliott, '81, and James McNall, '87, are now full blown M. D.'s, having been graduated from the Jefferson Medical college, at Philadelphia, Pa.

—We are pleased to announce the marriage of Rev. W. J. Wilson, '73, of Callensburg, Pa., to Miss Mary Osborne, of East Lackawannock township, Mercer county, Pa., at the home of the brides parents, on May 7, 1890.

MUSIC NOTES.

—Besides the regular normal which is conducted here each summer, Prof. Austin is going to conduct a summer normal in music, continuing for five weeks and a half. This enables those who teach or have business elsewhere during the college term to pursue music in the summer. He also expects to have an advanced class in New Castle. Any wishing to take music this summer will find every advantage here.

—The three recitals for graduation were recently given at the Conservatory of Music The audience each evening was larger than is usual at such occasions. The music was of a high grade, and the programs throughout were well rendered. The first program given Tuesday evening, April 22, by Miss Mary Johnson, piano, Miss Jennie McNaugher, voice, was as follows :

Handel.		He shall feed his flock.
Dessauer.		To Sevilla.
		Miss McNaugher.
Beethoven.	Sonate, Op. 26.	Andante con Variazioni,
		Scherzo,
		Marcia Funebra,
		Allegro,
		Miss Johnston.
Braga.		Santa Lucia,
		Miss McNaugher.
Schumann.		Nocturne in F., Op. 23.
Weber.		Polaca Brilliante, Op. 72.
		Miss Johnston.
Grieg.		The Princess.
Lassen.		Romance.
Godard		On Board! On Board!
		Miss McNaugher.
Mendelssohn.		Concerto, Op. 25:
		Andante,
		Allegro,
		Miss Johnston.

Orchestral part supplied on 2nd Piano by Professor Austin.

The second, given Tuesday evening, May 6, by Miss Lizzie Gibson, voice, Miss Hattie McLaughry, piano :

Handel.	I Know that My Redeemer Liveth. (Messiah)
Gilchrist.	Heart's Delight.
	Miss Gibson.
Bethoven.	12 Variations on a Russian Dance Tune,
	Miss McLaughry.
Donizetti.	Regnava Nel Silenzio. (Lucia di Lammermoor.)
	Miss Gibson.
Chopin.	Nocturne, Op. 9, No 2.
Leschentizky.	La Source.
	Miss McLaughry.
Grieg.	Margnerite's Cradle Song.
Schubert.	Barcarolle. (A Water Song)
Lassen.	Thou Fairest Vision of My Soul.
Grieg.	Good Morning.
	Miss Gibson.
Billema.	Twittering of the Birds.
Rubenstein	Le Bal Polka. Op. 14, No. 6.
	Miss McLaughry.

The third, given Monday evening, May 12, by Mr. Will Campbell, voice, Miss Lizzie Gibson, Piano :

Mendelssohn.	On Wings of Song,
Rubinstein.	Yearnings,
Wagner.	Evening Star.
	Mr. Campbell.
Beethoven.	Sonate, Op. 31, No. 3.
	Allegro,
	Minuetto,
	Sherzo.
	Miss Gibson.
Handel.	Honor and Arms. (Sampson.)
	Mr. Campbell.
Liszt.	Canzone Napolitana,
Schumann.	Polonaise in D., Op. 2, No. 11.
	Miss Gibson.
Lassen.	The Poet,
Schumann.	Two Grenediers,
Jensen.	Old Heidelberg,
	Mr. Campbell.
Gonnod--Bonaivitz.	First, Piano Duet,
	Miss Gibson
	2nd piano,
	Prof. Austin.

—The college nine has been organized with C. E. Mehard Secretary and Manager, and W. S. Barnes Field Captain and Treasurer. Mercer came down to play on Monday (the 5th), but after a half inning had been played the game was called on account of rain. The club plays with Wash. and Jeff., also with the Western University club, on May 30.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Bangs.

—Gymnasium?

—* * Furs. * *

—Senior vacation began May 14.

—Go to Haley's for *Mike-a-doo* cologne.

—The Sophomores are now negotiating for class rings.

—They say that U. G. Marks is *Clingin* to a fond delusion.

—Why didn't Hube go to the Hall Friday night? Ask him.

—Prof. Thompson has photographed the senior chemistry class.

—The students in elocution gave Miss Shontz a handsome present.

—The Oratorical Association's coaches will go via the P. & L. E. R. R.

—The Y's gave a social the evening of May 8, at the home of Miss Popino.

—The genial face of J. Y. McKinney appears on our streets as of yore.

—The Misses Wilson entertained a number of friends the evening of May 3.

—Miss Day entertained a number o her college friends the evening of May 3.

—Dr. Ferguson gave the Seniors the usual Senior party the evening of May 13.

—In what respect is McG. like a jockey? Because he likes to loaf around *Barnes.*

—Miss Shontz leaves many friends among students and others who have known her.

—The ball club have ordered new uniforms. They will be made up of grey and maroon.

—"Evil is to those who evil think." Ask Eldrige about the occurrence in the Laboratory.

—Tennis is all the rage this season. The students keep eight courts full about all the time.

—R. L. Alter, '90, was called home last week by a telegram announcing the illness of his mother.

—Mr. Haley mourns the loss of a fine mastiff at the hands of some miscreant armed with posion.

—Could it be that G. could be so provoked that he would swear? Or did the wind contort his words?

—McMasters would like to have a few hours added to the day in order that he may secure sufficient sleep.

—Wonder if Thompson could draw a map of that place whose location he so earnestly sought last week.

—Prof. John Mitchell has been elected Superintendent of the Second U. P. Church Sabbath school.

—There is a gun waiting for the man who filled the water pitcher in the HOLCAD room with carbon oil.

McIntire was in town the other day for back examinations. It will be a cold *Day* when Mc gets left.

—Prof. Austin will instruct classes in vocal and instrumental music during the summer term of the normal.

—And now the Juniors are puzzling their brains to learn how to ascertain that a limestone *is* a limestone.

—The farmers had better watch their cabbage plants or the botany class will be after them for specimens.

—R. L. Ralston, who was compelled to quit school on account of illness, is back again among old friends.

—Did the photographer make so bad a mistake after all when he wrote Mrs. Dickson instead of Miss D———?

—Prof. to Smith—"Do you know anything?" Smith (glad to be able to answer one question)—"No sir!"

—Sacred acrobatic performances given by a skilled performer. Address W. W. Campbell for further particulars.

—Joseph Warden, who formerly attended school here and who now resides in Kansas, paid a visit to friends last week.

—Prof. McGranahan preached for Rev. McElree, who has been ill for some time but is now rapidly convalescing, May 4.

—Junior motto: "There are no flies on us." Junior colors: ———? Junior yell: (At present they use that of the Seniors).

—College yell—Hoo-ra-hee W. C. Rah-h-h (at least that is as near it as type will put it). College colors—Blue and white.

—Dr. Wm. Robertson has been home on a visit, and gave the different societies a sample of his skill as a corneter during his stay.

—Miss McDowell, of Grove City, is at the Conservatory taking a course in music. This speaks well for Westminster's music course.

—Will Campbell, '91, has a large class in vocal music in New Castle. He also has under instructions the Epworth M. E. choir.

—The Preps. have caught the color fever. Keep it up, boys! Westminister was not built as a museum for the storage of fossils.

—The Misses McLaughry and Gibson gave a recital for graduation the evening of May 6, the former "on piano," the latter "in voice."

—The next time E. cleans his coat with benzine he had better stay at home and not have the janitor hunting for leaks in the gas pipes.

—The telegraph is a great institution. Notice the free advertising Westminster gets in the Pittsburgh papers through its agency.

—Westminster will attend the coming contest in a way that shows that the only mummy we have is the one that slumbers in the museum.

—E. C. Little was surprised by a visit from his father and mother during last week. He happened to be pretty well out of mischief at the time.

—Dr. Bigum lectured in the College Chapel

Sabbath evening, May 4. Subject, "The Astronomyof the Bible." The theme was well handled.

—Are our Seniors "moonstruck?" Certain it is that they have been out gazing at the migrations of the heavenly bodies during some of the clear nights lately.

—Prof. Fankboner secured the position of assistant in the dissecting rooms of Rush Medical College by the highest grade on a competitive examination.

—Good rates have been secured on the railroads and quite a number of students have signified their intention of attending the oratorical contest at Pittsburgh.

—There is a great interest manitested in athletics this term, partly on account of the Field Day exercises which are to take place in Allegheny City on May 30.

—Soph. motto: "Each day's business in its day." Soph. yell: "To whit, tu whoo! Hellabaloo! Hurrah for the class of '92!" Soph. colors: Bronze, golden brown and pink.

—Miss Gibson and Mr. W. W. Campbell gave a recital for graduation at Ladies' Hall the evening of May 12. Mr. Campbell graduates in voice and Miss Gibson "on the piano."

—Miss Jessie McNaugher and Miss Mary Johnson gave a recital for graduation in the parlors of the Ladies' Hall, April 22. Miss McNaugher graduated in "voice" and Miss Johnston in "piano."

—Freshman motto: "If our legs give out we will fight on our knees." Freshman colors: Crimson and black. Freshman yell: "If our legs give out we will fight on our knees. Hurrah for the class of '93."

—Could the fact that Eldrige was at Eastbrook over Sabbath have any possible connection with the fact that a young lady was "so sleepy" the next Tuesday? Let us see: 2 and 2 are 4. "Guilty or not guilty?"

—It is not often you can tell a man "he feels too big for his breeches" without incurring the danger of his wrath; but the rare chance presented itself a short time ago, and was, of course, accepted by the boys.

—Since the Field Day challenge has been accepted some of our "crack" jumpers and runners have been training in a very moderate, modest manner, and we hope that Westminster may carry off some of the best prizes.

—Elliot (reading Anglo-Saxon)— "Lord Almighty; I can't read that." Perhaps in justice to the gentleman we had best state that he was not profane. He merely translated the first words of the sentence and expressed his inability to read further.

—In 1860 W. G. Spencer was one of the editors of the *Students' Journal*, a paper published by the Philomath Literary Society. In 1890, 30 years later, J. H. Spencer, his son, holds a like position on *The Holcad*. "History repeats itself."

—The same old advertisements of ready made "original" orations to be had for various prices are drifting round. We trust our students can get up their own orations and we know they can deliver them creditably. That much printers' ink wasted.

Dr. Ferguson lectured in the Second church the evening of May 1. His subject was "Three Days in Salt Lake City." He gave an entertaining, instructive talk, interpersed with those jokes, of which all who know him will agree that he is master.

—Wallace fled from the Society Hall the other evening to escape the speech usually demanded of seniors during their last night of society. He went to one of the ladies' society halls and found that it was "out of the frying pan into the fire." He had to make the speech.

—The new fire escapes are in position and we can now readily break our necks in escaping from the fire that may be. Now just one thing more we would like to see in this line,

and that is some contrivance whereby we may escape those other calamities—examinations.

—And now that athletics have taken a boom, how about a new gymnasium? Almost every other college of repute has one, and if we are to maintain a good athletic standing in the coming Field Days of future years, it is absolutely necessary that the old building be refitted or a new one erected. Why don't the O. Assn. take hold of it and make it come?

—While hurrying through a blinding rain storm a Cleveland young man saw an inebriated individual clinging to a lamp-post for dear life. "What are you doing in the rain?" he said, stopping a moment. "I'z waiting fer m' house to go by," answered the old soak. The gentleman took him by the arm and escorted him home. Once inside the door he turned round and said: "Shay, misher, whaz yer name?" "St. Paul." "St. Paul! shay so? Shay, Mr. St. Paul, did you ever get an answer to that epistle you wrote to the Ephesians?"

—The next time James Berry comes to this town he will please behave himself as befits an honored alumnus of this institution. James was to have been married at 2 o'clock, but the Clerk of Courts refused to grant him a license (on account of his wild looks, we suppose), and he was compelled to make an extra trip to New Castle before he could don the "bonds," and the way he drove that horse was quite a reflection on a young man educated for the ministry. But the clouds drifted away at last and "Jim" was made happy about 4 o'clock, leaving via Pulaski the same evening on an extended tour.

—If Edward Bellamy's hero had wakened up in the chapel the evening of April 29, he would have been fully as much puzzled to tell whether he was in Japan or America, as the author represented his being, after his long nap, to tell whether he was awake or still dreaming. For there the Japs held high carnival. It was the eve of the marriage of the daughter of Fee McLee to Chang See and the whole Canton had been invited (for a quarter) to witness the ceremony. If space permitted we would be glad to give a full account of the proceeding, which lasted one hour. Misses Seley, Semple, Spencer, Stewart, McKee, Kraeer, McFait, Wallace, Ferguson, Edwards, Reed and Chapin, and Messrs. Dice, Smith and McClymonds participated in the protrayal.

—Epic poems should be brief. How is this for example?

CANTO I.

Boy.
Gun.
Joy.
Fun.

CANTO II.

Gun.
Bust.
Boy.
Dust.

EXCHANGES.

The University *Courant* contains a number of interesting and instructive articles. It is better than usual in this department.

—The *Vidette* has shown unusual enterprise for a college paper in presenting an illustrated article on the Catskill mountains.

—The Bethany *Collegian* is quite patriotic. It has two articles on "The Federal Union, and What it is to be an American."

—"Yes," said Mrs. O'Flynn, "poor ould Dinnis! He got cowld in his chest, the docther said, and it was ploorality he doied av."—*Ex.*

—We note in the *Illini* an article on gravel roads. This, one might think, is a strange subject for an article in a college paper, but it is indicative of a wide awake spirit, one which does not confine itself to

its own sphere, but makes itself acquainted with those questions also which concern its fellows.

—ST. PETER(at the gate) —Well, who are you?

APPLICANT.—I'm Dr. ———, of Boston.

ST. PETER.—Sorry we can't admit you, but there is absolutely nothing for you to do; you see, we are immortal.—*Lampoon.*

—We never receive the Wooster *Collegian* without wondering why they don't get a more tasty cover and one in keeping with the character of the paper. Its general make-up is excellent, but the cover,—oh dear! If one were influenced solely by appearances he would never look inside of it.

—The Indiana *Student* contains an interesting article on the free text-book system. It also contains an account of a co-operative association, founded for the purpose of furnishing its members with books, stationery and other necessaries of student life, at wholesale rates. This seems like a good plan, and, if successful in operation, might be initiated to advantage by other colleges. Its working will be watched with interest.

—The current number of the Notre Dame *Scholastic* is, in our opinion, decidedly better than its immediate predecessor. It is refreshing, after reading so many chapel orations, which, of necessity, we might say, have a flavor of sameness about them, to read such a pleasing and instructive article as the lecture on Portia, the first installment of which appears in the current number. It contains two other interesting articles, on Tennyson's "Elaine," and the tariff question. The Oberlin *Review* also is to be commended for the same thing. The article on "Iago, the Villain," is worthy of special mention.

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THE HOLCAD.

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CLASS POEM.

REUNION OF THE CLASS OF '87. COMMENCEMENT, 1890

"With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears."

* * * * *

Once more we greet the well known scenes, what hidden memories rise!
As we view the dear old classic halls,—what is this dims our eyes?
We oft have trod the self-same paths, all thoughtless, blithe and gay:
We never prize the things we love until they pass away.
How eagerly our hearts go out to each familiar place,
Enshrined with sweet remembrances of by-gone college days!
The Campus with its sylvan shades which rang with noisy sport;
The august chapel where we once at least did "Hold the Fort";
The sombre recitation rooms where springs Pierian flow;
The dormitory on the hill where Cupid bent his bow;
And "Uncle John's," magnetic spot, which we in haste would seek
Whene'er we had a vacant hour, or wished to "skip" our Greek.
A thousand other treasured nooks, with memories sad and sweet
Appear; more valued, brighter far, than when our careless feet
Oft roamed among them; when we thought we were afflicted sore
That we must delve in sciences, and search for classic lore.
The College was against us, each professor was a foe
Who always tried to trip us up on what we didn't know:
We carried on the warfare fierce, right in the en'my's line;
If we could "cheat" a shrewd old "Prof." we thought the victory fine.
Ah, many are the errors of the blinded mind of youth!
It oft resists the kindest friend who points out paths of truth;
And golden counsel's rosy tint, in its unskillful eyes,
Seems more like dark and threatning clouds along the youthful skies.
Alas! we did not realize that Pleasure cast her rays
Of purest joy and gladness on those, our happiest days;
But now we're in the "wide, wide world," we judge with clearer mind.
The powers we thought despotic once, we recognize as kind.
Westminster was a friend sincere in every grief and joy:
A tender, loving counsellor to every girl and boy;
And all her sons revere her name, in every grade and rank;
We appreciate the virtue of the fountain where we drank.
We love our Alma Mater, and our bosoms swell with pride,
That we climbed the Mount of Wisdom under such a noble guide:
In splendor and in gorgeousness the "greater lights" may shine;
But in true worth and excellence Westminster's first in line.

And those who sway the seeptre of authority's high reign
Are remembered with affection now, howe'er regarded then;
And some of us have met with them, in solemn conclave stern,
At their imperative request,—and which we fain would spurn:
Twice ten demerits the result; from that dread presence gone,
We did not class them with "to agathon kai to kalon."
But more than one familiar face from out the group is missed,
Whom Memory's eye shall still retain when gray hairs have us kissed:
We miss our German counsellor, in letters wond'rous wise,
An ardent friend of all the boys; again the strains arise
Of "Lorelei" and "Tannenbaum," those old Teutonic lays;
And "Haben Sie gut geschlafen?" we still hear the well known phrase.
There is another who is gone, his face we cannot find;
And we recall with sad regret we treated him unkind:
He was one of God's noblemen, though unsuccessful when
Dispenser of Hellenic wealth,—"Kai Gar" we called him then;
A scholar great, in thought profound, the students' warm ally;
His pleasant face and kindly smile spoke treasures from on high.
Another absent countenance, we dubbed him "H Two O;"
He skilled us in the mysteries of the elements, you know:
He encouraged our athletic games, with loyal zeal would cheer
When the old club laid Geneva low, which strove to be our peer.
Withal a prudent, skillful guide to learning's royal state;
May success and honor crown his life, the boys' true advocate!
And all the other magnates high, both present now and gone,
Although they are not mentioned here, we think of them each one:
The genial Doctor, chief in power, who trained the intellect
In ethics; philosophic schools; the "Ego" to dissect:
And he in "Ars Poetica" who gave us such a drill:
In stature small, he was a Hercules in Latin skill.
But what is nearest to our hearts, in what we glory more
Than all the recollections of those happy days of yore;
Whose memory incites our souls like nectar come from heaven,
Is this united circle the old Class of Eighty-Seven:
Diverse in "college politics," dissensions then would rise;
But in this common brotherhood, we're bound with stronger ties.
And as we greet each welcome face, and see the well known forms;
The boys with mischief in their eyes, the girls with all their charms;
The present fades: old Time recedes; the veil that lies between
Has vanished as by magic, and we're back upon the scene.
Again we're in the class room and the grim "Prof." calls the roll;
Demands excuse for absent marks, and like the Curfew knoll,
"Sick, Professor," echoes 'round, the "chestnut" worn and slim,
But most convenient to keep deportment grades in trim.
We see the Doctor pushing back his glasses with a smile,
And tell a comic anecdote, the long hour to beguile;
And at its close, with one accord, we laugh and clap him, too:
Then Jim, our rough and ready Jim, most deftly takes the cue,
And boldly tells the Doctor one,—how readily it came!
In telling funny stories, Jim was "high, low, jack and game."
How we detest this analytics, monster grim and dread!
We pray for Greek or Latin, Hebrew,—anything instead:
Our prayer 's refused, we must succumb to this, our hateful bane:
May it become the direst pest in "Pluto's gloomy reign!"
How fast the scenes are changing! we are shouting Juniors now:
The care of dread orations is impressed on every brow:
We wait in secret fear, and in an apprehensive mood,
To hurl our Ciceronian powers on the dead-head multitude.

This year the conscript fathers, an old nuisance to abate,
That no more cows should roam at large, send forth the high mandate.
The day it takes effect, the structure 'round the campus reared,
(By some misnomer called a fence) has strangely disappeared;
And proudly old Westminster smiles, released from this foul dross:
I fancy eighty-seven helped her gain this welcome loss.
The days roll rapidly along, we're in the closing year;
The stately Senior rank portends the end of our career:
And now old Joe is leaving,—on the scene we cannot dwell,
How we tasted 'Obey's" dainties and took the last farewell.
A myriad reminiscences, swift passing, we recall,
Familiar scenes we once beheld, and chief among them all
Is Westminster's famous base ball club, with suits and hearts true blue;
The "terror" of the Mercer club, Grove City's "Jonah," too:
Oh, how they rage and fume about, and at the umpire swear
When Arch gets down to business and makes them "fan the air!"
And "Bill" appears, whom some among us held in high regard;
A friend who'd "stay with" those whom he that title did award.
He could play a better "second," and cover greater ground
Than even Pfeffer or Dunlap, or all the "stars" renowned.
But Time, the calm, resistless stream that waits for youth nor age,
Has borne us to the last sad scene, the embellished campus stage:
The day when we must say "Farewell" to sweet, sad memories past;
Commencement day of eighty seven is ushered in at last!
The final word is said, this serio-comic play is o'er;
The curtain falls on college life, the cold world lies before:
No more the chapel bell shall 'rouse from blissful morning cot,
To breakfast with exceeding haste, and seek the sacred spot.
When the stupor that comes over us with this most sudden change
Has passed away, we all in chosen ranks of humor range.
The choice of not a few has been the Gospel to expound;
With flowers of rare "glad tidings" to strew poor sinners 'round;
While others chose to teach the youth grand structures to erect,
The realms of Æsculapius another part select;
The majestic temple of the law has been the choice of some,
The halls where great Lord Mansfield trod, Lord Coke and Littleton;
The power divine that ordered "Let man's home his castle be;"
The grandest, noblest force that rules beneath heaven's canopy.
And now we've cast aside all care, and once more we unite;
Our first re-union, fraught with joy, when all the world looks bright;
We miss the absent ones, 'tis true, yet our hearts are filled with song,
For none have fallen from our ranks to join the silent throng.
But, soft! whence comes this sadness, or whence this shadow drear?
Where is the form that ranked with us until our Senior year?
The bosom friend of one of us, and loyal, true as gold?
Alas! he's called from mourning friends to the "Good Shepherd's fold."
Unconscious of the impending blow that soon will strike us dumb,
We wait for his recovery, and no misgivings come.
O, Death! thou hoary justice stern, wilt thou not stay thy hand?
But, no! "Prepare to meet thy God," issues the dread command;
Ah! well equipped he was to meet the last appalling foe;
But why cut off the choicest flowers while weeds abundant grow?
Methinks the Fates in raging mood, and vengeful, roamed abroad,
And vowed the first they met should fall a victim 'neath their rod:
Like as the Cretan monarch proud, returned from Ilion,
Impelled by his rash vow to Neptune, slew his only son.
Alas! the fleeting time glides by, so swift it takes the breath;
The knoll of each expiring year warns "One step nearer death!"

Thrice have we heard the dreadful sound ring out its sullen toll;
And it seems but only yesterday we reached the Alumni goal.
And, classmates, when we next assemble as we do to night;
When time begins to brand, and twelve more years have taken flight;
When the Twentieth century has come, and is swiftly marching on,
And Eighty-Seven meets again, how many will be gone?
But, stop! away with sadness now, this is a time for joy;
Let the pleasure of our first re-union be without alloy:
And may our future meetings be as free from cause of tear:
May one and all, both hale and healthful, briskly answer, "Here!"
O, thou, our Sovereign Ruler, as Thou kindly look'st from heaven,
Grant that each beloved member of the Class of Eighty-Seven,
Can say, when Time has crowned his head, while his heart is filled with song,
"Though frosty age sits on my brow, I lusty am and strong!"

Pittsburgh, Pa. —WALTER M LINDSAY

"THE HELLESPONT AND ITS MEMORIES."

[INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL CONTEST. SECOND PRIZE.]

There are places in every nation which history has stamped with peculiar significance. The memories which cluster around them have baptized them with immortality. Mt. Vernon would be almost unknown but for the name of Washington. The turning point of our nation's destiny will ever recall the victory of Gettysburg. Waterloo and St. Helena record the defeat and banishment of Napoleon. It is this association of events which has lent peculiar charm to the historic stream which bounds the western shore of Asia Minor. With it are associated scenes both mythical and real. Here the gods performed their deeds of heroism and renown. On this shore the swift-footed Achilles vanquished the chosen hero of Troy. But it is not with mythical history alone that the most interesting memories of the Hellespont are connected. Apart from the achievements of the heroes and the gods it is associated with events coincident with the lives of men.

It was upon this shore that the armies of the western continent gained their first decisive victory over the East. It was here that Julius Cæsar in his dreams of universal conquest located his intended capital. Considered thus in the light of the traditional and real, the Hellispont has occupied a pivotal point in shaping the destiny of the human race.

If we seek the proof of this 'tis not in vain. Thrice does the finger of history point with suggestive import to the Hellespontine shores. Three men have crossed its waters, each sent hither by the ruling passion of his soul. The first appears in mythical history! Across the stormy Aegean, accompanied by the chosen heroes of Greece, sails this man on his mission of revenge! 'Tis Agamemnon, king of men, seeking to avenge the wrong inflicted on his brother Minelais by Paris, prince of Troy. Incited by revenge he crosses the Hellespont and undertakes the subjugation of the Trojan king. For ten years that doomed city maintains the unequal conflict. The hostilities carried on for the gratification of revenge had blinded them to every appeal for sympathy. But the hour of victory must close forever that scene of conflict. Vengeance has crossed the path of justice! Death alone can pay the penalty.

From tradition let us pass to authentic history. The eyes of the world are again turned to this historic stream. A vast army

is encamped upon its shores! For three years all western Asia has resounded with preparation for war, and now, under the leadership of Xerxes, an assembled host of two and one-half millions await the command of this ambitious man. His object is the conquest of Greece. Between him and the European shore stretches the Hellespont, which again becomes an highway to gratify the passion of man. Crossing it he reaches Greece with an army from whose standards wave the battle-flags of forty-nine separate nations.

Surely here is an army that is invincible; an army whose limit of power is not only the conquest of Greece, but the subjugation of the world. But how different the fate of of this ambitious man! With due preparation he resolves to meet the enemy in the pass of Thermopylæ. Encouraged here by partial victory he advances to Platæ to renew the conflict. But his army, rendered vain by recent victory, wavered and fled. Never was defeat more complete and terrible. The crisis of his career was reached. He passed it not, but fell conquered by his own ambition.

But we turn to another conquest whose memories are also associated with the Hellespontine shores. The earth, sea and sky still combine for us the same landscape. But in other respects how different the scene! No contending forces, incensed by a spirit of revenge, are arrayed upon sea and land. No victorious legions are encamped here under the command of an insatiate leader.

Agamemnon and Xerxes have passed away. But another is here! His coming has not been signalized by the splenndor of battle-array. Yet he has undertaken the conquest of the world. And now silently advancing, on his mission of love, the great Apostle of the Gentiles rests in his triumphal progress upon this same poetic shore. Here, where the Persian monarch indulged his dream of universal conquest, St. Paul beholds in vision a man of Macedon, calling to the soldiers of the Cross, "Come over and help us." How striking the contrast! The same power that once led Europe to the armed conquest of Asia was the first to invite conquest from the spiritual force of which Asia had been the primeval cradle. Not a doubt entered the apostle's mind concerning the nature of the help he was called to give. Armed with the weapons of a warfare that is not carnal, he girds on his armor and crosses the Hellespont to bring the civilization of the world into subjection to the King of Kings. What an undertaking! To what can it be compared! Alexander at the head of a powerful army might weep when there were no more worlds to conquer. But here was a man who undertakes the conquest of the world through the power of love. Never was mortal man invested with a command more potent in its influence on the human race. Truly his is a mission which not only commands our admiration, but enlists our intensest sympathy! What a wonderful contrast do these crossings of the Hellespont present! Agamemnon crossed it for revenge; Xerxes for conquest; but love constrained St. Paul. Agamemnon fell beneath the stroke of retributive justice. Xerxes failed, a devotee to misguided ambition. But through love, the only progressive element of the world, St. Paul succeeds.

Upon the dark background of history stand these three men, hoary with age yet instinct with life. The true magnitude of their lives is measured only by their influence in the intervening centuries. Agamemnon yet lives. Imitating him we see the youthful Hanibal, swearing eternal vengeance against the Roman power. Brilliant but sad is the transit he makes across the field of history. In his terrible defeat and suicidal death read the rewards of vengeance. Xerxes too has passed away. But how often has his influence led others to assume unlawful power? 'Twas this that hurled the mighty Cæsar, a mangled corpse, upon his country's altar.

Rivaling even Cæsar in his thirst for power witness Napoleon bending all the energies of his will to overthrow the European power. But did he succeed? His epitaph is written on the field of Waterloo; his destiny re-echoed from the lonely isle of St. Helena. Conquered by ambition's vengeful stroke.

But we turn to the life of St. Paul as seen in modern history. With an influence greater in death than in life he yet leads the thought and sways the destiny of the human race. But what was that power which controlled his life and makes him animate in death? Love alone can answer. In its light only are we enabled to fully understand his work. This was the strength in which he labored with such immeasurable results. This is the principle which makes his words, a living, active force, touching in a thousand hearts at this very hour the same responsive chords which vibrated to their first utterance.

Realizing this, and with the success of Paul yet lingering in his memory, Savonorola lays the foundation-stone of Italian liberty. A few years later this tide of influence sweeps across the German Empire. Luther speaks. Humanity is launched upon a new career of development, recording the brightest page in the progress of liberty. But this spirit of progression has advanced still farther than the individual. Catching the impulse of this great movement initiated more than eighteen hundred years ago, a noble band of heroes now march forth with certain triumph penetrating the heart of every land from the rising to the setting sun.

'Tis the missionary of the Cross, enlisted under the same banner, actuated by the same unselfish spirit that inspired the great apostle. But where, where, we ask, are the kingdoms founded by Agamemnon and Xerxes? What important service did they render to the world?

But one answer can be given. They accomplished nothing which has served to elevate mankind. Attempting to found their kingdoms for the aggrandizement of self, they too have passed away, chilling the energies of men wherever their influence has extended. But in the light of modern advancement the character of St. Paul grows brighter and brighter, vivifying and ennobling the lives of men. The kingdom he labored to advance remains a lasting monument to the progressive power of love. Love unselfish and undying! Love reserved by Omnipotence to conquer the rebel heart of man when all else had failed. How immeasurable its sweep? Reaching back to the morning dawn of the world, forward to the evening of the resurrection, stretching eastward to the garden of Eden, westward to the golden stairway that leads up to God. G. W. Bovard, '90.

THE KINGSHIP OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

[JUNIOR ORATION. FIRST PRIZE.]

Government is the transcript of society. Every social revolution has produced a thought, and that thought has found expression in political institutions. As thus society has felt the force of that idea that government is the concentrated power of single lives, it has conformed to the spirit of democracy. The kingship of the individual has become the kingly sentiment before which the nations to-night are lifting their heads.

The idea of democracy is an evolution. It is the legitimate result of the changed relations

and conditions of life, the transition from the simpler to the more complex. In a society of simple relations, the governing power must be external; in a society of complex relations, it must be internal. As thus we pass from the time when every man is his own priest and his own law-giver, until his life is interwoven with the life of every other, government changes from the arbitrary will of the few to the formulated idea of the many.

A state of simple relations made absolutism a political necessity, because there was no other bond of union among the classes. But such an artificial system could never make the state a homogeneous body. Royalty's excesses still mocked the cry of the oppressed; the jewels in its crown were the price of life; aye, in its winepress millions of human hearts were crushed until foaming blood crimsoned the lip of its golden chalices.

But kings stand aside when humanity rises to vindicate the title which God has given it. As human relations became more complex, they required a governing power that would break the scepter and make internal government possible. That power was found in the middle class. It was the result of the individual's efforts to assert the dignity and worth of his own life. Beyond his mere intellectual powers it gave a *heart* that warmed with feeling and sentiment, a *soul* that exalted and idealized. As such it took the scattered elements of society from the red hand of fuedalism and molded them into great commonwealths.

Now, as then, the rise of this class becomes the initial step toward democracy. It sets the prince and peasant face to face. The prince becomes more of a commonner; the peasant more of a lord; and in the reciprocal light of this union, humanity becomes worthier, human destiny higher and nobler. Men begin to think, and when mind is brought in contact with mind, there is put in motion that mighty influence before which all human institutions must yield. What power can withstand the awakening energies of a human soul? As a result of his new associations the individual learns to recognize his own personality apart from the great unit. The idea that the monarch is the impersonation of the state, is followed by the idea that the individual *is* the state. This philosophy is the very genius of democracy. It is the uplifting force which changed the individual from a passive instrument into a person, a royal person, charged with the kingly prerogatives,—power of mind to conceive the purest relations of character and the highest ideal of life, power to be moved by the divinest emotions that touch the soul. Thus springs up a public opinion; and as its influence increases, a government supported by imagination must be gradually supplanted by one supported by reflexion. Monarchy must yield to democracy.

The change which the middle class has wrought in the object of life points to democracy as the prevailing idea. Absolutism forced the classes into union and produced fuedalism; the middle class amalgamates the classes and gives rise to industrialism. Under the old system the vital energies of the state were expended in warfare; under the new they are directed toward melioration. Applications of steam and electricity, industrial exhibitions and peace conferences are producing emotions more sublime and sustained than did the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar. So radical has been the change that he who advocates an offensive warfare is in insurrection against the spirit of the age. Where once great minds formulated schemes of oppression and destruction, they are now employed in rendering the means of subsistence and improvement accessible to the humblest citizen. We have the hammer for the sword, tears for blood, love for glory.

Read this in the memory of the dead. Within the last century lived the great exponent of absolutism. Later came another, who, with superb courage, arose and voiced the

burning words which trembled on the lips of an oppressed people. Napoleon's tomb is cold stone where men admire the genius that could lead, but turn forgetfully away. Seek you Abraham Lincoln's? Come not to polished column where sentiment is chilled in form, but come where the fire of patriotism is aglow; come where every breath is leaping to his praise; come to the heart of every lover of freedom and bow at his shrine. Thus this great conserving force in society is crowning the individual by humanizing humanity, and teaching it the great ideas of individual and national utility.

But two systems of government exist—the concentration and the distribution of power. The former is possible only where the social power is concentrated; the latter, where it is distributed. As thus our commercial and industrial systems continue to diffuse the social power, a government formulated on that principle must eventually prevail.

The democratic spirit is the element of strength among European governments. The old forms, necessary in a primitive civilization, are yielding to the new order of human relations. In England the habeas corpus act, the British ministry, the new commons, and the waning power of the house of lords, are the recorded achievements of a ruling people.

Every effort in behalf of the race has hastened the day of individual kingship. Philosophy, art and eloquence have brought their offering. Masters of thought, masters of brush and chisel, those mighty spirits which have been in touch with the infinite and felt the divinity within us, have consecrated their genius on the altar of human advancement, to lead the individual up to a nobler conception of his existence. Do not, then, the amalgamation of the classes, the diffusion of social power, the growth of public opinion, the change from feudalism to industrialism, from a destructive society to a constructive, all point to democracy as the universal political system? These were the causes which produced the American Constitution, in which was realized the culmination of political philosophy. That instrument found the individual on his knees before an artificial aristocracy. It took him up and set a crown upon his head, crowned him with the free exercise of his faculties of thought and action, crowned him with the spirit of industry and patriotism, and sent him forth strong and free, to rule the world. By this first written constitution America has become the guide of the nations, her institutions a living monument to the worth and wisdom of democracy. She has solved the problem of political equality, and linked that idea with industrialism. It has become the burden of the world's jubilee song, the music of the spindles is its accompaniment, and may that triumphant anthem roll on until every soul on earth is thrilled and every throne is shaken. Then when the world learns the worth and the power of an individual life, kings will come down from their thrones, give up their sceptres and bow before that nobility of intelligence and that royalty of genius that shall reign in their stead forever.

H. C. SWEARINGEN.

INVOLUTION.

[ALETHEAN GOLD MEDAL ESSAY.]

In recent years the most fiercely contested struggles on the battlefields of science have been fought around the standards of evolution. Natural selection, the survival of the fittest, the struggle for existence, and like phrases, epitomize the results of much thought ex-

pended on the ever recurring question, how came these things thus? Many theories based on this doctrine have been proposed, discussed, ridiculed, abandoned. The Naturalist, the Positivist, the Atheist, and the Christian has each his own interpretation of it. It has withstood the blows dealt it by friends as well as foes. As science begins to read the secrets of world making and world furnishing, the conviction is forced upon the thoughtful student that evolution explains many facts otherwise unaccounted for, indeed, directly counter to any other theory. It seems, at least, beautifully to illustrate many of the methods of the great Creator, for evolution does not, cannot rule out a Designer, a Creator, and an Upholder of the universe. Evolution is no baseless assumption; it is a doctrine abundantly exemplified by pre-historic records of the development of bird and beast and blossom.

What then? Every term has its opposite. If there were no wisdom, there would be no folly; if vice did not exist, neither would virtue; in this world, so perfectly measured and balanced, addition is possible only because of subtraction. So if evolution be a factor in science its opposite, involution, must also have a part in determining the results of the various processes into which it enters.

The fairy tale of the Doasyoulikes who emigrated from the country of Hardwork to the land of Readymade, carries their history a few steps further back than the situation in which savage races are found when travelers first visit them. The Doasyoulikes, a pleasure loving people, yet loving indolence better even than pleasure, because of their indolence passed through the stages from civilization, even culture, down to the lowest grades of savages. The nation from natural causes constantly decreased in number, but became individually stronger, fiercer, and less intellectual, until at last natural selection and the survival of the fittest left only one great, brutal fellow, who on being approached by M. Du Chaillu, remembering something of the old tradition that his ancestors had been happy, music loving men, tried to cry out, "Am not I a man and a brother?" but he had forgotten the words. M. Du Chaillu, thinking him nothing more than an ape, shot him. So perished the last member of the once great and famous nation of the Doasyoulikes. Because they did nothing they did not like to do, they came to be just like apes.

Why not? Do we not read that Nebuchadnezzar ate grass like the oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, until his hair was grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws? True his was a special punishment for a special sin; but is not a like punishment only the natural result of caring for the animal parts only of man's nature?

Given plenty of time, a prime necessity in all scientific theories, is it not as easy to involute a man from an ape, as to evolute man from the lower animals?

Genesis says: God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. The body of man, the image of God; the soul of man, the very breath of God. Then read in the first chapter of Romans Paul's description of the heathen world, a description so exactly corroborated by travelers' accounts, both ancient and modern; read of their inhuman, debasing, horribly cruel habits and customs. Do we wonder that in the climax of wickedness to which they at last attain they are said to be *without understanding?*

Shall we, taking the Bible account of creation, say that they have fallen from their first estate of purity and happiness, or shall we say that in time they would of themselves develop into cultured, noble, blessed people? Evolution or involution? Answer me, any student, whether is it easier to create or to forget; to originate or to caricature; to lead or to fall behind.

Instances of retrogression from known types of physical and mental status are not infrequent. If the tradition of the far northern dwellers of Greenland, that they are the decendants of ship wrecked European saliors, be correct, a marked retrogression has in their case taken place in comparatively few years. As in that frozen land they had no metals, no tools, no money, no laws, the names for these objects gradually dropped out of memory. The severe climate dwarfed and compacted their bodies. Their habits of walking and sitting warped the normally graceful outlines of the body, until now they are regarded as a distinct people.

As man rises in the stages of civilization he loses, in most instances, the keenness of the lower senses, as of hearing and smell, in proportion to the acuteness of mental faculties of a higher order. The Indian or the dog detects traces unpreceived by an ordinary man. By special training this keenness is developed, we say, in the woodsman and scout. May we not rather say retained?

The law, from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have, is not cruel or unjust. It is but the complement of that most cheering law, that is a promise as well, to him that hath it shall be given.

So much is said of development and improvement, do we not almost fancy that we shall be just wafted upward with little special effort of our own, forgetting the weights and clogs which constantly tend to pull us down? We certainly have reason to be thankful that we live in an age of such vast possibilities for self-culture and self-improvement. We are the heirs of all that the centuries have stored up in their treasure houses of thought, contrivance and art. We think that in the Caucasian race and in the Anglo-Saxon branch of that race is the culmination of a hitherto unknown degree of human perfection. We cry, "Look at us, oh, ye people! See to what we have attained!"

What are we going to do with our inheritance? Shall we dwadle with it, despise it as unworthy the latest culture, refuse to receive it, or shall we transmit it to those who are to follow us, purified from the accretions of folly and falsehood, enriched by its exemplification in upright, honorable lives, honest in the sight of God as well as of men.

NANCY SPENCER.

ADVANCEMENT, ITS ESSENTIALS.

[JUNIOR ORATION. SECOND PRIZE.]

Night's silvery robe enshrouds the earth. The evening zephyrs mellow the heat of the preceding day. The stars, "The silver islands of a sapphire sea," pour forth their jeweled light. All nature is at rest. A thousand whispered voices steal out over the silent earth a soft, soothing music, which speaks the one word, peace. But there is one whom the charm of sleep fails to allure. In the silence of the darkness he wanders forth, thinking thoughts that are to move the world. At length rosy-fingered dawn announces the coming day. But hark! What sound is that? On yonder cathedral door this strange man is nailing ninety-five propositions which announce the greatness of man. The people as they pass to and fro are attracted by his strange words and teachings He advances new theories and loftier principles. He teaches that every individual possesses capabilities through which he can reach the mountain peaks of greatness. He declares that the

realm of advancement is infinite, for the circle of truth has a center without any circumference. Such teachings spread with a magic swiftness. Eagerly, indeed, does the world strive to grasp these vital truths. But the old civilization, unwilling to yield to the new, declares this great reformer a heretic. Still true to his convictions, Martin Luthier passes from the darkness to the dawn the grandest character of modern history.

As his life, so the world. When ever man becomes great enough to catch a glimpse of the boundless possibilities of this nature, he has made advancement. "The very conception of the infinite is the mark of nature to which no limit can be prescribed. The soul is always bursting its limits. It rushes forward to untried happiness. It has deep wants and desires which nothing limited can appease." Inspired by this idea Galileo turned his teleoscope to the deep heavens. He sought the unknown; he found the dungeon. What means yon lurid glare? Ah, in the city of Florence, a brave soul allowed conscience to speak and Lavonarola became a martyr. But in that dungeon, at that martyr's stake, did there not exist principles which were born to triumph? Did the world judge rightly when it declared Luther a heretic, Galileo a fanatic, Lavonarola a rioter? Is the past the embodiment of perfection? Is progress but the dream of an enthusiast? The matchless capabilities of the soul, the insatiable longing for knowledge and truth, and the divine intention for man to work out the true mission of his creation, these make advancement, compulsory.

Grant the necessity of progress, and then comes the profound question of the ages: "What are its essential elements?" History is only analogue. Mark then the principles for which men have always dared to give their lives. As that greatest of Athenian philosophers raises to his lips the cup of hemlock, catch his parting words: "I die for the liberty of thought,". Come to a grave in the Netherlands and read the inscription on that crumbling monument: "William the silent. He braved the horrors of a Spanish Inquisition for the liberty of conscience." Linger by the graves of our own martyred dead, Warren's, at Bunker Hill; Lincoln's, at Springfield, and the one grandest thought of their lives will pierce the sternest soul; "We died that humanity might be free." Do we not glean from these, the elect of history, that the foundation principle of every reform is liberty? In every noble undertaking, in every awe inspiring achievement its magic power is felt. It knows no impossible. With untiring energy it sweeps stormfully across the astonished earth, bringing to light the false, placing on high the true and virtuous, and lifting humanity from the depth of ignorance to the plain of enlightenment and civilization.

Although liberty is a mighty force in the world's advancement, yet it is not always indicative of merit. Let a ruler establish universal freedom, what would result? Selfishness and lust would trample under foot the weak and suffering. Brotherly love and sympathy would cease to burn in the human heart. Virtue and purity, the grandest agencies in the world's amelioration, would be stifled by the influence of unrestricted license. Aye, with liberty unlimited, unlicensed, the withering breeze of corruption would blast forever the nobler instincts of the human soul.

If, then, liberty fails to meet the requisite of progress, what else is essential? We need no more significant example than that of the elder Brutus. His two sons, intoxicated with the spirit, stealthily plotted against the government of their country. Convicted of the crime, they solemnly stood before their father awaiting the sentence. The vast court became silent. Awful moment of decision! Here his sons, there the State. Before a trembling multitude, surrounded by weeping friends, the inexorable Brutus, arising to the true splendor

of manhood, said: "To you, O Lictors, I deliver them!" The Lictors executed the sentence of death in the decision of this father. "Law unbared her beautiful, bold brow," and stood forth the champion of justice.

Liberty is possible just so far as it is bounded by law. The movement which has no other champion than liberty is doomed to failure. But when a movement has for its watchword, liberty, under law, that movement takes form and power. This idea beamed from the brow of Charlemagne, and the German Empire slowly struggled into existence. On the plains of Runnymede it tore from the traitor the splendid robe of chivalry and shattered forever the divine rights of kings. Then swelled the heart of progress: then the shouts of freedom went thundering up to heaven; then Magna Charta welled up from the full fountain of justice and started the tide of democracy on its triumphal sweep around the world.

But have we sounded the keynote of progress? Stepping back but a century we stand in the midst of the greatest crisis of history. As that frenzied mob rushes wildly through the streets of Paris, hear the cry: "Grant us a constitution, liberty under law." Were the leaders of this movement fanatics? The world has declared them heroes. They were the true stepping-stone between the Reformation and our present civilization. Yet from the French Revolution we learn that the victor's banner must bear a nobler device than liberty and law.

In civilization, superior to the work of the revolutionist is that of the educator and statesman. Liberty and law rebel and overthrow, but education creates and establishes. These three united in the garden of Greece and wove for her brow the coronal of glory. Here beauty and strength conspired and formed a mental and physical manhood never surpassed. Here was a close discernment of thought that made Plato and Aristotle ever the foremost masters of all who clearly know. In this garden of culture and learning civilization reached the highest limit possible through simply human agencies. But Greece is no more. Her doom is written on the scroll of the ages.

With liberty, law, education, sublime is the march of enlightenment and truth, and splendid the fruitage of virtues and graces, yet the secret of triumph lies beyond and deeper. History still contains another truth. In an eastern court stands a man pleading for an enslaved people. That very night at the touch of an unseen hand the eldest son in every home of Egypt slept the sleep of death. Follow still farther this unseen power in history. In yonder conflict hangs trembling the destiny of France. The French fall back. But see! With streaming black hair, mounted on a noble steed, rides a beautiful girl. Dashing to the front of the legions she exclaims: "With the help of God we conquer," and the enemy was hurled from the gates of Orleans. Yes, there is a God in history, who is the fountain of all law, of all culture, and whose unseen hand wields the sceptre of destiny. His power was felt on the historic field of Waterloo. Both armies were equally patriotic, disciplined and cultured, but behind one were the prayers of all England, and England was triumphant.

With these four—liberty, law, education and Christianity—we have found the true criterion of progress. Do you doubt it? If, then, your faith is strong enough watch a band of fearless pilgrims as they make their way across a trackless ocean. Believing, mark you, in the true criterion of all advancement, they land on Columbia's shore and lay the foundation of our grand republic.

Witness its power in our national growth. At the pealing notes of independence it gave us our Constitution—"the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain of man." In the dark days of '63, with fearless hand it wrote the Emancipation Proclamation and the songs of the free swelled into

a mighty anthem. Yes, to-day it throbs in every pulse beat of our national life, moulding a nation once of secession into a union of perfection, and charges it with the tremendous meaning of an ideal republic.

With the true secret of progress invincible is the march of civilization. Ignorance and superstition yield to enlightenment, and truth, industry and invention harness the forces of nature and raise the dignity of labor. The aristocracy of blood flees before the aristocracy of mind. Science and philosophy lift their shining lights above the nations. Faith is raised from the delusion of skepticism and planted on the Rock of Ages. But the golden day of the world's history has just dawned. Advancement is still in the tenderness of youth. Plato may write of his model republic; Moore may find in Utopia a political, social paradise," but the mission of progress will never be completed until the finite becomes the infinite, until the capabilities of man's soul shall reach their matchless possibilities. Then shall glisten the rays of the millenial sun; then shall time, waked by the circling hours, with rosy hands unbar the gates of light.

C. G. JORDAN.

SABBATH EXERCISES.

The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. sermon was preached Sabbath morning in the Second U. P. church by Rev. D. S. Littell, of Pittsburgh. An unusually large audience was in attendance, and although the sermon was almost an hour long the audience gave close attention throughout. If the universal verdict, that the sermon was a most excellent one, is any criterion by which to judge, Mr. Littell will understand how he was appreciated. The following is a brief review of the sermon :

"Psalm xiv, 11-12: Rid me and deliver me from the hands of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is the hand of vanity. That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

"The Psalms are an inspiration and a petition of David for such blessings of God as would make his kingdom excellent in kind and prosperous in condition. But look closer and keep looking as David fades away and this broad earth with its people comes up. But our King, his people, his land remains. 'Go thou into the world and preach Christ.' The Psalms become Jesus in aspirations and intercessions for his kingdom and its people and their wealth.

"Foreign influence depreciated. No need of going into details of the matchlessness of worldly opinions. The world hates me; that's all its taste and judgment is worth. It crucified Christ: that's what its right hand does with the truth.

"Internal development sought. 1. It is the development of undivided character. 2. Along appropriate lines, the sexes. In the sons early and complete development of powers, physical, mental, spiritual—a perfect worker rather than profound work. Jesus was thirty years old before he preached. John the Baptist was thirty years old before he became an embassador for God. In the daughters a firm, unchangeable principle, like a corner stone. Highest degree and best quality of beauty. Like a palace."

In the evening President Ferguson delivered the baccalaureate sermon in the First United Presbyterian church from Titus ii, 6: "Young men, likewise exhort to be sober-minded." The crowd collected early and at the usual time of assembling seats were obtained with difficulty. The Dr. seemed to be

in good trim for speaking and preached with splendsd effect. Below is a sketch of the sermon:

"Young men are ever ready to do exploits. They are charmed by the romantic and the heroic. They respond promptly to any appeal that calls for daring. The perils of missionary life rather attract than appal them.

"Titus was left by Paul at Crete to set things in order. Accordingly he received specific charges concerning the various classes that would compose his congregation. Substantially the same virtues are to be pressed upon all, aged men and women, young men and maidens. The word 'likewise' in the text interpreted by the preceding verses brings the younger women as well as the younger men within its scope and makes it appropriate enough as the basis of a closing word to young people of both sexes.

"What is it to be sober-minded? Used in a wide sense it takes in the whole discipline of Christian life. Three main points were discusssed—

"1. We commend to you sober-minded men as over against the sway of mere feeling. There is a place for feeling and the expression of it. It is a false notion that emotion is to be constantly suppressed. Stolidity is not strength. The strong man is the earnest man, whose very soul is on fire with devotion to a great cause. 'He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.' Sometimes there is a vicious sentiment abroad concerning this. There is a sort of school whose members want it to be known that they wonder at nothing, that they are interested in nothing. They try to repress every outward manifestation of the emotions they feel. Right emotions are the springs of right actions and right character, and ought, therefore, to be cultivated. But while allowing the free action of the feelings they must not be permitted to usurp the throne of the soul, which is rightly occupied by Reason and Conscience. Sometimes cherished feelings get a dominant and abiding sway. Anger ripens into hate; love into idolatry; tenderness into sickly sentimentality. There is no danger from a passion as long as it is kept subject to the proper ruling powers of the mind. If harnessed to a worthy object and guided by an intelligent understanding it will be a power of great achievement.

"2. We commend to you sober-mindedness as over against self-will. Will means force—strength to resist or to assail. Condemnation of self-will is quite in keeping with commendation of steady purpose. Often it is the highest exercise of righteous will to overcome self-will. When self-will displays itself in the common intercourse of life it may be nothing more serious than disagreeableness, but when one occupies a representative position it is fraught with danger to whatever interests are involved. In the crises of our national history they are to be admired who surrendered cherished notions for the common good, sinking personal prejudices, opinions and wishes for the sake of great ends to be reached. Illustrated by Hamilton, Seward and Randall.

"3. We commend sober-mindedness as over against unbelief. We take now a larger view of eternity as well as of time. Festus charged Paul with madness. Paul claims to preach words of truth and soberness. Which of the two is mad, which is sober-minded, the man of the world or the man of faith? The one stands with his back on the future, the other faces both time and eternity. Which of the two is wise?

"Young ladies and gentlemen of the class of 1890, to you the great world with its activities seems just at hand. I have tried to present to you an idea of life as something serious. It is no holiday adventure and yet it is a pleasant world we live in. If you are a child of God by faith in the Lord Jesus you need not fear the future, for it is in your Father's hand. If there be clouds the light will shine through them. Be of good cheer and give good cheer to others, brighten your own life by brightening it for some other. As sober-minded men and women do earnestly and hopefully what your hands find to do, and may the blessing of God follow you wherever you go."

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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JUNE, 1890.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Although it threatened rain Tuesday evening commencement morn dawned brightly and both townspeople and visitors seemed to be jubilant in the anticipation of a pleasant day. The roads became quite dusty before the day was over, which was about the only unfavorable circumstance. During the forenoon the attendance at the campus was smaller than usual, but about noon the vehicles began to come in from all sides and there was a large crowd at the afternoon session. The music was furnished by the Middlesex brass band. Between the performances, the art room, which presented a beautiful appearance, the museum, in which the botanical specimens were especially interesting, the society halls, and the social part of the gathering, the crowd had ample means of entertainment. The exercises of the day consisted of the following program:

Music. Prayer. Music.
Salutatory: Unwritten Music,
Maggie T. King, Muncie, Ind.
Oration: Modern Politics,
J. J. McElree, New Wilmington.
Oration: Two Niagaras,
R. L. M Alter, Freeport.
Music.
Oration: Modern Sources of Eloquence,
Wm. M. Anderson, York, N. Y.
Oration: What of the Republic?
A. S. Bailey, Candor.
Essay: The Domain of Truth.
Annetta Bell, New Wilmington.
Music.
Oration: Memorabilia,
G. W. Bovard Branchton.
Essay: Natural Monopolies,
R K Alken, Mt. Jackson.
Essay: The Dial-plate of the Soul,
Luella C. Donaldson, New Wilmington.
Music.
Oration: Culture and Morality,
M. J. Donaldson, North Star.
Oration: The Mission of Discontent,
W. R. Dickson, Midway.
Oration: Individualism,
E. B. Ferguson, Dry Run.
Music.
Essay: Man's Mission.
Mary E. Ferguson, New Wilmington.
Essay: Beauty in Nature;
Alice C. Foster, New Wilmington.
Music.
Oration: A Turning Point in Our History,
S. M Goehring, Zelienople,
Essay: Ideals and Realities,
M. Maud Hanna, Jamestown.
Oration: Mental Gymnasts,
F. H. McClymonds, Portersville.
Music
Oration: The Civilization of Uses.
Carrie H. Byers, Pulaski.
Oration: The City of David,
D. S. L. McNary, Vanceville.
Oration: Evolution, not Revolution,
R. L. Ralston, Freeport.
Music.
Essay: The Acme of Culture,
Etta Reed, New Wilmington.
Essay: Environment and Will,
Mary Reed, New Wilmington.
Essay: Involution,
Nancy J. Spencer, New Wilmington.
Music.
Oration: What We Owe to the Future,
H. B. Van Eaton, Xenia, O.
Oration: Fortune Favors the Resolute.
E. H. Wallace. Mt. Jackson.
Music.
Valedictory.
R. E. Porter, New Wilmington.
Music.
Conferring of Degrees.
Award of Alethean Medal.
Benediction.

After the performances were through and the degrees had been conferred upon the graduates, President Ferguson addressed the class as follows:

"It is not easy to speak a closing word to any class that will apply with equal fitness to all its members. Especially will this be so when they not only stand apart in their individual characters, but are without much unifying class sentiment, fusing the separate particles into a somewhat uniform mass, creating a stronger bond of sympathy and affection. If there were more of this we might strike, perhaps, a single chord whose vibrations would be felt equally in the hearts of you all. I can scarcely do better in any case than to accept such suggestions as I may be able to gather from your class motto. *Hoc ago*, is the brief, blunt exhortation you address to each other. However rendered into English it contains the idea of activity—prompt, vigorous, courageous activity. You are about to enter on what we call active life, as distinguished from student life. You mean to fulfill the expectation of your fellows and your generation. You will not be idlers in the busy world, nor skulkers in the fierce battles of humanity. Purposes are already formed for the near and the remote future—purposes of professional preparation or of subsequent achievement. As there is readiness to will let there be equal readiness to perform. Will is the precursor, the predeterminer of action. Is it merely a dream that you have been dreaming? Or have you not only a wish but a will to realize the vision of your hopes—a will enforced by high considerations of what you owe to God and man. Whatsoever you thoughtfully and wisely enter upon as your temporary or permanent work, do it, do it heartily and faithfully, do it because it is expected of you, do it because you expect it of yourself.

"1. Let me warn you against the enervating influence of the love of pleasure. I know that in our busy towns and country there is danger on the side of overwork and that there are wrecks of mind and body that are the result of excessive, unresting toil. But there is a contrary extreme to which the multiplying holidays ways, and means of pleasure invite, that ought likewise to be avoided. He who accepts every invitation to recreation or enjoyment to which he is invited or inclined, who practices no self-denial for sake of the demands of his work, is already breaking from the ranks of the men of action. The sappers and miners are at work and the foundations of solid character are beginning to crumble. 'The love of pleasure,' in the strong language of the celebrated Dr. Thornwell of a past generation, 'is the grave of energy.' Be on your guard, my young friends, lest you bury here the fondest hopes, aspirations and purposes you now cherish.

"2. Be sure of another thing, that your energy be not wasted on an unworthy object. Let it be something worthy of your mind and heart, your intellectual powers and your immortal existence—something that will develop and ennoble a man rather than sharpen an instrument or train an agent. Nothing is ever little or belittling that God requires. But aspire to do something that will elicit the best that is in you, that will inspire you with lofty sentiments, that will bring you into loving fellowship with the loftier spirits among men and with God.

"Happy the man whose calling links him with every good and great cause. But failing in this, only less happy is he who finds retreat from the secularity and selfishness of every day life in the companionship of earnest, godly men and a co-operation with them in every good work. Whatever your calling, be known as Christian workers, too; Christian men and women, laboring for God and humanity. 'Let all the ends you aim at be thy country's, thy God's and truth's. Have a purpose, underlying and overtopping all others, to do God's will. Remember the words of the

Lord Jesus—'I must work the works of him then that sent me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.' To each of you it seems like the morning of life. Yet it may be the noontide or the afternoon in the case of some of you, or may be the evening and the night may quickly succeed the morning. Therefore, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work nor device nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

Next came the decision of judges for the Alethean medal. The judges were Rev. John Williamson, D. D., Omaha; Rev. D. G. McKay, Shushan, N. Y., and Rev. D. M. Thorne, Youghiogheny. The medal was awarded to Miss Nancy J. Spencer, of New Wilmington. After the congratulations of the graduates the crowd slowly dispersed, a part of which again met in the evening at the more exciting scenes of the society contest.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—The alumni endowment fund now amounts to nearly $5,000.

—All alumni are to work for the interests of their alma mater.

—Dr. J. M. Fulton, '72, was re-elected as the alumni member of the Board of Trustees.

—Rev. P. Swan, '78, Burlington, Iowa, assisted Rev. H. C. Marshall, '75, Rock Island, May 14.

—They ask that the Board of Trustees investigate the secret fraternities if there are any in college and deal with them.

—The Association will have in its numbers not only those who have graduated but also those who have been students and did not graduate.

—Rev. J. D. Rankin, '82, Denver, is to deliver the annual address to the students of Cooper Memorial College. The third collegiate year closes June 19.

—Rev. S. H. Moore, '75, Wilkinsburg, has been in poor health all winter and his congregation have granted him a six weeks' leave. He is now in Colorado where he hopes to recruit.

—Rev. H. C. Marshall, '75, was elected by the Illinois State Sabbath school convention held at Jacksonville, May 13, 14 and 15, one of the delegates to the National Sabbath school convention at Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24, 25 and 26.

—Rev. J. C. Taggart, '75, East Liverpool, preached his twenty-first anniversary sermon on Sabbath, May 18. His text for the occasion was Phil. 2:16, the same from which his first sermon as pastor was preached. When Mr. Taggart took charge of the congregation in 1869 there were 95 names on the roll; the present membership is 302.

—The Greensburg U. P. church, Rev. H. S. Boyd, '75, pastor, held their communion on June 1. They had an accession of twelve on profession of faith. Three adults were baptized. The congregation continues to increase rapidly. The pastor was ably assisted by Rev. R. H. Hood, '81, of Chartiers Presbytery. He succeeds well in his field at home, and is very pleasing when away from home among other congregations.

—Alumni meeting Tuesday at 4 P. M. The following officers were elected: President, S. B. Donaldson, Esq., '81, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; vice president, Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, New Castle, Pa.; recording secretary, Miss Mattie Poppino, '86, New Wilmington; corresponding secretary, Miss Isabella C. Paul, '83, Titusville, Pa.; treasurer, Dr. John McNaugher, '81, Allegheny; executive committee, Prof. John Mitchell, Miss Mattie C. Poppino, Mr. J. A. McLaughry. Alumni performers for June, 1891: Historian of class of '76, A. H. Mercer, Esq., Pittsburg; alternate, Rev. F. S. Crawford, McDonald, Pa.; poet, Rev. W. P. Stevenson, '82, Mauch Chunk, Pa.; alternate, Miss Edith Shontz, '88, Evansburg, Pa.; orator, Rev. D. M. Benham, '83, Pittsburg; alternate, Rev. A.

L. Davidson, '85, Washington, Iowa; essayist, Mrs. Robert Dickey, '74, Greenville, Pa.; alternate, Miss Emma Mehard, '77, New Wilmington.

—A great deal of interest was manifested in the reunion of the class of '87, it being the most popular among the students and townspeople that has gone out for many years. Some thing unusual and out of the ordinary routine of alumni reunions was anticipated and a large audience was assembled. The first performance was a solo by Miss Franc Donaldson, which was rendered in a very artistic manner. The literary performances then began with an essay which was read by Miss Flora J. Irons. The subject was, "Vanquishers now Vanquished," and was handled in a very skilful manner, the essay showing careful preparation. The history of the class was then read by the historian, J. W. Hutchison, Esq., who related many humorous incidents concerning the class while in college, and gave a short history of each member of the class since graduating. The class poem was next given by Walter M. Lindsay, Esq. This performance was highly appreciated by all present. Brilliantly written and well delivered it merited the distinction of being the best poem ever delivered at Westminster. The prophecy was then read by Miss Lizzie Houston. Thirteen years were supposed to have elapsed since graduation, and the prophetess ingeniously depicted the amusing relations of each member of the class at that time. The presentation speech was to have been given by Rev. J. E. Drake, in which he was to present each member of the class with some object characteristic of his disposition while in college. Those who know the wit and originality of Jim Drake anticipated a very amusing performance. Owing to an unforeseen occurrence, however, he failed to appear. The following officers were elected: President, W. R. Irons; vice president, J. W. Hutchinson; secretary, Miss Maggie Campbell; treasurer, Miss Anna Elliott. The class repaired to the residence of Perry Kuhn, Esq., where they partook of a sumptuous banquet, and spent a very pleasant social time together. Besides sixteen members of the class there were present Mrs. Walter M. Lindsay, an old and well known student of the college, and the bride, Mrs. J. G. Berry, of '86. The class meets again next commencement day.

—Alumni present during commencement week: Rev. J. Bailey, '59; Rev. James G. Madge, S. H. Miller, G. P. Raitt, '60; M. S. Telford and Prof. W. N. Aiken, '61, Rev. John Williamson, '63; Rev. D. M. Thorn, '64; Rev. Jas. Dodds, '68; Mrs. S. W. Hawthorne, Rev. I. G. Wright, '69; Rev. D. G. McKay, '72; Rev. Clinton Riddle, Rev. L. D. Stewart, '73; Rev. R. A. Jamison, Rev. N. Winegart, '74; Rev. W. J. Snodgrass, '67; Dr. J. M. Fulton, '72; Rev. W. D. Irons, Rev. W. B. Barr, Rev. J. M. Farrar, '75; Miss Elma Shontz, A. H. Mercer, '76; Mrs. T. R. Lewis, Rev. S. M. Gilkey, Rev. E. N. Reed, '77; Rev. A. P. Hutchinson, Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78; Dr. John McNaugher, Rev. H. H. Wallace, '80; Dr. David McNaugher, J. N. Martin, S. B. Donaldson, Ella Russell, '81; Rev. J. L. Robertson, '64; Rev. W. W. Pressley, '82; Rev. Jas. Parker, '83; J. A. McLaughry, Miss Melissa McBride, '84; J. N. Moore, Rev. J. A. Shaw, Prof. W. J. Shields, '85; Mrs. J. G. Berry, Rev. J. A. Alexander, '86; W. R. Irons, J. G. Berry, Rev. S. B. Barackman, Mrs. L. B. Sample, J. W. Hutchison, W. B. Peters, Miss Olive Porter, '87; Miss Lottie B. Byers, the Misses Shontz, J. N. Dunn, A. M. Robb, Miss M. J. Telford, A. L. Hope, Rev. S. W. Douthett, '88; Ralph E. Johnson, J. A. McCracken, Miss Ella Madge, S. S. Warnock, Reid Kennedy, '89. Old students present: John Speer, John Stewart, Miss Frew, Samuel Kraer, Mr. and Mrs. Burnsides, Samuel Lindsay, Miss Ray Wilson, Edwin Campbell, J. N. Smith, Mr. Tinker, Jos. McFate.

JUNIOR CONTEST.

On Monday evening the Junior contest took place. Of the eight original contestants five only contested. Messrs. H. F. Given and C. W. Smith, being on for society contest, withdrew, and James Witherspoon, who has been at home for the past three weeks, was detained there by the serious illness of his brother, and was, therefore, unable to contest. The contestants were greeted by a large audience and as each appeared he called forth a hearty applause. The orations were all excellent. In delivery the class, as such, has probably not been surpassed for years. The prizes, two gold medals, were closely contested, but by the decision the first was given to H. C. Swearingen, of Hookstown, Pa., and the second to C. G. Jordan, of Harlansburg, Pa.

The judges were Rev. D. Evans, Youngstown, O.; Rev. C. H. Dunlap, New Castle, Pa., and Prof. John Canon, superintendent of Sharon schools.

The following is the program:

Piano Duo—Shds. Waltz in A flat Moszkowski
Misses Johnson, Whissen, Gibson, McLaughry.
Prayer.
Vocal Solo—The Two Grenadiers.....Schumann
Will W. Campbell.
The Helm of State,
W. W. Barr, St. Cloud, Pa.
Poetry and Liberty,
Huber Ferguson, New Wilmington.
Violin Solo—Air Varie, op. I.....De Beroit
Miss Clara L. Whissen
Advancement—Its Essentials,
C. G. Jordan, Harlansburg, Pa.
Kadesh-barnea,
A. B. Smith, Allegheny.
Piano Solo—Villanella Niemann
Mr. Reed McClure.
The Kingship of the Individual,
H. C. Swearingen, Hookstown, Pa.
Violin, Organ and Piano—Meditation.....Clark
Miss Whissen, Prof. Austin, Miss Johnson.
Vocal Solo—Spring..... Becker
Miss Bright Smith.
Piano Duo—Faust.....Gouuod-Bonawitz
First piano, Miss Lizzie Gibson.
Second piano, Prof. Austin.
Decision of judges.

—The wife of Rev. S. M. Krohn, '86, is lying very ill with pulmonary trouble and it is feared cannot live long.

ART NOTES.

—One of the most perfect delineations of still life we have seen has lately been finished by Miss Hodgen. It represents a violin and bow resting loosely on some rolls of sheet music partly open, so as to reveal the staff, notes, etc., of the music. The back-ground is blue plush, carelessly draped and reflecting the light and shade. The strings of the instrument, its reflected light on the varnished table, the clearness of the notes on the staff, the worn edge of the open sheet music, even the small lettering of the music in roll and the shadings of the plush background, form a group well called still *life*.

—Never before has the studio presented a more brilliant appearance than during the art exhibition of the past commencement. The collection was more varied, extensive and complete than any previous one in the history of the department, and the crowds which all day kept pouring in and out from the studio amply attested the appreciation of the public. As you entered, to the left was seen the exhibition of crayon, the central and largest of the group represented the return of hunters carrying on their horses' backs the venison secured in the chase. Surrounding were tastefully arranged others. An ocean view, figures of animals, several landscapes, all admirably executed. Opposite the entrance were productions in oil. A great Newfoundland dog, as if guarding the whole, occupied a central position, and with his lazy, good-natured face kindly welcomed the crowds. On either side were clusters of flowers, fruit, well chosen landscapes and groups from still life. The violin, described more fully elsewhere, was a most noticed picture. while a partly finished lunch was much admired. 'Twere impossible to mention each study in detail or to discriminate as to the merit of all. A basket of tumbling out pears and peaches, a cluster of deep crimson roses, an ocean scene, on the oppo-

site wall, in misty outline, and many others were remarked upon. The general effect of so large and so tastefully arranged an exhibition was striking, and reflected great credit on the department and its instructress, Miss Hodgen.

MUSIC NOTES.

—"Listen to the music."—*Shakespeare.*

—Westminster is musical. How dreary she would be without the strains of piano, violin and organ is an unwelcome speculation.

—Aside from the practical use of the conservatory in its main aims, it is valuable to vivify and restrain our public audiences.

—Musical entertainment has gained such eminence commencement week that the friends of a polished culture have placed it up in the front rank with oratory, which is right.

—Junior contest was soothed by appropriate music by conservatory students. A good feature was the diversity in the selections, composed of two piano duos, two vocal solos, a piano solo, a violin solo and a selection on violin, organ and piano.

—Many or all of the late performers deserve personal mention, but certainly the trained voice is a magnificent possession, and among those gifted so highly in voice are Misses Gibson, McNaugher and Mr. W. W. Campbell, whose voices will be missed when gone.

—The opportunity to praise the zealous efforts and undoubted ability of the music instructors, Prof. Austin and Miss Whissen, must not go unseized, and the execution of difficult music on the part of their pupils argues better than words. Let the truth go forth: "In the musical culture of voice, hand and soul, Westminster leads."

—On the evening of the 14th inst., the chorus class, under the direction of Prof. Austin, rendered the cantata, "The Daughter of Jairus." The choruses, sung by some sixty voices, were given in a way that indicated great interest and careful instruction in its preparation. Its lofty tone and solemn beauty won it perfect attention from a large audience.

—The regular Commencement Recital was held in the second U. P. church Tuesday, June 17th, in the afternoon Amid a violent wind storm a large audience filled the auditorium and listened closely to the program as given below:

Part I.

Weber.....Jubel Overture (two pianos)
Mr. McClure, Misses Ferguson, McClellan, King.
Raff.....Ave Maria
Miss Jessie McNaugher.
Rubinstein.....Polka le Bal
Miss Hattie McLaughry.
Audibert.....Andante Religieux—Violin Piano and Organ
Misses Whissen, Johnson, Prof. Austin.
Rossini.....Fading Vocal Trio
Misses McNaugher, Latimer, Lytle.
Liszt.....Canzone Napolitana
Miss Lizzie Gibson.
Mendelssohn.....Oh, for the Wings of a Dove!
Glee Club. (solo, Miss Jessie McNaugher.)

Part II.

Auber.....Overture—Fra Diavolo, Violin, Organ, Piano
Misses Whissen, Johnson, Prof. Austin.
Handel.....Honor and Arms
Mr. Will W. Campbell.
Farmer.....Blue Bells of Scotland (varia)
Mr. E C. Little.
Donizette.....Regnava nel Silenzio
Miss Lizzie Gibson.
Mendelssohn.....Concerto, Op. 25 (Andante Presto)
Miss Mary Johnson
Fanning.....The Vikings
Glee Club.

—Where have the faculty of Monmouth been keeping themselves that they don't know about the other colleges of the United States. In their last catalogue Prof. McGranahan is among the alumni as Professor of Languages in Westminster college. We condescend to inform that body that we have four professors of languages in our institution and that Prof. McGranahan is Professor of Language and Literature.

—Prof. to Junior: "Who was the first Prime Minister to England?" Junior: "Horace Whalepole."

SOCIETY CONTEST.

The annual contest between the Philomath and Adelphic literary societies took place Wednesday evening. It was a beautiful evening and a large crowd was in attendance. The excitement which usually attends such a contest was less than common during the early part of the evening. But as the crowd gathered and the exercises began a feeling of expectation mingled with not a little anxiety took possession of the audience. By the time the performances were finished all parties were somewhat anxious as the contestants appeared well matched. As the result was announced the victorious society cheered vigorously. The decision gave the Philomath society nine points and the Adelphic one. No decision was unanimous, all were majorities. The judges were Rev. N. H. Holmes, D. D., New Castle; Rev. J. R. Coulter, Butler Co., and Prof. Snyder, Principal of Indiana Normal School. Excellent music was furnished by the conservatory orchestra. We publish below a program of the contest:

Bouillion.....Overture—Belle of the Village.
Essay: The Philosophy of Invention.
H F. Given, Rochester Mills.
Essay: Christianity in Civilization,
Craig Smith, Allegheny.
Abt.....Sleep Well—Trio, Violin, Cornet and Piano.
Debate: Question—Should college authorities prohibit secret societies as they now exist in American colleges?
Affirm, R. K. Aiken, Mt. Jackson.
Deny, W. T. McKee, Pulaski.
Beyer.....Fatinitza—Selections.
Oration: The Dark Continent,
D. S. L. McNary, Vanceville.
Oration: An Unrewarded Genius,
E. H. Wallace, Mt. Jackson.
Romanza.....Cornet Solo.
Declamation: Fall of Pemberton Mill,
Albert B. Smith, Allegheny.
Declamation: The Stage Driver's Story,
M. W. Keith, Sharpsville.
Faust.....Golden Wedding Waltz.
Schlepegrell.....To-night We Say Farewell. Potpourri.
Decision of Judges.

The debate was affirmed by R. K. Aiken of the Philo. The following is an outline of Mr. Aiken's argument:

College authorities have the legal right to prohibit secret societies in the college. The question involved in the famous Purdue case is foreign to this question and the right to prohibit is clearly stated in the decision of the Superior Court of Indiana in that case.

The question presents a positive affirmative and a positive negative. It is a question of principle and not of policy and expediency. It is proposed to establish the truth of the following proposition: That secret societies as they now exist in American colleges are wrong in principle, unjust and hurtful in their operations, and should be prohibited by college authorities. This declaration contains a statement of principle and an inference from it, the latter following as an irresistible consequence from the former, a conclusion that college authorities cannot avoid by excuse or compromise.

1st. They are wrong in principle because their secrecy is unnecessary for any good purpose.

2d. Their secrecy deservedly meets with suspicion and distrust.

3rd. Their secrecy is a temptation to vice.

4th. The secrecy to which they bind their members by solemn promise or oath is ensnaring to the conscience and dangerous to society.

5th. They are unjust and hurtful in their operations, because they are a fruitful source of disorder and mischief.

6th. They produce narrowness and foster snobbery.

7th. They are secret cliques that seek to control college politics.

8th. They have an evil influence on the regular literary societies.

9th. They interfere with a faithful course of study.

10th. They have introduced unnecessary expense and extravagance into college life.

To say that they cannot be prohibited is to make the fatal admission that the law-making and controlling power of college authority is to be rendered nugatory and powerless by the organized supremacy of the stealthy planning

and sleepless cunning of students' secret societies. Where this law has not succeeded it is because the law has not been enforced in good faith. The question does not propose prohibition for one college and not for another. It is a united, concerted effort on the part of all colleges, and not the weak, feeble attempt of one.

THE MUMMY'S ADMONITION.

A mummy old, from Egypt's land,
Among the curios has a stand
And in our hour of Botany,
Frequently this maid we see.

Dead so long, it cannot be
Thy sprit lingers yet near thee;
And if disposed to talk awhile,
Might a weary hour beguile.

So I stood beside her case,
Gazing on the silent face,
Till a gleam lit up the eye,
And the cold lips breathed a sigh.

Sable dweller in musee,
I would questions ask of thee.
If thy dusky ear be lent
Or thy lips on converse bent.

From thy brightly gilded hood
To thy casket's scented wood,
Thou hast power to interest me
More than root or stem of tree.

My lady cold, of inky hue,
This I would that thou couldst do:
Tell me tales of years now gone,
How kings ancient battles won.

Mummied damsel of the Nile,
Home of sluggish crocodile,
Did you in those waters lave
As a queen or as a slave?

Wast thou happy in that land
Tilled by captive Jewish hand?
Or, like others of our age,
Hadst deep woe for heritage?

Whose the hand that draped thy breast
For thy dreamless ages' rest?
Whose the cloth that folded thee
In memorial ministry?

Tell what Pharaoh's ruling did,
Building each a pyramid.
Have these crumbled ere thy dust,
And are mountain's records lost?

Then I thought she silence broke,
These the heartless words she spoke:
"The bell rings, go thou below;
Seek not things man need not know."

"The bell rings!" my pillow tossed,
Shows how the thread of speech was lost,
And through the blinds the "god of day"
Comes, driving senseless dreams away.

R.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—The University had the best college yell.

—D. P. Smith will spend the summer in Utah.

—H. L. Hood goes to Kansas during vacation.

—Ella Adams is the guest of Miss Linnie Hodgen.

—Two more new tennis courts in town since last issue.

—Miss McDowell, of Grove City, has returned home.

—The conservatory orchestra furnished the music for contest.

—Geneva has a contract signed for the erection of a new gymnasium.

—Miss Whissen expects to take a course in music during the summer.

—Quite a number of students resident in town will attend the Normal.

—Quite a number of large collections have been made by the Botany class.

—Prof. Thompson has completed his anxenometer and now has it in operation.

—Miss Daisy Morris, of Philadelphia, is in town and will remain during the summer.

—The baccalaureate will be published in the *Evangelical Repository* at request of the editor.

—There are a number of beautiful specimens to be seen in the botanical collection this year.

—Mrs. Edgar entertained the members of her Sabbath school class the evening of May 16.

—Some folks have badly "swelled heads," "some folks do." Did you ever hear of Meadville?

—The young ladies at the Hall now run a cold shower bath for the benefit of (outside) visitors.

—W. W. Campbell injured his arm severely in the ball game with W. & J. at Pittsburgh recently.

—Mr. Elliott had an outbuilding burned

during vacation. They cannot blame that on the "college boys."

—Where was D. P. Thursday night? We never before knew of any one going to sleep in Greek examination.

—Mr. W. T. McKee was called home immediately after contest on account of the severe illness of his father.

—Miss Carrie Byers lost a gold watch on the campus commencement day. At last reports it was not yet found.

—Donaldson, Bailey and Wilson have strayed from the path of selfish enjoyment in the way of entertainments.

—We hear on good authority that there are good prospects for a larger number of new students next fall than usual.

—Prof. to Mr. A.: "What was the cause of John the Baptist's death?" Mr. A.: "Cause he married his daughter's wife."

—J. D. Barr, '88, principal of Argyle academy, N. Y., will teach in Prof. McGranahan's place during his absence in the fall and winter terms.

—J. Y. McKinney threw the shot 33 feet in the contest at Pittsburgh but was ruled out on account of touching the inside of "bounds" with his foot.

—Spencer reading account of ball game: "Spencer, catcher, 14 put outs —" Thompson breaking in: "Oh, Spencer, were you put out fourteen times?"

—The exhibition in the art room this year gave evidence of close attention on the part of the students and judicious instruction on the part of Miss Hodgen.

—The ball team played at Mercer June 11. Score 9 to 8 in favor of Mercer. Bad playing was the feature of the whole game which stood 8 to 8 till the tenth inning.

—Prof. Thompson has been exercising his photographic skill on the different classes, tennis clubs, societies, etc. We are pleased to be able to state that the "machine" is still in working order, though it has a haggard, careworn look.

—Mr. Wilson failed to stop and count nine Monday morning, so it is not surprising that his hat strayed off and the horse accidentally turned into the wrong road several times.

—If Miss Hodgen's art pupils would take a trip into the country they might get some valuable ideas in still life and artistic arrangement by inspecting the dumb sentinels in the cornfields.

—The following are the scores of the ball games at Pittsburgh: W. & J., 2, Westminster 11; Western University of Pa., 0, Westminster 9. Superior playing won both games for Westminster.

—"When a woman will, she will," and when three or four determine on accomplishing the same end, a man stands a poor chance. So Mr. Russell thought after being headed off so well in the studio.

—The students know examinations are an evil. The professors see it and yet examinations are. Nay, more. They stare us in the face, and we think it sufficient if by hard labor we secure 90 per cent.

—The following pleasant telegram was received by the President on commencement day from Rev. Alex. Young, D. D., L. L. D., and was much appreciated. "Sorry I cannot be with you to-day. God grant all desired prosperity."

—The HOLCAD must be very popular with the young ladies. Miss S. was reading the last issue during class roll call and we are sorry to say read the professor a selection from the paper instead of answering "present" in the usual form. The innovation will hardly be repeated.

—The ladies of the Hall wish to express

through the columns of the HOLCAD their appreciation of Dr. Ferguson's kindness and their thanks for the unabridged dictionary presented by him. This is but one of the many instances in which Dr. has shown his interest in our well being.

—When Westminster can take men from the ball field and tennis court and rush the trained athletes of W. & J. in field day, as they did in the contests at Pittsburgh, we should be able to bring home some prizes with us next year. We have too much glory and too few prizes as a result of the contests.

—Gibson, of W. & J., who pitched a lost game for W. & J. with Westminster in the recent contests, pitched a winning game for Chicago vs. Allegheny a few days ago. Gibson is all right. But to win a ball game the pitcher must have support, as our W. & J. friends now realize.

—The Sophomore class burned mathematics the night of June 16. The procession paraded the streets and after "services" consigned the casket to the flames. The members of the class were attired in white. In some cases the robes were more fantastic than aesthetic or even tasty. The services were enlivened by songs composed by a member of the class and set to the tunes of Dennis and Martyn. The casket was borne by six pall bearers. The meeting adjourned by giving three hearty cheers for the professor but groans for his specialty.

Making Money in Vacation.

About one year ago I procured instructions for platiug with Gold, Silver aud Nickle, and devoted my summer vacation to plating. In 43 days I cleared $391 10, a sufficient amount to pay my expenses for the college year. At nearly every house I plated spoons, castors or jeweleiy, and find it pleasant, instructive and profitable. My brother in 19 days cleared $162.40. Knowng that there are many desiring an education who have not the uecessary means, I trust that my experience will be to such a joyful revelation. By sending 25 cents to the Zanesville Chemical Company, Zanesvill-, Ohio, you will receive directions for making Gold, Silver and Nickle solu tions, with the necessary instructions for using them, and in an hour's practice you will be quite proficient.

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THE HOLCAD.

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CHRISTIANITY IN CIVILIZATION.

As civilization advances certain fundamental principles are established, one by one, and recognized as necessary to the highest development and well being of society. The social nature of mankind brings them together into communities which require government. Then begins an exercise and use of social forces and intellectual and spiritual powers—a development of faculties and ideas, the tendency of which is always toward a higher plane of civilization. But, however beneficial that social fabric may be which springs from a development of the social and intellectual, it cannot be a lasting foundation for the prosperity of the people. A nation of intellectual and physical athletes, unless possessed of restraining and elevating influences other than the arts and sciences, will ultimately become thoroughly selfish—lacking that social and political unity so necessary to national existence. Therefore, when government has been established and the merely negative process of getting rid of barbarism has been thereby accomplished, the principles of ethics begin to take root, and in their growth permeates the whole sphere of man's social relations. These exercise a positive and potent influence in lifting him toward the highest enlightenment.

There are many elements which enter into a perfect system of ethics. Religion has held an important place in the ethical systems of all time. The life of the most primitive savage is characterized by some remote tinges of ethical principles and religious sentiments. The god he worships does much toward forming the ideal at which he aims. He carries this with him into the community, and it becomes an important factor in the ethics of the body politic—molding its citizens, shaping its institutions, and ultimately causing either its success or overthrow. The moral tone of their ethical system has been the sure index of the durability of nations.

The ethical system to which civilization owes its greatest advancement is that embodied in the Christian religion. At its touch the greatest evils have diappeared. It has regenerated and reformed human society. It has battled with and triumphed over the enemies most hostile to the good of man, so that to-day our Republic, as a result of but an imperfect recognition of its principles, presents an example of peace and prosperity, energy and activity, which surpasses all the brightest dreams of the wisest philosophers and statesmen of the past. The standard of Christian ethics is the highest and noblest ever given to man. It contains the best principles which have found a place in our government, and many more which will find a place in time. It makes most useful members of society, men who act in accordance with its principles being the most reliable

and useful in the upbuilding of all the important interests of the community. As the light of the sun purifies the air we breathe, so the pure light of the Christian religion purifies and elevates the individual members of society, and its beneficient results are felt through all the varied relations of the individual in family, church and state. Whenever men have reached the highest point of civilization—of usefulness, and wherever the greatest advancements in the condition of human society have taken place, there the principles of Christianity have been recognized and its system of ethics held sway over the minds and hearts of men.

The systems of the pagan world were false in their foundations and unsound throughout. Philosophy pierced at intervals into the region of truth, but in no case was its ethical system entirely correct. Not a few of its teachings lacked the first principles of virtue; and worse than all, the interests of the multitude were ignored, and the elevation of the masses was the remotest thought of the philosopher and sage. The result is seen in the decay and ruin of their best institutions. Based upon such principles the grandest empires could not withstand the attacks of selfishness and corruption. Rulers became vicious and citizens disloyal.

The heathen intelligence left its greatest monuments in the contrasted civilizations of Greece and Rome. The highest form of heathen civilization was reached by the cultured and polished citizen of Athens. Nowhere else did the social culture of heathendom approach so near Christian culture. But the character of the Greek lacked a true religious basis. His religion could not elevate him above his gods. It was unable to furnish him as high an ideal as the human soul is capable of imitating. As the beautiful, as an æsthetic conception, is of less significance in life than the moral and useful, so Greece fell behind in the march of progress.

In marked contrast to the Grecian character, but equally detective, was the practical Roman in his rugged strength, reverencing only the useful. These two types of character are complimentary of each other, and when united and ennobled by Christianity they present the highest form of manhood. The small band of heroes that established themselves on the banks of the Tiber was surrounded by hostle tribes. To retain their national existence the Romans were compelled to conquer a home in Italy. This neccessity called forth an aggresive, warlike spirit. In her were awakened an ardent patriotism and a thrifty industry. From a condition of weakness and barbarism she arose to be the imposing mistress of the world and the chief representative of human progress. She gathered in her arms the elements of Grecian and Oriental culture, and for a time bade fair to remain the lasting monument of a nation permanently great without the aid of Christian culture among her citizens. But without this her religion was unable to keep out luxury and vice. These barred out the very heart of her culture—her power, and when the northern hero came he found the magnificent empire an easy prey.

With the fall of the Roman Empire came the end of the greatness of the Eastern World, and Europe entered into that dark period of preparation for taking into her hands the civilization of the world. But during the Middle Ages there had been a decline from the purity of apostolic times. A vail had gradually been formed, covering the vital and progressive principles of the new testament. Civilization left thus without her guide came to a standstill —stood in the darkness of those centuries groping for the light which had been hidden by priestly coverings and corruption. But the vail was rent in the Sixteenth Century and a flood of light was poured upon troubled Europe by the principals of christianity, so long obscured, re-emerging into prominence as factors in civilization. Then began the intro-

duction of these principles into the advancing civilization of the world, resulting in the inseparable connection between modern civilization and christianity. From that time to the present, they have walked hand in hand. Rather christianity has lead, civilization following closely.

Virtues opposed to the whole spirit of ancient life and morals, but which, once presented, were met by a response from man's deepest nature, were proclaimed by christianity. Self-negation came in the place of self-assertion; revenge, cruel and relentless, was supplanted by forgiveness, mild-eyed and tender; hate became love; war became peace. To subdue another and reign over him was no longer the sublimest conception, the loftiest ideal of men and nations. It re-adjusted the whole ethical system by making the good of the whole instead of personal glory its central aim.

These inherent principles of christian ethics were not worked out immediately in the civilization of Europe; indeed, the world is even yet far from a realization of their true worth. But it revived the character amid the effeminacy of a decaying civilization, and supplied to it that essential element whose lack was the ruin of the ancient nations. When we contemplate the modern epochs at which the nations of Europe have most certainly advanced, we find these principles asserting themselves there. Their development has been the advancement of the race; and every onward movement of the race has brought out more clearly their original essence.

The result of this seed sown in Europe is seen in that splendid national fabric of England which stands in the van of European civilization. It has produced the poetry of a Milton, the philosophy of a Bacon, the creations of a Shakspeare, and the statesmanship of a Gladstone. This principle kindled that spirit of liberty which brought our fathers to these shores and prompted them in laying the foundations of the new Republic. Built upon these foundations our country has reached a dazzling height of wealth and prosperity, and has inscribed her name far above the nations in the scale of social and political achievements.

But in the rush of the present day evils have crept into our body politic which threaten to undermine the fair fabric of our national achievement. There are evils among us whose insidious workings for our downfall far surpass those grosser forms of treason which make possible the sad scenes and dreadful carnage of the Chicago Haymarket. Back of all these scenes of blood there is the growing spirit of moral laxity—a persistent ignoring of the high standard of Christian ethics, which, if unchecked, will overturn our long established and beloved institutions, and finally bring us into the whirl of the maelstrom which has carried to their ruin the nations of the past. The offices of our business firms are taking lessons in corruption from our political offices. We are fast becoming slaves of success, absorbed in advancing our individual interests to the exclusion of our better natures. The country's need to-day is a diffusion of conscientiousness among the people as well as the advancement of their intelligence. The culture of the hearts of her citizens has not been keeping pace with the growth of their intellects.

Our republican form of government of which we are justly so proud, is peculiarly susceptible to attacks of this kind. The more the form of government gives force to public opinion, the greater is the need of virtuous citizens. The doom of the democracy of Attica was wrought by her prosperity leading in vice and placing her upon the throne from which righteousness had been banished. The same course, pursued by our own people, will lead to the same end. But there is a fairer hope for Columbia, and the issue, though dimly seen through the long vista of years, cannot be uncertain. Seeds of Christian civilization scattered by her pulpits, press and

schools shall spring up into a beautiful harvest. Then shall Christianity take hold of the minds and hearts of the people, and shall leaven society with such powerful antisceptics to the putrescent elements of depravity and decay that the noblest type of civilization shall be attained as a result of the principles taught by its Founder and King. Then shall men acknowledge their common brotherhood, and He whose right it is, to whom belong kingdoms and thrones and dominions, shall reign forever.

CRAIG SMITH.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF INVENTION.

To reach an ideal state is a natural desire of man. His intellectual being longs for wider scope and freer activity, his physical nature craves greater comfort and convenience. The hope of the final attainment of this ideal state is the guiding star that leads man up the long ascent from savage life to national perfection. Conditions existing within himself render entire perfection impossible in the natural life, yet man has the power to reduce physical disadvantages to the minimum, and to widen his intellectual vision until its range sweeps fields of thought inconceivable to present learning.

The vital problem of the scientific thought of every age has been how can man overcome the physical encumbrances which hinder the free exercise of his noble powers and waste his energies in the common drudgery of life. He knows intuitively that he is surrounded by mystery which he cannot fathom. He would push into the realm of the unknown with inquiry and investigation. He would search sea and land for the germs of truth, but time and space and the forces of nature forbid his effort and his most careful search ends in disappointment. He looks up into the heavens and would fain discover the secret of the stars, but his eye unaided cannot pierce the eternal depths.

But man's knowledge of the material universe is not limited to that which is tangible. Genius is not bounded by the narrow lines of sense perception, but examining the fruits of sensation, it goes beyond and above their sphere and by analogy grasps the subtle truths of the unseen. Genius coupled with practical ability gives rise to invention and and by the application of invention man frees himself from the lower degrees of labor, draws aside the screen that hides nature's mysteries and acquires time and facility for their contemplation. In this way he discerns his own lofty place and mission and sees with clearer eye the sublime attributes of the Moral Governor of the universe. By invention man multiplies strength, annihilates time and space, vastly extends his vision, quickens every sense and brings all nature into subjection under him. Thus inventive genius becomes an essential element in perfect civilization, for without it man has neither knowledge nor strength nor skill sufficient to control material circumstances and make them factors in his preservation and advancement.

A glance over the history of human progress reveals the fact that nations are not equally productive of useful inventions, nor is active inventive genius a necessary or even usual accompaniment of the more profound branches of philosophy. Philosophy has existed since the first dawn of civilization while invention has seen scarcely its first century of success. It arises from peculiar conditions and is the outcome of a state of society never attained by oriental nations. Ancient Egypt was renowned for the learning of her priests and scholars and her national works are the mightiest relics of antiquity, but her economy could not bring forth the keen perception

that utilizes the forces of nature for the relief of human strength. Her civilization was simply a forced relation between brain and muscle. Brain was a tyrant, muscle a slave. They were not in sympathy with each other and did not co-operate for the common good. The soul of the laborer was dark as the gloom that surrounded him. His highest aim was to escape the baton of the taskmaster and he neither knew the object of his work nor was its completion a matter of interest to him. Under these conditions he neither saw nor cared to see any improvement in his method of labor. By the ruling and educated class he was regarded with the deepest scorn. They looked upon labor as unworthy the condition of manhood and even the smallest offices pertaining to personal comfort were made the task of slaves. They made of reason a god, but considered the practical side of life beneath their dignity to notice. Under such a system decay was inevitable. The beginnings of science and philosophy acquired in her youthful period were speedily lost, and that mighty nation sank rapidly into oblivion, leaving no legacy to the world but the colossal mementoes of her own folly. Her utter lack of improvement and her consequent decay and final downfall, must be the fate of any nation which creates a laboring and an educated class and makes them hostile by a false conception of the dignity of labor and its relation to true manhood.

But turn again to the pages of history. In classic Greece social conditions were advanced to the highest plane of life ever attained by pagan civilization. But the same deluded prejudice that dried the fountain of progress in Egypt, insinuated itself into her purest thought and blighted its fruits. Her philosophers sought for truth, but when they had found truth they shrouded it in a gloom of polytheism that obscured its life-giving radiance. Idolatry brought its own reward. A false philosophy produced wrong practice. Recognizing the divine element in man's nature they exalted it far above its true significance, and not perceiving that his physical being is the only medium through which man can acquire truth, they degraded it as a useless vessel.

For this reason physical labor was deprecated and the laborer despised. Genius and ambition deserted the ranks of industry, and Greece failed to attain that degree of power which her learning warranted, because her philosophy dissociated the realm of mind from its proper sympathy with the requirements of the body.

To this there was an exception. In the beautiful they recognized the symbol of spiritual excellence. To this sentiment they gave material form in that matchless art whose memory passes like a beautiful vision when but the name of Greece is pronounced. Their theology demanded sculpture and architecture, and in these two arts a marvelous degree of proficiency was attained, because being honored professions, they were practiced by men of both genius and learning. When we consider the inimitable perfection of their finest works, and how exactly the symbol is conformed to the thing symbolized, we can only wonder what industrial progress Greece might have achieved had all branches of industry received the same fostering care. But she honored only that which ministered to her intellectual pride, and her philosophy having failed to satisfy the immediate wants of human imperfection, was cast aside like a broken reed.

The economies of Greece and Egypt embodied all the better attributes of ancient civilization. The key to their failure lies in their attitude toward practical life. They had produced man, as the thinker and philosopher, but not man, the master of his environment. They had showed a glimpse of his relation to the divine and infinite, but did not reveal the unlimited forces whose agency could bear him toward the vantage ground of truth. The nobler lesson of the true relation between

the material and the spiritual, and that control of nature's forces is part of man's rightful inheritance, was reserved for a new and brighter era.

That era commenced with the national development of Western Europe. There a new race was passing from the healthy activity of youth to the strong vigor of manhood. In them the world saw the exhausted energy and worn out philosophies of the ancient regime replaced by rough yet inspiring methods that indicated a practical rather than a theoretical disposition. In their upward growth Christianity and liberty were the moulding influences. From the union of these two elements were produced the germs of that mighty, irrepressible spirit of equality which is so characteristic of present civilization. That spirit, grandly developed in England and Germany, and made the very foundation of social order on our Western shores, has blessed humanity with the true conditions of perfect development. The most beneficial effect of equality is to draw together and harmonize both the interests and the efforts of all classes. This harmony produces strength and progress.

For centuries the thinking class had recognized no dependence upon the working class for their supply of economic facts and the demonstration of their theories. As the new civilization advanced a gradual change took place. The working and the educated classes of a nation were seen to hold the same relation to each other as the brain and muscle in the physical body. To produce the best results they must recognize mutual dependence and obligation. The philosophy of Bacon turning the minds of thinking men to the importance of practical investigation was a powerful influence toward the union of science and industry. Philosophy, religion, legislation, all came at last to recognize in actual physical labor, not only the foundation of national strength and greatness, but the key to the secrets of human progress.

Thus the working classes were pushing steadily upward. With social and political elevation came that intellectual activity which is the best qualification for action in any sphere. The dawn of the nineteenth century saw the first fruits of their quickened genius. From that period began that mighty flow of industrial progress that has been the wonder of the philosopher and the exultation of the patriot and statesman.

In mills and workshops were found men of practical ability ; men who, though uneducated, yet observed and reflected and brought forth as the fruits of observation and reflection those mighty inventions that have lent wings to progress and strength to the pillars of civilization. In half a century the industrial system has been completely revolutionized, but greater and more deeply significant has been the corresponding change in the world of thought. In former days Galileo was imprisoned as a heretic. The same bigoted and unprogressive spirit subjected even Fulton and Morse to ridicule and persecution, but as the wheels of progress rolled triumphantly on the public mind recognized in the inventor a friend and benefactor to the human race. Sentiment shifted its ground from one of opposition to one of encouragement. So great has been this change that a new element in thought has been developed. That is the general spirit of invention. It is subsequent in time to the era of industrial invention and is its direct result. It comes from the widening of the field of knowledge, and the general quickening which has been produced in every department of life by improvement in the methods of labor. This spirit of invention, permeating every branch of modern thought has, even in its first feeble exercise, revealed to man how boundless are his possibilities of progress. In the field of science, availing itself of powerful and accurate appliances, it pushes farther and farther into the realms of mystery and reveals new laws which man may utilize. In philoso-

phy and religion, in social and national life, it seizes upon every advantage which art and nature can afford to reveal truth, and through truth the principles of right living It is this inventive genius, exercised under advantageous circumstances, that places this age so far in advance of every other in its knowledge and power, and its cultivation will lead on to still higher attainments of truth.

The lesson which history teaches is that invention arises from the union of science and industry, the perfect co-operation, in its widest sense, of brain and muscle; and that such a union of man's capabilities can be obtained only when the perfect harmony existing between his physical and spiritual natures is fully recognized in practical economy.

When such a union is perfectly effected, when the prejudice against the very condition of physical labor is wholly obliterated, and when the home of the laborer is filled with the culture and refinement now so seldom found there, then will invention be no longer an accident, but a living and ever increasing element in national life. Then will impracticable philosophy wholly give way before philosophical practice, and the intricate but perfectly adjusted machinery of society will move grandly on in the elevation of our race.

HUGH F. GIVEN.

POETRY AND LIBERTY.

Truth, fed by the imagination, enlivened by the emotions, and clothed in the robe of metrical expression, is poetry.

Verse has a passion for right. It loves the good, the true and the just. The great soul of poetry suffers with the oppressed and feels the wounds inflicted on humanity. "It is scourged with Christ and flogged with the slave." It hopes everything, and urges oppressed man forward to deliverance.

Poetry is inspired by the divine handiwork and rich embellishments of nature. The waving grain of the valley, the babbling brook of the mountain, the chasing hills of the ocean, the golden sky of the setting sun, all furnish to the poet a magic mantle of illustration, with which to clothe his thoughts. The poet speaks from heart to heart, uttering thoughts to which all human kind respond, and expressing emotions which enlist the sympathies of all.

The greatest conceptions of poetry originate not in the individual mind, but in the soil of common hopes and fears. Poetry is the embodiment of the thoughts common to its age. It is so closely interwoven with the whole fabric of life, that every heart-throb which it discloses, every dominant impulse which it reveals, represents some fact of human experience. The reflection in the depths of still waters, of moving stars and overhanging trees, is not more perfect the reproduction of the thoughts and aims and passions of a generation in its poetry. An idea corresponding with a native principle calls forth an emotion, which wells up in the heart of the poet and is poured out in poetry in behalf of its cause.

The love of fellow-man is one of the primary principles of the human soul ; growing out of this and wedded to it is the love of liberty. From these two springs of action, high and ennobling thoughts flow along in the same channel, which fill the mind and inspire a poetry which has for its aim the freedom of fellow-man from the chains of their oppressors.

The thoughts of freedom of will and liberty of action, as opposed to tyranny and oppression, create effusions of poetry which can not be restrained, and spontaneously the divine gift finds expression in a glorious song of praise to liberty or breaks out in a mournful chant to oppression.

Thus when Greece was cursed with slavery,

when the auction block followed quickly the surrender of war, when Grecians as well as Barbarians were enslaved, the cause of the poor oppressed found a weighty defender in the poetry of Euripides. He denounced servitude; he upheld freedom; he declared slavery to be degrading to the people in thoughts and morals, liberty elevating to the nation in laws and justice. So England's unfeeling license of the traffic in human souls, her silent approval of the cruelties to the down-trodden race, stirred the earnest soul of Mrs. Browning to censure the nation and to cry out for the liberty of her fellow-men.

When our own fair land was plagued with the oppression of slavery; when the warnings and weighty counsels of Jefferson had been forgotten, and the voices of Phillips and Garrison were yet unheard; when the pulpit and the press were silent, if they did not openly support the nation's shame; when to oppose slavery was to be scorned and hated, then Longfellow, with his intense human sympathy, opens the door of the cabin and gives to the world a glimpse of the woes and miseries of the slave, and strives and pleads for his liberty. And Bryant, with his bow of indignation, sends his sharp arrows of truth at the defenders of oppression with such force and fervor that the hearts of all who love their kind are made to throb with sympathetic sorrow for the slave. So too the quiet though persuasive influence of Whittier was felt throughout the whole land. Liberty was the beam which gave the tint to those strong and graceful poems which have made his fame.

A struggle for liberty is inevitable, and poetry is the unrecognized weapon which first strikes the heart of oppression and helps to bring about the emancipation of the slave. The poet rules the sentiment of the people, the people rule the nation in favor of liberty.

When the ocean is quiet and peaceful, on the horizon a cloud is seen, at first small, but gradually it grows and widens till the whole sky is fillled with thick-blackness. Suddenly it breaks out and the storm is on the sea and the winds howl, and the waves dash till the masts creak, and the very hulls cringe under the awful pressure, then the storm having spent itself dies away and all is calm, and the calm is more delightful because of the storm. So when public opinion quietly endured the oppressor, the gentle influence of poesy, at first scarcely noticeable, silently pervaded the whole nation, and combining with other forces, fanned the spark of human sympathy with the souls of the people until they were moved in favor of suffering humanity. There were mutterings in the sky of public opinion, and soon the whole land was rent by the awful tempest of civil strife. Then followed peace, a peace all the more glorious on account of the storm, through which both liberty and peace have been secured.

The only thing enduring in civilization is its thought. Century after century rolls by, heroes pass out into eternity, but nothing remains as a legacy to future ages, except their treasures of thought, and thought itself is only immortal when it is the embodiment of high and lofty aims. Thoughts expressed in poetry must be of the highest and choicest character. The literature of oppression is not poetry. Though its pages were a labyrinth of symmetry and elegance of expression, though they were mantled in gorgeous robes of illustration, yet it would be a labyrinth in which the guiding cord of human sympathy is lost, and the gorgeous robes would adorn a cold statue rather than a living form.

Poetry and oppression are incongruous. How could the thoughts of the bonds of family affection being broken, of babes torn from their mothers' arms, of husbands separated from wives, arouse the genius of poesy except to fiercest opposition. Such a base theme would degrade the divine gift. The sentiment of poetry must fall in with the drift of pure ethics or it is ephemeral.

Thus the poetry that lives is the poetry of liberty. The literature of the world is on the side of liberty. There is not a great poem in the literature of the world in which can be found the taint of despotism. Thus down through the ages from ancient Greece through mediæval England, down to present America, the march of liberty has been hand in hand with poetry.

The men of thought precede the men of action; the statesman precedes the warrior; the poet, the hero. Persuasion is a greater power than force; poetry, than war. Instead of war and violence, more and more influence and persuasion are becoming means of accomplishing great ends. The world is no longer ruled by the sword, but guided by thought. "The masters are going out, the liberators are coming in." The oppressors are vanishing, the deliverers are appearing. The liberator is no longer a fanatic, but soon the sentiment of the whole world will be on the side of freedom, oppression will cease, and liberty will be one of the chief foundation stones of every nation. H. F.

THE CHASM BRIDGED.

AMERICA! How full of meaning is that word! What ideal conceptions cluster on its surface! The land of liberty—the land of freedom. America! united, divided, reunited; cleansed of sectional strife and bound together in one harmonious union from the rocky shores of Maine to the coral reefs of Florida, and from Atlantic's troubled waters to Pacific's tranquil shores.

As its rising sun appears above the eastern horizon the darkness of oppression and tyranny is dispelled, and the radiant beams of independence break through the leaden clouds of a revolutionary struggle. Their reviving heat warms the hearts of our ancestors. As one man they yield to that benign influence. Having safely passed through the Red sea of war they sing in heartfelt strains the song of deliverance. Patriotism is the uniting bond which the fiery trials of their struggle for freedom had firmly welded, and now they stand a free, united people.

Let us now follow them down the stream of their progress, and, ere its course is turned by the banks of disunion, review with steadfast gaze their land. Throughout its borders is the song of industry. The farmer, with his plow, arouses from slumber the fruitful earth. The seed is sown, and from billowy fields of grain a bountiful harvest is reaped. Upon the thousand hills is heard the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle. From beside the rippling stream comes the hum of the mill. In clamorous accents the hammer tells of manufacture. The wheels of commerce steadily revolve; "her engines hiss and throb; her ships plow the sea; her fiery chariots traverse the land," and through the arteries of the whole land permeates the blood of a peaceful industry.

> "And cradled mid her clustering hills
> Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
> Where love the air with music fills
> And calm content and peace abide"

And will it not thus abide? Will not the harp strings of the nation still vibrate their pleasing harmony? Ah, no! In the southern part of the country there is a domestic institution. This institution has a great influence. It underlies the whole social fabric, and is rapidly gathering force beneath the harmony of North and South. The power of slavery is increasing. It doubles and triples itself, and with the first shock of attack on Sumter bursts forth with earthquake fury. Harmony is rent in twain and a yawning chasm appears. It is the chasm of jealousy, animosity and antagon-

ism. On either side armies are marshaled. War clouds soon obscure the sun; a tremor traverses the land, dwellings are laid low and strong fortresses crumble. The hills and valleys thunder with awful intonations, and lightning shafts of destruction drink the blood of thousands. The storm rages for four long years, and when it ceases, the South having weakened, staggered and fallen, lies prostrate. Financially she is a wreck. One portion of her wealth, the possession of slaves, is entirely obliterated. "Agricultural interests are in chaotic ruin." Commercial matters lie stifled by the rigid convulsions of war and the arm of manufacture hangs palsied at its side. Cities are wrapped in gloom, and all local government is out of harmony. The South, in wavering scale, hangs over the abyss of despondency, transfixed by the terrible darkness of that hour. It is the black darkness before the dawn, but that blessed dawn soon comes, breaking with the shimmering light of promise, "awakening the people to new strength, new hope, new energy, new life."

In what marked contrast to this is the condition of the North! All her industries still flourish. She has been victor in the war, and her people, exulting in success, ascend the dizzy heights of triumph.

But this difference in prosperity which feeds the flame of division shall not always last. Prosperity shall come to both sections. The feeling of revenge shall narrow the scope of its hostility and triumph moderate into magnanimity and fraternity. Just when the difference in the condition of these two sections is greatest the scene changes. The leader of the nation, the brave champion of liberty falls. Lincoln is assassinated. What a sob goes up from the heart of humanity? Did ever heaven witness such a universal grief? Even enemies forget their hatred. The North together with the South pours her tears on the tomb of the slain. Animosities and quarrels are forgotten in that hour of grief.

Sixteen years have passed. Another leader falls a victim to the cruel hand of an assassin. Again in our capitol lies the mortal remains of a martyr. Garfield is slain. The nation is bowed in grief. The North and the South mingle their tears in a common grief. At this grave "old wounds are healed and fierce feuds forgotten. Vengeance and passion which have survived the best statesmanship of twenty years are dispelled by a common sorrow. Love follows sympathy. Over this open grave the cypress and willow are inseperably united and in it are buried all sectional differences and hatreds."

Thus upon the graves of these two martyrs have been erected two piers—common grief and mutual sympathy. Upon these rests the bridge of fraternal love. "The North and South rise from bended knees to embrace in the brotherhood of a common people and reunited country." Friend and foe grasp the hand of friendship beneath the common halo of loyal citizendship and true patriotism. They meet each other on the battlefield of historic renown and intermingle as friends. Truly the chasm is bridged. Strifes and jealousies have been buried in oblivion and from their sepulchers have arisen concord and harmony. The North and South are one in interest. Unity of interest has crowned industries with success. Prosperity smiles upon the whole land and from the heart of every citizen goes up the prayer, long may the sun of the republic in noonday splendor continue to shine above a free, united, prosperous and fraternal people.

L.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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SEPTEMBER, 1890.

WE sometimes hear a certain person spoken of as a "genius." The term, however, is not always applied with the same meaning. Sometimes we refer to a person of a peculiar cast of mind, and sometimes to one of great mental power, but more frequently we employ the term to designate one who is exceedingly bright or is exceedingly talented in certain directions. There is the genius in invention, the genius in literature and the student genius, but the one characteristic of each is the ease and quickness with which he works. The student genius gets his lesson in one-half or even one-third the time required by an ordinary student. Many a one who has to work harder and longer envies his talents. But is extraordinary brightness always or even usually desirable? Does it encourage and foster habits of industry? The knowledge gained from slight observation would answer the question in the negative. The phenomenally bright student usually lacks thoroughness. The limited time which he commonly devotes to his studies is not enough to awaken much interest in them, and consequently there is a lack of thoroughness. He receives but little training in that persevering effort which is so often the secret of success. Nor does he get that mastery of will over self, that decision of character, that concentration of mind which he does who is compelled to stay longer at his books. (It is not meant to compare those who might be termed dull with the "genius," but those who, though bright, are not phenomenally so.) Considering these facts it appears that the student of moderate talents is far more apt to receive those elements of character which are essential to success. On the other hand, the "genius," though it does not necessarily follow, is apt to be fickle minded and indecisive in character. A knowledge of the fact that he is a genius has ruined many a man, but for one to know that his endowments are but ordinary and need his most earnest efforts in their development will crown him with success. True it is that some of our most eminent men were "geniuses," but they were not merely such—they were also men of merit. They had back of their endowments those elements of character which determine to master. But such men are the exception and not the rule. Nine times out of ten the man of genius is outranked by the man of merit.

IT is no uncommon thing this fall to hear staunch old Republicans say that they are going to vote for Pattison. Some believe Mr. Pattison to be better qualified both as a man and on account of his former experience in the gubernatorial chair. Others dislike Mr. Delamater because he is supposed to be identified with, or at least to work to the interests of corporations and trusts. And others will not vote for him because Mr. Quay was largely instrumental in getting him nominated. Whether or not there is the same feeling all over Pennsylvania, it is certainly prevalent in some lo-

calities in the western part, and although the State has been rolling up large Republican majorities heretofore, there is a reasonable doubt in regard to Mr. Delamater's election. But leaving out of the question the possible result of the election and the relative worth of the candidates, one thing is evidenced by the present attitude of these Republicans, and it is that party affiliations are not so strong as they once were. People no longer believe that the success or failure of the country's industries depend upon the election of the candidate of their adopted party. The popular cry is beginning to be, "We want men, and not merely party representatives." This is a favorable sign. When the people at large, regardless of party, give their support to the men of the best character and qualifications, the standard of our public men will be greatly raised.

Senator Ingalls made a rousing Republican speech in Pittsburgh a short time since. There was a large crowd present and they cheered vociferously. The Senator certainly has a manner of speaking and a way of putting things which do not fall dead upon the ears of his auditors. But though he is an easy and effective speaker, yet this speech was not at all characterized by refinement. He frequently made use of extreme and unwarranted statements and expressions which, though they could not be termed insulting, yet were near neighbors. This kind of speaking may be the most effective kind of political harangues, and we doubt this, but it is certainly not the kind to recommend a man.

Now is the time for new students and old ones who do not take the Holcad to subscribe. Begin at the first of the college year. The paper is $1 per year, an amount which you will scarcely miss. It will contain the best literary productions of the students besides college news, which are always interesting to students. You could not better show your interest in and your loyalty to the college and its paper than by putting your name on the subscription list.

To the ancient Greek the highest ideal was physical perfection. To accomplish this all his energies were directed, but along with his physical developement another element was being wonderfully enhanced—intellect. To this physical culture can be traced the acute learning, the profound philosophy and the sublime elegance of the ancient Greek. They demonstrated to all history that a strong body is the necessary accompaniment of a strong mind. In contemplation of this fact we are struck with the truth (and not the first time, either,) that in connection with our college there is no opportunity given for systematic physical training. True, the tennis court and base ball ground give to many the opportunity for exercise, but when the cold days come, and this is the very time exercise is needed, there is no gymnasium to retreat to. Are we so far advanced bodily that exercise is no longer necessary? Is it the intention to make intellectual giants and at the same time physical pigmies? Not so. We want a gymnasium. For this we look to the alumni—to the alumni who, on commencement occasions gather here and at sight of the dear old alma mater, with their coat sleeve wipe a tear of sacred memories from their eyes. Now, if some of you want to be immortal in the hearts of the boys, and desire your names to be placed in glowing letters above the door of a splendid gymnasium, just reach down in your pockets and give us anywhere from $10,000 to $100,000. Don't put it off until to-morrow—do it to-day.

Never before in the history of the college had a year opened more propitiously. The number of new students—about eighty-five—has, to the best of our knowledge, never been exceeded. This, together with the wider

range of the curriculum and the earnest efforts of the instructors, certainly makes a cheerful outlook. This shows that Westminster is a living and growing institution. Its influence, intellectual and moral, is phenomenal. The Ladies' Hall, which was at one time feared to be a bad investment, is full to overflowing, thus proving the groundlessness of such fears. The music department continues to grow, and the interest manifested in all other departments is increasing. With such a grand opening, it remains for the students and for the faculty to make the coming year the most successful in the history of the institution.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—F. S. Hoover, '87, was in town September 17th.

—Rev. J. B. Ricketts, '87, accepts the call to Belmont, Ohio.

—Miss Ella Madge, '89, is teaching near West Middlesex, Pa.

—J. J. McElree, '90, is instructor in Latin at Amity college, Iowa.

—R. L. Ralston, '90, is principal of the Elder's Ridge academy.

—Rev. S. W. Douthett, '88, has a call from the congregation of Allentown.

—Rev. J. A. Alexander, '86, of New Athens, Ohio, is at home on a two weeks' visit.

—Miss Anna Dickson, '87, is teaching in the Mission school at Chase City, Va.

—Miss Artie Bently, '84, has gone to Harrisburg, where she will teach for a year.

—Rev. R. P. McClester, '75, was installed September 2d as pastor of a Grove City church.

—Miss Anna Currie, '89, who taught at Chase City last year, is reported seriously ill.

—Rev. J. M. Fulton, '72, of the Fourth U. P. church, Allegheny, is visiting at Mrs. Shaffer's.

—Mayor R. W. Dunn, '67, of Franklin, Pa., brought his son here to enter college this term.

—R. E. Porter, '90, left September 16th to attend the Western Theological seminary, Allegheny, Pa.

—Rev. R. M. Russell, '80, has received a unanimous call to the Sixth street church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—Miss Mary Elliott, '81, left recently for Chase City, Va., where she will teach in the Mission school.

—Rev. W. H. Vincent, '69, Mansfield, O., paid his friends near New Wilmington a short visit this summer.

—W. H. McKean, 82, who has been on a visit to his parents here, has returned to his school at Kansas City.

—Rev. A. G. Huey, '88, preached a very acceptable sermon in the First church, Sabbath evening, September 7th.

—Miss Lemira Mealy, '89, has returned to Greenville to take charge of the public schools of that place for the coming year.

—Miss Decima A. McKee, '84, was married lately to Rev. J. S. Black, of Boston. The HOLCAD extends congratulations.

—W. B. Clark, '89, has returned to the Western Theological seminary, Allegheny, Pa. He has been in the West this summer.

—Rev. D. R. McDonald, '81, of Norfolk College, received lately a call from the Greenside avenue congregation, of Canonsburg, Pa.

—It is with sadness that we announce the death of Jeremiah R. Johnson, D. D., '59. His demise took place at his home in Washington, Pa., on the 12th inst.

—Rev. J. P. McKee, '68, and wife, '61, started September 18th for a trip through this State. Mr. McKee will lecture on "Mission Work" at several places. The missionary leaves for his home in India October 8th.

—Married—June 11, 1890, at the U. S. Consulate, Beyrout, Syria, by the Rev. John Crawford, D. D., Prof. Robert H. West, of the Syrian Protestant College, Beyrout, and Miss Alice M. Crawford, of Damascus, Syria, formerly of the class of '90.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Mr. Kuhn, Esq., is janitor.

—Lindsay is now the champion of tennis.

—If yet neglectful, go sign the "ironclad."

—Who was Luke's mother? A Mameluke.

—The Juniors can't, won't or don't play ball.

—Thompson is going into the herding business.

—"We don't take jewelry." For particulars, ask T.

—J. M. Robertson is attending the Princeton seminary.

—Miss Lizzie Gibson teaches music in North Washington, Pa.

—It is said that mermaids tie up their hair with a marine band.

—Ye Juniors, keep quiet about back studies. So D. P. would advise.

—Mr. G. Witherspoon, of W. & J. college, entered the Freshman class.

—D. S. L. McCorkle teaches school in Salt Lake city at a salary of $70 a month.

—Mrs. Luella Sample, '87, changes her address from Grove City to Worth, Pa.

—Maggie Anderson, '89, is with us again, much to the surprise and pleasure of many.

—Scott says he got that mustache at Gusky's, and it was the last one in the box.

—Messrs. Ramsey, Millin and Nevins, of Geneva college, are enrolled with the Seniors.

—Prof. Austin, G. W. McIntire, John Stewart and Tony Mealy sport bicycles this term.

—Since her father's death, Miss Della Doyle makes her home at her brother's, in Akron, Ohio.

—Mr. R. McCulloch, of Knoxville, Tenn., is taking a post graduate course in this institution.

—NOTICE: All persons who are in arrears for the HOLCAD will please give it proper attention.

—Among the new students are *Little* ones, *Bigger* ones and several *Moore* variously assorted sizes.

—"What was remarkable about the battle of Lookout?" "It caused bangs on the brow of a mountain."

—As an extra inducement to take voice culture, the young ladies offer a free cold shower bath each week.

—You can not graduate with a "clear sheepskin" unless your name is on the HOLCAD'S subscription list.

—The latest in the drug line, "Powdered borax in liquid form." For particulars inquire at Haley's drug store.

—Refrain from using the handkerchief when passing the Hall, as the action is extremely apt to be misconstrued.

—Forty-two girls in the Hall! The loaves and fishes are all right, but the twelve baskets of fragments—a minus quantity.

—The students are coming more and more to the light. If you don't believe this, just notice the prevailing shade of hair.

—Dr. Ferguson has assumed the responsibility of teaching the students Bible lessons. Doubtless he has the sympathy of the whole faculty.

—Any one having first-class orations that have not been delivered too often, might find a market for same by addressing the Junior class.

—Daniel Redmon, who had been attending the Union Theological seminary during last winter, spent his vacation in Michigan in evangelistic work.

—Westminster is enjoying a boom. Geneva, a sister college, has contributed to our numbers, as also has Grove City. Let the good work go on.

—D. P. found that he could not breathe the same air and drink the same water which nourish "saints, angels and prophets," and live with comfort.

—"They poked a porous plaster into it and then it began to play," is the way one youngster defines the method of producing music from an orguinette.

—"Ah!" said the fly, as it crawled around, the bottle, "I have passed the hatching age, the creeping age and now I am in the mucilage"—then it stuck.

—Prof. T. E. Moffatt, '89, began the second year of his work at Sunbury academy with an enrollment of 112. The institution is flourishing under his administration.

—C. G. Jordan spent part of his vacation visiting friends, or a friend, in North Washington. Perhaps a better way to state it would be that Jordan spent part of his vacation at home.

—The old students are wonderfully unselfish. They are even willing to inconvenience themselves for the comfort of a new student—provided he is a candidate for society membership.

—The class yell of the Juniors, blending with the brays, shrieks, groans and howls of other classes make life enjoyable for the professors and those of tender nerve, as in the days of yore.

—His heart throbbed convulsively, and then with a moonlight—music—love—honey—flowers—and no examination accent the words "Oh-h-h-h! My sweet little dears!" quivered for a moment on the still night air, and all was still.

—"Beauty draws smoke." Does Prof. S. think chemicals may be acted on in the same way? At all events, a temporary partition is necessary. To save the Professor trouble the ladies would like to exchange places with the gentlemen of the class.

—For the information of new students: Those marks in the road that look like a Waterbury watch spring turned loose, or as if chain lightning had imbibed some "speak easy" whisky and then started for home, are but the tracks of Prof. Austin's bicycle.

—The following names of new students were received too late for classification: Misses Elliott, Campbell, Woods, Anderson, Goldsmith, Black, Ewing, Clow, Thorn, Love, Porter, Stewart and Barnes, and Messrs. Springer, Gailey, Hamilton, Hoover, Gault, Jackson, Hartman, Wright, Elder and Davis. Welcome, all.

—On the shelves of the Hall library may be seen Chambers' Encyclopedia complete in ten volumes, Henry's Commentary of the Bible in five volumes, and a copy of Hitchcock's Bible Analysis. These valuable books, together with fifty copies of New Bible Songs, were received from the U. P. Board of Publication, Pittsburgh, Pa., and the gift is highly appreciated.

—The following persons are enrolled as new students: Senior class—H. N. Freeman, Orange Valley, N. J., Ralph McCulloch, Knoxville, Tenn., J. C. Nevin, —— Millin, and W. K. Ramsey. The last three named are former students of Geneva. Junior class: Miss Birdie Clingan, New Wilmington, Pa., Miss Elizabeth Chamberlin, East Palestine, O., Miss Jennie Love, New Castle, Pa., Miss Annetta Little, Venice, Pa., Miss Ida Little, Venice, Pa., and Cora Peters, Millersburg, O.

—Sophomore class: Miss Fannie Beggs, Miss Aggie Dickson, Midway, Pa., Mr. J. L. Stright, New Lebanon, Pa., Mr. J. C. Cooley, New Lebanon, Pa., Mr. W. H. Reed, Burgettstown, Pa., and Miss Katie Adams, Millersburg, Ohio. Freshman class: Mr. Hugh Nevin, Elizabeth, Pa., Mr. James E. Woods, New Bedford, Pa., Mr. F. M. Grealey, Plain Grove, Pa., Wm. Bigger, Bavington, Pa., Mr. W. B. Anderson, Bart, Pa., Mr. W. L.

Aiken, New Castle, Pa., Mr. W. A. Dunn, Franklin, Pa., Mr. J. G. Alter, Parnassus, Pa., Miss Margery McCartney, Sharpsville, Pa., and Miss Bertie Ewing.

—"90"—Whereabouts: W. R. Dickson is reading medicine, R. K. Aiken studies law at New Castle, A.S. Bailey has entered the U. P. Theological seminary at Xenia, Ohio, F. H. McClymonds has not yet abandoned the paternal roof, W. M. Anderson has entered the seminary at Allegheny, R. L. Ralston is teaching in Elder's Ridge academy, E. H. Wallace reads medicine, D. S. L. McNary has entered the seminary, J. J. McElree is instructor in Latin at Amity college, Iowa, G. W. Bovard is at Princeton seminary, S. M. Goehring is at the Western Theological seminary, H. B. Van Eaton reads medicine and Matthew Donaldson law. Nettie Bell, Mary Reed, Mary Ferguson, Alice Foster, Carrie Byers and Luella Donaldson remain at home. Etta Reed is instructor of prep. classes under alma mater's roof, Nancy Spencer teaches at Sharpsville, Maud Hanna is teaching in Jefferson county, Ohio, May Burgess is now Mrs. Fisher, of Mahonington. Of Alter, Ferguson, Porter and Miss King we know nothing positively, but will guess at seminary and school room.

—The following have entered the Preparatory class: Mr. S. W. McVean, York, N. Y., Miss Sarah Madge, Wheeler, Pa., Mr. W. H. Fulton, Avalon, Pa., Mr. J. A. Anderson, East Liverpool, O., Mr. R. W. Veach, New Castle, Pa., Miss Emma Campbell, Miss Lizzie Williams, Crawfordsville, Iowa, Mr. J. T. Hartman, Bart, Pa., Mr. John Elder, Neshannock Falls, Pa., Miss Mary Graham, West Fairfield, Pa., Miss Eva M. Davis, Pardoe, Pa., Miss Florence Gilmore, New York city, Miss Laura McClure, New Wilmington, Pa., Mr. Clarence Manor, East Liverpool, O., Mr. Walter Kirkpatrick, Allegheny, Pa., Mr. Wm. McElwee, New Wilmington, Pa., Mr. H. B. Tyler, Cleveland, O., Mr. W. W. Woods, New Bedford, Pa., Mr. Walter Davis, Pardoe, Pa., Miss Cora Gault, Worth, Pa., Mr. H. M. Leeper, Moore's Salt Works, O., Mr. E. S. Henry, Jersey City, N. J., Mr. L. M. Wright, Wheeler, Pa., Mr. R. A. Mehard, Mr. W. C. Dickson, Lowellville, O., Mr. J. C. Hanley, East Liverpool, O., Mr. J. H. McClure, Mr. J. F. Frazer, Frankfort Springs, Pa., Mr. Braden McElree, New Wilmington, Pa.

Teachers' Department: Miss Maggie Hamilton, Fay, Pa., Miss Mae Pantall, Millbrook, Pa., Miss Bertha M. Black, Worth, Pa.

Art: Miss Berta Armstrong, Marietta, O.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Music Conservatory of the college has opened this fall with a larger number of pupils than any preceeding year. There are over one hundred and fifty lessons per week given now by the instructors of this institution, which in itself speaks highly for both the work and teachers. The new literary course in college has been the means of bringing many new students into the Music Conservatory. Quite a large number of the students are taking voice and instrumental, and many have come for the musical advantages alone. There are also some who are taking a post graduate course this year. This is the first year there has been added to the curriculum a post graduate course. Prof. T. W. Austin and his assistant, Miss Clara Whissen, should be highly commended for their efforts in making the conservatory what it is. Surely it is second to none in the State.

—First Cadet—"Did you ever smell powder?"

Second Cadet—"Yes."

First Cadet—"Where?"

Second Cadet—"On a college girl."

ART NOTES.

—The outlook for the Art Department for the coming year is favorable, opening with a larger number of students than usual.

—The increased number of ladies at the Hall made it necessary to remove the studio, which had formerly been there, to the college. The studio is now open all day.

—Miss Hodgen spent the greater part of her vacation in Ohio, sketching and painting from life. One of the pieces, which is a specimen of her summer work, is a large gray cat sleeping cosily in an armed chair. The background is a red plush curtain which combines with the other shades, making a very pretty effect.

EXCHANGES.

Very few of our exchanges have arrived yet, but we hope soon to see all our old friends and many new ones also. The first to arrive was the *Webster Journal*. It is gotten up in its usual interesting manner.

The Annex is again with us. It contains several good articles, among them a society oration, which shows that the standard of society work at Monmouth is high.

The Acamedian was the first of our Western exchanges to arrive. It gives unusual prominence to the alumni department, devoting one-fourth of the paper to it. We think that it would do well to improve and enlarge its literary department, even if it should be necessary to curtail the alumni department.

Kate Field's Washington was one of our visitor's during vacation. It is eminently characteristic of the lady whose name it bears. It is bright, witty, independent, but some of its teachings on moral questions are of doubtful character.

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THE HOLCAD.

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KADESH-BARNEA.

The history of the Chosen People is an illustration of God's dealings with men in every age. Almost every chapter of that history might be appropriately introduced by "Hear another parable." The whole journey from the brick-yards of Egypt to Kadesh-Barnea had been replete with strange and miraculous events. At the solemn hour of midnight while Egypt, tortured by all the judgments of an offended God, was bewailing her first-born, Israel stole quietly out from her bondage and commenced her weary pilgrimage. Their passage through the channel of the deep with its green and massive walls crested with the foam of surging billows, the pillar of fire and of cloud, and the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, continually testified to them of the presence and power of the God of Jacob; yet throughout their long desert journey they murmured, they rebelled, they suffered. And now their hopes are high, they have come to the end of their journey; they stand upon the very borders of the promised land, but they hesitate, they doubt, they disobey. Disheartened and discouraged sadly they turn their backs upon the green fields, the vine-clad hills, the grateful shades and the flowing streams and once more face the horrors of the desert. Kadesh-Barnea changed the entire history of this nation, and Israel wandering in the desert is but a type of the Jew of to-day, the "wandering outcast," the "homeless nation."

Every life, every nation, must have its Kadesh-Barnea. The promised land is reached and though there be giants, the children of Anack, there, they must be driven out; we must go up at once and possess it or turn again into the lonely desert. Questions arise upon the answer of which depends success or failure. Problems present themselves upon whose solution hangs the destiny of future ages. Turn the pages of biography or history and everywhere you find presented these great crises.

Cæsar paused upon the banks of the Rubicon. It was both his and his country's Kadesh-Barnea. Ambition beckoned him, holding out to his ardent gaze the tempting bauble of a crown. Republican Rome rent with civil strife and corrupted by riches stretched to him her bleeding hands. Cæsar paused: "he plunged, he crossed," which to Cæsar and to Rome was but the beginning of the end.

Napoleon reached his Kadesh just after the peace of Amiens. For twelve years he had led France through a desert of fierce warfare. Rising to fame in the internal struggles of his own country, he twice escapes the combined powers of Europe, conquered the home of the

Cæsars, and planted the tri-color of France among the pyramids of Egypt. His wonderful genius had made him not only Emperor of France but Moderator of all Europe. Had he been satisfied with this he might have given to France a peace and prosperity that would have inscribed his name with that of Washington, high among earth's patriots; but following the pillar of the fire of his evil ambition, he plunged again into the desert to bathe Europe in a sea of blood and tears and to cover himself with everlasting infamy.

But it is in nations that we find those grander crises which are the mile-stones in the pathway of civilization. The thirteenth century is England's Kadesh-Barnea. This period witnessed the birth of the Magna Charta which for six centuries has been the watchword of British freedom. Previous to this English history is but a record of tyrannies, oppressions, wars and conquests. But the injustice of the Norman kings at last found its climax in the outrages of the ruthless John, and the barons uniting with the people compelled him at the point of the sword to sign the Great Charter, and thus to lay the cornerstone in that mighty bulwark of English liberty which is the admiration of the world. This ancient charter marks the dividing line between the age of Might and the age of Right. Through its means the British freemen were raised to a political power that has led to a virtual Democracy. By it tyranny found its grave in the ruins of feudalism and there was ushered in that age of written constitution and law which is one of the safe-guards of national life.

In the brief period of Columbia's life she has passed an important Kadesh. For almost a century we struggled through the desert of slavery. Four million human souls in bondage; men bowing beneath the sting of the lash; women tracked by blood-hounds through the desolate swamps; children torn from their mother's embrace; all crying with outstretched arms for deliverance. In the march of progress that deliverance must come. Brave men throughout all the land stood manfully by the truth; a million and more men were arrayed in mortal combat; the earth ran red with fraternal blood and the bondman stepped out through the whirlwind of battle from the darkness of slavery into the light of freedom.

Although our country has passed grandly through one Kadesh there is no reason to suppose she may not meet another. Nay, we stand upon the very threshold of a Kadesh-Barnea, the like of which the world has never seen. The closing years of the nineteenth century shall witness a crisis upon whose issue hangs not only the destiny of America but of civilization itself. Look where you will upon the horizon and you will see storm-clouds rising from the condition of our civil and social life.

Socialism, that brilliant fallacy which means the abolition of all the ties that bind man to man, the tearing down of every safeguard to virtue and purity, is stalking forth in the land. In its worst form it is anarchy, which is but another name for chaos. Born and nurtured amid the despotisms of the old world, when transplanted to free America it developed rapidly and has become violent and aggressive. Though defeated at Chicago it is but slumbering and needs but another Haymarket to arouse it. Greatly increasing the danger from this source is the widening breach between capital and labor. These are becoming more and more estranged. The rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer. The discontented workingman chafing under real or imaginary wrongs is easily converted to the milder forms of socialism from which there is a broad and easy way to full-fledged anarchy.

Another danger threatening our national prosperity is the rum traffic. That power which does not hesitate to buy votes and intimidate voters, to defy the law and bribe its

officers. Which by its own admission has spent millions of dollars in bargaining and bribery. "Which deals in mothers' groans and children's cries and widows' tears; which barters blood and souls of men for gold;" and on either side and joining hands with which stand political demagogy and municipal treachery. These three which might be fitly termed the great American triumvirate of corruption are plotting for the downfall of our Republic.

These are dark pictures but they are not overdrawn. Unlike the prophet's cloud on Carmel they are not only the size of a man's hand but they have already spread over much of our political horizon. We of this generation must pass the Kadesh of the Ages.

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling
To be living is sublime.

We stand upon the border of the promised land and during the next decade America must go forward to a higher and a better civilization, to a stronger and purer government or turning her back upon these she must still wander in the desert. Let the Sons of Liberty awake! Let "Christian Education" be their watchword and let the dawn of the twentieth century find on every hill-top a church, and in every valley a school. Then shall we have met the crisis and passed our grandest Kadesh. Then shall the day star of education be lighted and with the rising sun of Christianity the darkness of socialism, anarchy and rebellion shall forever be dispelled.

A. B. S.

OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

In a nation's songs may be traced a great part of its history. The plaintive air and pathetic words the soldier sings on the eve of battle is a record in song of saddened hearts and parted friends. So the grand melody and its fiery words tell of bloody charges and glorious victory, while the clear, dignified and impressive strains ring out from every gladdened heart the tones of peace.

The grand "Marseillaise" of France thrilled her sons as they braved the storms of the Franco-German war; the English have triumphed gloriously, led on not only by their flags and love of country, but also fired by the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Our own Americans have led a forlorn hope to victory urged on by the "Star Spangled Banner." When rebellion stalked among us, and the horizon was black with threatening disaster, the two armies were inspired to the greatest valor by their respective songs. More potent than the "Rebel Yell" rang the sweet strains of "Dixie" through the Southern ranks, till their shattered remnants proclaimed the Confederacy "A Lost Cause." Likewise the weary Federal felt his step quicken to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and while that brave but mistaken man, John Brown, was lying in his grave, "his soul was marching on" —on through the patriotic souls that marched and fought for the Union, and it is to be hoped still lingers in the characters of those for whom he died.

Our national songs have sprung from the intense pressure of mighty occasions. Those that have taken deepest hold on our hearts were mostly the expression of hearts stirred to their depths by war and tumult. They were not produced by the patient study of the poet; they were not poems written for some passing occasion, but they were the spontaneous gushing forth of patriotic fire, in words not made to last.

There is interest in their history. The oldest of these, "Yankee Doodle," may be traced as far back as the Revolution, but no distinct

proof of its authorship can be given. In 1812 Francis Scott Key was taken a prisoner of war by the English and while in prison gave to the United States the "Star Spangled Banner." The success of the effort may be measured by the years through which it has kept the flag a sacred thing in the eyes of its protectors. "John Brown's Body" has no certain history as to the music; it became a song amid the turmoil of 1860, and as one has said "it may be compared to Topsy—it just growed." But if its musical origin is obscure, not so its words. Brown had become a fanatic on the slavery question. Thinking to liberate slaves he invaded Virginia and gained possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry; but his attempt was crushed and Brown was hung. This is enough to show why this song was so warmly received and loudly sung. A quartet of the 12th Massachusetts Volunteers took it up and it was their marching song from Boston to the front. Other regiments soon took it up and marched "into the valley of death" with the magic name of John Brown upon their lips. Even at first there was a majesty and simplicity in both song and tune, but Mrs. Julia Howe conceived the idea of putting other words to it, which resulted, perhaps, in the most elevated of our national songs, "The Battle Hymn of Our Republic."

"Marching Through Georgia" was not composed till later in the war, but has been perhaps as much sung as any of the others. "Sherman's Great March to the Sea," to the old soldier a pleasing reminiscence, is commemorated in such a graceful, swinging style of music and such a set of stirring words, that it is perhaps the most popular of national melodies to-day.

Geo. Root, a composer of Chicago, gave us the "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching." Of the first it has been said: "More than once its strains arose on the battle field and made obedience more easy to the lyric command, "Rally Round the Flag." "Just Before the Battle, Mother," deserves to live in the memory of every soldier on every field. It is surpassed by few airs in its deep sadness. It gives one a vivid picture the night preceding battle. The son of a distant but loving mother is penning her his heart's tribute and perhaps the last. How many are the thoughts of home and friends on the eve of the fight. To-night he may enter the portals that separate from mother, sister, friend. Thus it is a touching song. "Tramp," etc., was a song that sent a gleam of sunshine through the dark prison cell and a ray of hope into the hearts of men sunk in such awful despair that death in battle was far preferable. But the "tramp" was going on; "the boys were marching," and this thought cheered many a starving prisoner of Libby, Andersonville and Belle Isle, and gave him a new lease of life.

The draft in 1862 by President Lincoln called out a song by John S. Gibbons, entitled, "We are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand more."

But not more beautiful, more touching, nor more inspiring were our Northern creations than those of the courageous and home loving Southerners. Among these and at their head stand "Dixie" and "Lorena," which never grew old to the Confederate through four long years of strife. No more pathetic song than "Lorena" ever calmed his heart as he lay at his camp fire. Sad, melancholy and weird, it was the "Annie Laurie" of the Confederate army till its last campfire was put out. Yet the correspondent of *The Century* calls it a song of "mushy sentimentality," speaks of its "lugubrious wail" and thinks "the vagaries of public taste inscrutable." Any one who calls "Lorena" "mushy" has a head to which the adjective much more properly belongs. As these songs are a part of the elective (?) studies of our colleges, "the boys" will insure their existence for many years.

Most of them were created by the thunder of war. They served the cause well and are now the songs that fill our land with patriotic hearts. Those of the Confederacy as well as of the Union are now sung all over the land, "for the wild echoes of the struggle have all died away," and with them all memories of unkindness between ourselves and Southern friends.

But we can boast one song that thrills wherever it goes. Partisanship melts under it; sectionalism cannot but welcome it, and even high handed Vice is touched by its beauty. It brings men together; it melts hearts that are hard; it strikes a chord that responds. One moonlight night Rebels and Federals lay encamped on either side of a Southern river. All is still; on the silent air breaks a patriotic air; it is answered, and far into the night the musical rivalry is continued. Now it is "Dixie," then it is "Rally Round the Flag." Each side swells with thousands of voices their respective airs; suddenly there breaks on the night air the most loved of all songs, and both shores unite to pay a glorious tribute to John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home."

M. D. Telford.

THE TWO BRIDGES.

The rulers of the Persian empire were many. Their characters were various. Some were haughty; some licentious; some cruel; others possessed all these traits. Among the latter was one called Xerxes. Self-gratification prompted him to every action. His broad domains; his vast army; his millions of subjects, all slaves to his despotic power, furnished him grand opportunities for satisfying his desires. Like Alexander he had a mania for conquest. Difficulties, which to other emporers, seemed insurmountable, disappeared before his insatiable desire for power. He sacrificed wealth, comfort and happiness on the altar of his ambition. Away over the sea towards the setting sun laid a beautiful country possessed by a refined and cultured race. As the eye of this haughty monarch viewed the varied and graceful forms of the Sporades and Cyclades, covetous thoughts arose in his mind. He said to himself, "Those lovely gardens, that beautiful land shall be mine," and immediately he undertook its subjection. See his great army go forth towards that coveted land. But to reach it the Hellespont must be crossed. That seems to be a human impossibility. Will there be a voice to say to him as it did to Moses at the Red Sea, "Go forward?" Will divine power be employed in parting the waters? Will the Persian host pass over on dry ground? Ah, no! Their leader is not a Moses; their journey is not to the promised land; their ears shall hear no heavenly message. But the haughty monarch devises a plan for himself. His command to officers and soldiers is: "Build me a bridge of boats." Quickly is it done and a gangway is stretched across the Hellespont. All are ready to pass over. But look up! Heaven is frowning on the plot about to be executed. The clouds begin to gather; the wind to rise; the waves to dash. The bridge suddenly is transformed into a heap of rubbish and drifted on the shore. The enraged despot, with a heart as hard as stone and as cruel as Jezebel's, orders each of the engineers to be beheaded. Immediately then he commands his officers to build another bridge of a double line of boats. This is done and the Persian hosts pass over. Greece is invaded; her country devastated, and lovely Athens, the pride of

the cultured world, is laid in ruins. Victory! glorious victory! shouts the Persian. But hush! Look over the waters. Do you not see that huge Grecian fleet? It has not been overpowered But see the Persian fleet go forth to meet it. A patriotic song rings in the Grecian soldier's ear:

"On, sons of Greece!
Strike for the freedom of your country!"

The Persian is defeated; his vessels are scattered. Oh! how humiliating. His bright hopes have fled. Heaven again frowns. Famine overtakes his army; pestilence enters his ranks; he is compelled to flee to his native land. Shall he not lead his great army on their homeward march across the bridge of boats? Alas! it has disappeared; the ruins alone remain. He seeks another way of escape and after weeks of peril and months of hardship he reaches home. But where his vast army? Where his glory? Where his coveted wealth? Millions have been squandered; vain glory has disappeared; a mighty army almost annihilated.

From this frail bridge of ancient days, we turn our thoughts to one of the grandest monuments of architectural skill of modern times, which is appropriately called the "Eighth Wonder of the World." This, too, was built to gratify the desires of man, but these desires were not those of haughty ambition. It was built to bind more closely the social and commercial interests of the City of Churches and the metropolis of the New World. One of the most skilled engineers undertakes this gigantic task. Over this passes the commerce of the two cities. The public press predicted it a failure. "But why should we fail," said the engineer. Lightning has been tamed and harnessed to do man service. Sound is transmitted accurately for hundreds of miles. Distance has almost been annihilated by our modern modes of travel. Then why should the proposed bridge be a failure? On either side far down below the river bed, on solid rock, the foundation of two massive piers are laid. Gradually they rose until they reached a dizzy height. On ponderous cables which join the summits hangs the magnificent structure. Over this rolls the railroad car and the wagon. On a track above may be seen thousands of foot passengers coming and going. See, one pauses in the center and looks down. He is startled at the depth. He looks around and about him and a voice within whispers, "How wonderful!" It baffles description!

Place beside this the bridge of boats across the Hellespont and the old structure sinks into insignificance. The ancient bridge trembled with every ripple; the modern defies the highest waves and the fiercest billows. The former remained but a few days; the latter has stood for a decade and may stand for centuries. The former furnished a path that led to destruction; the latter a grand highway for commercial intercourse. The former was the invention of a vain, haughty and unscrupulous monarch; the latter the achievement of two flourishing cities. The former was a curse to humanity; the latter is a blessing.

On life's path the swamps, the chasms, the quagmires which must be bridged are numerous. Without a bridge it is impossible to pass over. Ignorance is a swamp, to cross which a bridge of knowledge must erected. Passion is a chasm. To reach the other shore a bridge of self-control must be constructed. Wickedness is a quagmire. To keep from sinking the traveler must walk on the bridge of righteousness. The building of such bridges is personal work. The college professor or the self-controlled man of wisdom, or the righteous man may map out the way, may

give directions, still there remains a personal work without which we cannot succeed. Success, however, is only temporary unless another condition be met, that is, to have a right and noble aim in crossing. If the desire to bridge over the swamp of ignorance, or the chasm of passion, or the quagmire of wickedness be simply for vain glory, or self-gratification, or the injury of our fellowmen, the greatest apparent success will most quickly lead to disastrous failure. Better, a thousand times better, had such a structure never been built. But if the desire in erecting such a bridge is for the good of self; for the benefit of the community; for the elevation of humanity; then let their piers be founded on the "Rock of Ages," the cables spun from the mine of truth, and the planks sawed from the cedars of righteousness. If this be done, the builder will be rewarded; humanity blessed; the millennium hastened.

HARRY L. HOOD.

"THE BOOK AGENT."

The question, what shall be done with the book agent, has long remained an unsolved problem. No amount of discussion seems to forecast for it a satisfactory solution in the near future. Carried on for the most part by those bitterly opposed to the very existence of this public benefactor this discussion has been decidedly demagogical. The direct result of this has been to create an unfair prejudice in the minds of the people. This has arisen to such a height in some localities that society is almost a unit in its denunciation of him as a criminal. What this beneficent individual has ever done to secure such a reputation we have always been at a loss to know. Of what has society proven him guilty? What is the charge prefered against him for which he is condemned without so much as a hearing? Why is he commonly supposed to be composed of a curious compound of "gab," "cheek," "gall" and several other unpleasant ingredients? Until these questions are answered we must claim for the book agent the right to demand the respect of society and to be heard in defense of his much abused name and occupation. Since then we claim that he is neither a criminal nor a public nuisance, what then is his mission? Is it such as recommends him as a man among men—one by virtue of which he can claim the protection of society? We answer that his mission is the dissemination of literature among the people. That this is a worthy occupation, no one will attempt to deny. Very few are aware indeed of the extent to which this is accomplished through the book agent. How many of the best books of to-day would be almost unknown but for this method of introduction. Of late years nearly all the important books have been published on the subscription plan. True the book store is a necessary institution, but it only accomplishes in part the great work of disseminating literature. Through the agent's help the publishers are warranted in undertaking what would otherwise prove hazardous publications. Even the most extensive advertising has failed to bring really meritorious work to the attention of those who would purchase it if made acquaint with its merits. There are numerous instances, prior to the advent of the canvassing agent, of great works which have proved a dismal failure, financially, simply for the lack of proper introduction. But the subscription method has changed all this. It guarantees the success at once of meritorious works and enables the publisher, by increased sales, to place the work within the reach of all. Thousands of

people are thus induced to read who rarely see the inside of a book store or library. Here then is a system of education inaugurated and carried out by the book agent. Does this seem like the work of the ordinary criminal? Do the thousands of well filled libraries found in nearly every house of our land sustain the verdict rendered by the press and people? We see thus that the mission of the book agent stands in the relation of an educator to the people. To what higher work could a man aspire? In what nobler employment could he spend his time and talents? What more does the teacher or minister than to educate, each in the line of his profession? But why must one labor under the disapprobation of society while the other receives the commendation of an approving public? May it not be that his work is in advance of his age? We believe that in this lies a partial solution of the difficulty. Those in advance of their age have always met with opposition from those content to follow after. When Socrates by his method of education, sought to instruct the youth of his day, the poison hemlock was his reward. Caesar, thinking and acting centuries in advance of his time, fell a victim to his short-sighted enemies. But the world has since learned to honor both Socrates and Caesar, not because they have changed, but because they are now understood. Thus it is with the book agent. Thus it will be when the people learn to duly appreciate the service of this public benefactor.

True, our business bas been misrepresented. What business or profession has not. We do not claim perfection, but we do claim the respect due to an honorable man, engaged in an honorable business. The various occupations and professions of our country place before us the names of many men worthy our notice as pioneers in the advancement of our national interests. In this respect our calling speaks for itself. In no other vocation can you find a larger per cent of intelligent and worthy men and women. Among them are found the names of both authors and statesmen of more than ordinary ability. The roll of Statesmen is headed by no less an honored man than Washington himself. He was a book agent, and a good one too. Prior to the fateful Braddock expedition he sold over 200 copies of a work on "The American Savage." Jay Gould, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mark Twain were in early life book canvassers.

So also was Longfellow. There is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society a prospectus the poet used, and on one of the leaves are the skeleton lines of his celebrated poem, "Excelsior," which he was then evidently incubating.

David Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by selling books. General Grant at one time took an agency for Irving's "Columbus." Bret Harte was a book agent in California in 1849 and '50. Ex-President Hays footed it all over Southern Ohio selling "Baxter's Lives of the Saints." After the siege of Toulon, Bonaparte, then a young lieutenant employed at the capital and too honorable to duplicate his pay account, took an agency for the "History of the Revolution." Bismarck and Coleridge, the poet, were at some period of their lives book canvassers. James G. Blaine began his business career as a canvasser in Washington county, Pa., when he sold a life of "Henry Clay." But space does not permit us to speak of the many others whose names emblazon the pages of history, and who largely owe their success in life to the experience gained while engaged in the laudable and honorable calling of book agent. And yet with such a peligree society insists on branding us as criminals. We are glad to note however that a few appreciate our work as educators. Says Talmage: "I always feel like lifting my hat to the book agent because he is doing so much more good than

I can ever expect to do." Gladstone says: "The greatest public benefactor is the man who sells good books."

We have spoken thus far of the benefits derived by the people from the sale of good books. Let us look for a moment at the reflex benefit, or that derived by the agent himself.

As a preparation for life s work there is no school of superior advantages. A practical education will often enable one to succeed where mere book knowledge will fail. For such an education no institution of learning can afford the same advantages. That young man who starts out in life without the practical education secured in this or some other mill for testing his metal, will some day awake to the realization of the fact that his education is such only in theory.

Again, an understanding of human nature is essential to success in those professions which call for frequent communication with all kinds of people. The continuous contact with persons of every description enables the canvasser to attain this in a degree nowhere else possible.

Patience, another redeeming trait, can here receive its full development. An opportunity is also afforded to become proficient in the art of conversation, an attainment which but few possess The result then of this work to the canvasser himself is apparent in the full development of all his powers. Instead of the one sided man we have the well-rounded practical man. One who views his fellowmen from the broad standpoint of a practical education.

Here, then, is a school open to all. Its importance both to canvasser and people cannot be over-estimated. It was Washington, the agent, that made Washington the statesman and warrior. The skill which he afterward showed in guiding the affairs of state through the dark hours of the Rebellion was acquired largely in this school. Here he learned the lesson of patience which carried him safely through the terrible experience during the winter spent at Valley Forge. Many other things might be said in defense of this much abused personage, but we wish to say a word in concluding to those who contemplate the work. First, have a good book. One that a person will read and re-read. Second, have pluck and perseverance. Never say, "die." One of the foremost requisites is a fund of courage coupled with the determination never to give up. Discouragements will be your daily companions. Use your wit to avoid them and turn seeming defeat into victory. Third, use your brains. It takes brains to win a battle. There never was a successful campaign fought out that was not first thought out. The plans for the day's work should begin the evening before and be reviewed in the morning when the mind is clear.

It is of great importance for a man who has something to do to have a system for doing it. Plan your work. Never be taken at a disadvantage. Business is business. Do not measure your work by what some other modest man is doing. Start out with the intention of beating the record. Don't be afraid to try. Many a man has made his fortune because he dared to try. Use your brains. Think. Brain work and leg work make a strong team and when once hitched up are almost sure to reach the winning post. Have regular hours for eating and sleeping. The man who makes a success of canvassing must be in good physical condition. Then, there is your personal appearance—how about that? The man who is careful about his person is always the better for it. Always dress modestly, no difference what class of people you expect to meet. Lastly, do not doubt your own ability. In a resolution to win there is the promise of winning. When you get up in the morning say to yourself that you are going to reach your daily average, and do it. You will win nine times out of ten. The

writer well remembers an instance in which twenty-five books were needed to make up a required number and only two days in which to do the work. With a determination bordering on desperation he went to work and at 3 P. M., the second day twenty-seven books had been sold. Always reach out for larger work, grander results. Always aim to beat your own record. Do not let anything short of grim death turn you from your purpose. But go forth doubly strong in purpose to do grander things, remembering that, "He who bloweth not his horn, his horn shall not be blowed." A VETERAN.

EDUCATION.

It has been said that the word education implies so much one might as well put end and object of being at the head of an essay. It is a word which the logicians might call the universe. It has as many meanings as there are chapters in earth's history. By some it is defined by reference to the educational machinery of a governmental system, like that of Prussia, where all are compelled under a penalty of fine or imprisonment, to attend upon instruction. While by others it is understood to be academy and college routine, commenced with a Latin grammar and ended by a diploma in the same dead language. If a young man has attended college a few terms, and gone over the prescribed course of study, he is forthwith dubbed an A. B.; A. M.; or some other title of dignity, and passes off as an educated man, though he may be the greatest mumscull in existence.

To write a complete treatise on education would be to write a complete treatise on all things under the sun. Even the teacher sometimes thinks of education as a thankless toil; and the student, in turn, regards it as a necessary evil. The politician makes it a convenient tool for raising himself in popular favor. The mechanic welcomes it as introducing new facilities for the prosecution of his labor. The farmer, too, finds that it gives him the control of agents, before useless, because unknown. These are a few of the many senses in which education appears to different minds. But we are all students, and how shall we make those applications most suitable? No one has reached such an eminence in scientific or literary attainments as to soar above the atmosphere of study. You may sink below it, but never rise above it. The farmer studies as he notes the composition of soil, the laws and progress of vegetable growth, whether it be when the winter stricken earth is covering herself with the mantle of hopeful spring, or amid the restling sheaves of autumn. The loom, the anvil, the counting-room, and the exchange, furnish ample themes for profitable and continued study.

The lawyer is a student all his life; the physician who does not study the nature of diseases and their remedies, is a curse rather than a blessing to society; the minister of the Gospel, the language of whose heart is to be moulded by the word of God, must, certainly, be a student. It is safe, then, to assert that the teacher is not less a student than the taught. But to excel, there are many things which must be attended to, one of which I will mention. It is thoroughness: better know everything of something, than something of everything. There is great danger of students trying to learn too many things at once. Not unfrequently are teachers beset by their pupils asking permission to study Mental Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy and Logic with some of the languages, when those same pupils might, with more propriety, be studying the dictionary, and attaining the elementary principles of common arithmetic.

It is a common remark, that the students often graduate in our colleges, who are not able to translate their own diplomas. It is also true that many of our youths, of both sexes, boast of knowing Latin, French, Geometry, Astronomy and other sciences, when their knowledge is, at best, but a figment of their own fancy. Would it not be better to cultivate a small field, and do it well, than to add acre to acre, and field to field, to suffer it to lie waste?

THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

EDITORS.

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J. H. SPENCER, '9 } . . LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
P. H. GORDON, 92. . ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.
A. L. RUSSELL, '92 } LOCAL.
HANNAH PEEBLES, 92 } LOCAL.
J. H. SPENCER, '92 } . . . MUSIC AND ART.
ETTA McCLELLAND, '91 } . . . MUSIC AND ART.
R. R. McCLURE, '91 EXCHANGES.
THOS. P. TRIMBLE, '91, . . . BUSINESS MANAGER.

OCTOBER, 1890.

IN the eyes of the public the "book agent" is usually viewed with disapprobation. Everywhere there seems to be a strong prejudice against him, and it often leads to those rebuffs and insults which are his peculiar heritage. Whether the attitude of the public in this case is justifiable or not we will not attempt to say, but will refer you to an article published in this issue on "The Book Agent." The author of the piece is an alumnus of Westminster and has been a successful agent, and is without doubt well informed on the subject.

THE lecture committee have for the last few days been busily engaged in working for the association. The HOLCAD extends its most cordial wishes for their success, and would urge all students and people of the community to purchase season tickets. The Lecture Association, though under the joint management of the Philo and Adelphic literary societies, is not conducted for any financial benefit to those organizations, but simply to furnish the community, and especially the college, with a first-class series of entertainments. In this respect the association so far has been signally successful. The entertainments have not only been entertaining but also instructive and educational—such as would educate in the student a high ideal of literary, oratorical and musical merit, cultivate a taste for the best class of entertainments and broaden his views on important topics. But though the entertainments of the course have formerly been of a high grade, we have reason to think that this year's course will be on the whole a little better. A considerable amount of money has been left in the treasury from last year, and this will be used to secure the best available talent. Students, if you want the worth of your money, buy a season ticket to the lecture course.

WE all have our peculiarities. It is these that make the individual and distinguishes him from all others. And it is in being one's self—in the exercise of his own peculiarities that a person is most at home, and adapts himself best to society. The person who is always trying to imitate some other person is always a bore. Imitations are never of the same material, and it is seldom if ever that their value is equal to the genuine. The society man who attempts to act like his more attractive and witty friend always makes a miserable failure. The student who studies with difficulty regrets that he adopted the hours of his more ready friend when he faces the searching realities of the recitation room. The speaker, in his attempt to be Webster II, is ludicrously unsuccessful. The artificial character of all such attempts is very apparent, and always elicits antipathy. The imitation here spoken of does not understand the word in its wide significance. Such an imitation may be and frequently is all right. We may try to imitate the praiseworthy qualities in the character of another, or we may imitate in some noble enterprise, &c. But when it means that one person loses his individuality in that of another it is quite a different thing. The leaders of society and state are not imitators, who always

look to some one else to lead. They are men of marked individuality; men who are pre-eminently self.

FONETIK speling! How muzical thez wurds sound to the litle erchin who toils laboriusly throo the long lists ov hard and awkwardly speld wurds which hiz speling book contains. Meny a tim almost in despar he haz bin led to egakulat, "wel, if I had bin making thoz wurds I wud hav speld them sum esier wa." And the comon skool skolar is not alon in his trubles. Meny an older person after puzling hiz brain for fifteen minets over the rit way to spel sum wurd haz thot ov Fonetik speling az a "konsummation devoutly to be wished." Whatever ma be the arguments for or agenst this sistem, the fact iz that it iz ganing in favor, tho sloly. It iz now advokated by sum ov the leeding edukators of the da, and the languag itself iz sloly advansing in that direkshun. If we examine the speling of Old Inglish we find a much more complex wa of speling than ther iz now, and the present tendensy iz to omit leters which unnecessarily lengthen a wurd, as "ue" in *catalogue*. Thus we see that languag tends to simplify its speling.

If this tendency kontinues, which it iz likly to do, the speling will obviusly approach neerer the Fonetik sistem, but it iz hardly probable that this sistem wil ever or for a long tim, at leest, be adopted by the Inglish speeking peeple.

THERE is an old story extant of a person who took occasion to speak admiringly of the intellectual depth of his pastor. The person addressed evidently was not in full sympathy with this opinion when he replied: "Yes, but deep like a well"—deep and dark. Obscurity in writing is not infrequently misinterpreted as depth. Because one does not comprehend what is said does not always argue that it is deed. Depth is not an element of obscurity. It does sometimes go with it, but its presence cannot be discovered simply by the difficulty in understanding the composition. Many obscure writers, especially among amateurs, simply skim over the surface and hide their shallowness in the shadow of complex composition. The brainy man is not the one who clothes deep thoughts in obscure language, but the one who makes them easily understood through the use of simple language. There is a tendency on the part of students to introduce their compositions by a few big sounding and obscure sentences—sentences which they often fail to comprehend. In their estimation the standard of their production is raised thereby, and they can thus consider themselves as more than ordinary writers. This is an unfortunate tendency—one which will materially injure the literary worth of the person. The clear, lucid essay is always read with more relish than the obscure. People prefer the clear, sparkling water to that which has to be filtered.

ACTION taken by the Adelphic society on the death of S. H. Jordan:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the all-wise and merciful Ruler of the universe to remove from the Adelphic Society one of its active members, therefore be it

RESOLVED 1. That while feeling very deeply the loss we have sustained in the death of our brother and lamenting his taking from us, we greatly rejoice in the well assured hope and belief that he is at rest in Christ.

2. That the sympathy of the members of this society is hereby extended to the family in their sad bereavement, and we commend them to the care of Him "who doeth all things well."

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and also be published in the HOLCAD and in the New Wilmington *Globe*.

COMMITTEE.

ART NOTES.

—Misses Barr and Little are beginning in crayon.

—Miss Junk is now at work on a "dog's head," in crayon.

—Miss Eva Andrews has completed a beautiful forest scene, and is working on a study daffodils.

—Mr. W. W. Barr has completed the head of a representative mule, in crayon, and is now at work on a dog's head.

—A scene in country life is now on Miss Armstrong's easel. The cart and the three oxen lying near, presents a quiet and peaceful air.

—"S. Andre" is the subject of a head, being executed in crayon by Miss Thompson.

—Miss Mary Stewart has finished a study of Chrysanthemums placed carelessly in a large vase, and is now painting a beautiful bunch of roses.

—Miss Maud Chapin is painting a spray of oleanders on a porcelain plaque.

—Miss Lytle is crayoning an ocean scene. In the foreground children are wading in the water, their hair is tossed to the wind, and their faces wear an expression of pleasure, while in the back-ground the waves gently beat against a huge projecting rock. This is a study of a typical day on the coast.

—Another coast scene is being executed by Mr. Russel. It is a ladened vessel lying in the calm waters of a harbor, and on the shore near by stands a castle with pointed roof and wide stair case leading to the door, and with broad surrounding walls. The whole portrays a quiet and antique effect.

—We find Miss Margaret Anderson among the art students this term; as she is here for art alone, she spends double time in the studio and has already finished three studies of heads, in crayon, and is now working on an Egyptian girl. Her work is all excellently done.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—Rev. J. C. White, '70, goes to Wyoming, Iowa.

—Rev. J. W. Smith, '79, changes his address to Princeton, N. Y.

—S. A. Aiken, '83, was another who made us a visit, but not a long one.

—Rev. J. A. Braden, '69, has handed in his resignation as pastor of the Leechburgh church.

—Rev. J. H. Gibson, '72, Beulah, Kas., takes charge of the mission work at Pittsburg, Kansas.

—Mrs. R. C. Spencer, '61, was at Jamestown, O., attending the funeral of her mother-in-law.

—Rev. J. A. Duff, '81, Minden, Neb., recently made a splendid address to the Y. P. Societies of Omaha.

—W. Dickson, '90, of Midway, visited his friends here recently. Come again when you can stay longer.

—W. J. Shields, '85, goes to Youngstown, O., this week. Perhaps to resume his studies in electricity.

—J. A. McLaughry, Esq., '84, Mercer, after a short stay at home returned to his duties the first of this week.

—Rev. J. M. Farrar, '75, was installed pastor of the First Reformed church of Brooklyn, N. Y., on September 25.

—Rev. J. P. McKee, '68, left for his home in India, Oct. 9. He is an energetic worker and is anxious to get to his work.

—Rev. W. M. Story, '77, Oxford, who has been west for his health, has his hands full in caring for a sick son who accompanied him.

—Rev. S. W. Gilkey, '77, Mercer, assisted Rev. J. A. Kennedy at communion on Sabbath, October 5. While here he paid the college a visit. The making of hydrogen soap bubbles and the shooting of

the hydrogen pistols occupied his attention for the first period Saturday morning. We believe he thinks the Juniors pretty dangerous—in the chemical labratory.

—Miss Nannie Spencer, '90, made her mother a visit over Sabbath. Good reports come to us of her success in Sharpsville.

—R. W. Dunn, '67, mayor of Franklin, now seeks honors from his friends. He is the Democratic candidate for Congress in the 21st district.

—We announce the wedding of Dr. Jesse D. Moore, '82, of New Castle, to Miss Jeanette Tunkhouser, of Slippery Rock township. Another alumnus happy.

—Rev. T. D. Stewart, Worth, passed through town recently on his way to Plain Grove. He attended chapel, and, after devotional exercises, made a short talk. All alumni visiting us are expected to do this.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—"Hoo-rah-he, hoo-rah-he, W. C. raa."

—Wooster students are to have a Y. M. C. A. building.

—A Japanese holds one of the professorships at Yale.

—Oberlin and Grove City have raised the tuition fee to $15.

—Canada has forty colleges; Brazil forty-five; India, eighty.

—The colleges of England have no papers published by students.

—No smoker has graduated with honors at Harvard for fifty years.

—It is said that Ohio has more colleges than there are in Europe.

—Wake Forest College opened with one hundred and seventy students.

—There are at least one hundred and ninety college journals in the United States.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given nearly $200,000 for the benefit of two libraries.

—Harvard, Yale and Princeton have made arrangements so that entrance examinations can be held at Paris.

—Hazing is to be stopped at the University of Wisconsin. This is a good move, as it is a very dangerous business.

—The American school of Athens has received the authorization of the Greek government to conduct excavations at Platea.

—The faculty of the University of Pennsylvania have recommended to the Board of Trustees that ladies be admitted to the course of study.

—Ex-minister Phelps is the newly elected president of Columbia college. His salary is larger than that of any college president in America.

—Miss Annie F. Reynolds is the first woman dentist to graduate in Massachusetts, receiving her degree of D. D. S. from the Boston Dental College at their last commencement.

—The new system of student economy at Harvard will go into force this year. It is the furniture loan system, by which a student can obtain a $50 set of furniture for $5 per year, if he returns it in good condition.

—The youngest college professor in the country is Arthur T. Abernethy, professor of modern languages and adjunct professor of ancient languages in Rutherford college, N. C. He is not yet eighteen years of age.

She could talk in Greek and Hebrew,
Most delicious tea could she brew,
She could play on the piano and could bake the highest bread;
She could cut and fit her dresses,
On no pug she showered caresses,
And she never paid attention to a word the gossips said.

She was apt in conversation,
She could name each constellation,
And in mazy mathematics she could do the hardest sum;
She could versify in jjingle,
That would make your ear drumb tingle,
She could sing, she danced divinely, but she would chew gum.—Exchange.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Miss Doyle is again amongst us.

—Learning is better than silver or gold.

—Why did H. V. dodge Prof. Mitchell so long?

—The poor preps. are about convinced that they have no souls.

—Miss G. is noticeably fond of fruit lately. Berries are preferred.

—Who caused the Wilson club to mourn the loss of their pies?

—In what way should a proposal be made? Be mine, ah (B minor).

—Why is King like Elkanah? He has a special liking for Hanna.

—Penknife to pencil—"You are already too sharp. Guess I'll shut up."

—P. M. Haley is a fit successor of Prof. Austin as regards bicycle riding.

—Why is Nevin, Jr., like a famous jockey? Because he runs Goldsmith Maid.

—Just what a violin has to do with chestnut gathering we don't quite understand.

—To whom did Prof. Swan refer when he spoke of "that pump in the corner?"

—Junior orations begin Nov. 14th. "If you have tears prepare to shed them now."

—W. and J. have $15,000 and are on hunt of $10,000 more for a new gymnasium.

—Keith is Y. M. C. A. delegate to State convention of the association at Danville.

—Barnes would rather play with the hydrogen pistol than pump water into the tank.

—WANTED—Thirty-seven white horses. Address Secretary R. H. G. A., Ladies' Hall.

—And when Mc. found he could get a "posish" he toed the scratch like a little man.

—Stewart declares his "whiskers are the finest things in town." We don't dispute it.

—J. Y. McKinney is president of the Westminster Oratorical Association for the ensuing year.

—Why did not Noah build the ark out of iron? Because he was directed to gopher wood.

—The day of prayer was observed by the ladies of the college, as requested by the W. C. T. U.

—According to Prof. M. a vote is not lost if cast for the right, although it be counted with the minority.

—Chestnutting is all the style now-a-days—the little folks as well as grown up people participating.

—H. L. Crawford was suddenly called from college to the bedside of his father who is seriously ill.

—Jordan holds the belt as champion book agent, having beaten the record of the famous "hustler," Bovard.

—It is said that boys learn to talk sooner than girls. But we notice that most girls make up for lost time.

—The young folks of the Y. P. S. C. E. were entertained at the home of Mr. Reed McClure the evening of Sept. 30th.

—If the Junior girls "are ever fortunate enough to get diamond rings" they will know how to take care of them now.

—The use of electricity for lighting purposes is older than one might at first think. It was Noah who first used the arc light.

—"Non Paratus," Prepie dixit, cum a sad and doleful look. "Omne rectum," Prof. respondit. Nihil scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*

—According to second prep. grammar the possessive plural of wife is husband. At least that is the way the examination paper read.

—Those interested in voice culture think they obtained some valuable hints on the subject from the baritone of the concert company.

—McI.'s Antigone "has went somewhere."

Any information as to the whereabouts of said book will be thankfully received by the owner.

—If you want to be safe on the campus after night you had better have several clubs and a few breech loading cannon about your clothes.

—Rejoice, O young man in the days of thy youth, but remember that, big as he is, the whale does not blow until he reaches the top.

—Rumor saith that one of the ladies societies, as an inducement to join their society, offers to secure a * * * * for their new associates.

—The force of habit leads Robertson to hail his lady friends, "How do you do, Miss Mc?" Try and tear it from your heart, Charlie?

WANTED—A nice little girl with blue eyes and golden hair, who would not object to loving a nice confiding young man with a dark moustache.

—Mr. Given thinks the HOLCAD publishes "too many chestnuts." True, we did publish one of his essays some time ago but had almost forgotten it.

—If McClymonds, Ferguson and Dickson could realize some of the happenings of these later days their hearts would be sore and their spirits troubled.

—It is all well enough to "make glad waist (waste) places," but it is well to remove the powder from your shoulder before venturing out on the street.

—Will the gentlemen of crushed strawberry blonde complexion to whom I loaned a Psalter Sabbath eve last in church please return same and oblige. **

—We understand that the folks who took the "straw ride" were in a condition that might be termed "in the soup" before they reached their destination.

—One of our clubs, like Byron's eagle, "hath cherished in its bosom the feather that was fated to wing the arrow that should stab its happiness to the heart."

—A number of young women of Cuthbert, Ga., have organized an anti-kissing society. Those who have seen the members say such a precaution was not necessary.

—Although the weather was quite disagreeable the evening of Oct. 2, the young ladies of the hall report quite a successful "social," both financially and socially.

—An open countenance. "Begora," said an Irishman, as he saw an aligator for the first time, "if that crather was to shmoile, shure an' he'd split himself in two halves."

—Students going after chestnuts had better be sure their friends are after chestnuts instead of a car ride or else stay with them. Its much better to ride than walk.

—Who can explain the looks of disappointment on Young's face as he quickly retraced his steps towards the college. Be sure after this you are not mistaken in the lady, Mr. Y.

—If any one inferred from what Dr. Ferguson said about the "Skeleton of Bible Study" that the lessons would be less robust they have doubtless changed their opinion since.

—After a pillow fight it is well to be sure that bones are broken before you go to the doctor to have them set. It might get out and make an item for the HOLCAD, don't you know.

—It seems that the "circus band" hath power to attract not only the dignified Seniors (who mournfully complete their work when they return) but also some of the ladies from the hall.

—The *Washington-Jeffersonian* says, "base ball has taken a drop, what is the matter?" If we were guessing we should say the answer might be found in the mysterious numbers 11 and 2.

—M. and F. went hunting the other day

and got lost. They declared they tramped around till they had been on three different sides of the North Star before they got back at 9 P. M.

—The Y. M. C. A. was visited recently by Mr. Beaver (a son of Gov. Beaver's) who is district secretary of the organization. While in town he addressed a large audience on the subject of "Bible Study."

—Of old it was declared that seven women should cleave to one man. However we don't remember having read of four men to one woman cleaving, but it must be there for such things have come to pass.

—Mr. A. A. has received many deserved compliments on his appearance Monday evening. Confidentially, the gentleman feels much elated over his possible future on the stage. "Appearances are deceivin'."

—If any of the Juniors have trouble in naming any chemical compound, we advise that they consult King. The Prof. opens his eyes when W. H. commences to air his knowledge. "Tinnic sulphide," &c.

—Was Mr. C.'s time wrong or had he miscalculated the length of the prayer meeting remarks? It had been better if W. C. had come earlier and not imposed on Mr. R. and disappointed one of the fair sex.

—We Americans are queer people. If you ask a friend to oblige you with a two cent stamp he feels insulted at your offering to pay for the same, but if you ask him for a match he is apt to remark sarcastically, "Why don't you go buy some?"

—This is a question Prof. Thompson propounded to the Juniors, and they could not answer it. Can the Seniors? "If the molecules of a body do not touch one another, how are you going to scratch the substance?"

—Wonder if the following lines ever come to the minds of certain young folks not a thousand miles from here: "Ah, me, for aught that I could ever read, could ever hear by tale or history. The course of true love never did run smooth."

—Houston succeeded in placing the mule's tail where it would do the most good. And Tyler came very close to him. But of course we would not like to say that it was due to the axiom that "like begets like." Some folks might, but the HOLCAD—never.

—P. M. Haley has a new gun, double barreled, breech loading, 12 ga. weight 7¼, with a 3 inch drop extension rib, with rebounding bar locks. It is a new Baker and targets 300 with No. 8 shot. For further information apply at the post office.

—Any one who saw Ramsey run from Mehard's to Prof. Thompson's in order to have the pleasure of walking the rest of the way up street with a certain lady, will bear us out in saying that he ought to enter the one fourth mile run in the coming contests.

—Prof. Austin has been compelled to take a vacation on account of failing health. He expects to sail for Europe on the 18th inst. if he secures any one to take his place. He is now in Philadelphia trying to secure a suitable person for the position. He will be accompanied by wife and family.

—The concert given by the Hild Park Concert Co., as the first entertainment of the lecture course, was well attended and gave satisfaction to the patrons. The next entertainment will be given Nov. 3, by Rev. A. A. Willet, of Dayton, O., a lecture, subject, "Sunshine."

—It seems that the boys made quite a mistake the other morning in regard to the Doctor's announcement. Almost as bad as the little girl who had been at the prayer meeting in asking her mother what "a consecrated cross eyed bear" was, saying that they sang about it that day, when in reality the words were "the consecrated cross I'll bear."

—In this town Cupid has quite abandoned

the bow and arrow. He now uses a weapon adequate to the demands of the times. We think it must be a double barreled shot gun from the way things turned out at the concert. We do not have the necessary space to devote to this subject in order to do it justice. So beg the pardon of those who are thus neglected.

—Prof. Austin has returned from Philadelphia, bringing with him his successor, Miss Edith Woolryche, of Montreal, P. Q., a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Leipsic, Germany. Since her graduation she has studied with some of the finest talent in Europe. She comes among us with the reputation of being a lady of culture and refinement, and Prof. Austin assures students that she is fully capable of taking charge of all his work and performing it in a satisfactory manner.

—Westminster wonders why she cannot win more points in inter-collegiate field day, when she gained such a glorious victory over the trained men of W. and J.—*Washington-Jeffersonian.* Please excuse us while we remark that we did not wonder anything of the kind. The purport of our remarks was that we *should* be able to win more. Nor were we surprised that men who had been under so much training to sweep their fellow beings off the earth should take a few "firsts." What surprised us was that they took so few "firsts." Nor did we call it a "glorious" victory. In fact, we would rather not see such scores. We like to see a game when *both* clubs play ball. This contemporary also remarks, "We should have a team in good training next spring in order to regain some of our lost laurels." Please do so. We should like a little *amusement* next spring.

—"An Introduction to the Study of Mammals" is the title of an important new work upon which Prof. Flower and Mr. J. Lydekker, two well-known biologists, are engaged.

EXCHANGE.

The *Campus* devotes more space to exchanges than any of our papers.

The *College Rambler* brought the first report of the inter-collegiate contest at Bloomington and publishes the winning orations.

The editorials of the *Bethany Collegian* are live and well written. A highly interesting feature of this paper is the collection of Bethany college songs.

The Wooster *Voice* and the *Collegian* have united and the new paper bears the name of the former. Its value would be increased by the addition of a literary department. All other departments are well represented.

The Mt. Union *Dynamo* presents a variety of interesting articles. A new feature of this paper is its music department which contains an interesting article on the Harp family. Under the heading, society, it devotes a column to praises of its literary societies. This space we think might be more profitably utilized in some other manner.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is without an equal in the quality of its literary department. It seems to avoid the typical college oration, whose frequent appearance has become wearisome, choosing instead essays and reviews of high literary merit, and with refreshing originality and vigor of style. If this plan was adopted by all our exchanges much of the monotony that characterizes the average college paper would be avoided. A recent article on the poet Longfellow deserves special mention.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. VII. NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOVEMBER, 1890. NO. 3

A DREAM OF ELD.

The deed of which to you I'm going to sing,
Is an adventure that in early spring
Befell me. All the day I had, in vain,
Been working hard and racked my weary brain
To read of actions, words and deeds of great
Achilles, swift to run. The Prof. to us
A lesson, hard enough to to make us cuss,
Assigned. Then wonder not, that, in my dreams,
I mixed it up with various hazing schemes.
In Wilmington that night I went to sleep;
But when the dawn of day my eyes did greet,
I found myself upon the shore of that
Loud roaring, greatest of the seas. I sat
Awhile, o'ercome by haunting fears; amazed
To find, upon those well known scenes, I gazed,
I'd read about in Homer's ancient book.
Quite loudly laughed I then, as I did look
Upon the ancient means of waging war.
Alas! not quite so funny 'twas, by far,
'Twas rather serious when I felt a paw
Upon my shoulder laid, and turning saw
The great Achilles, standing wrathful there.
And straightway then his anger did I dare
By hasty words, without a second thought:
"You Heathen, I adjure thee, touch me not!
"Lay not on me hands stained with human blood,
"For if you do, your name, I swear, is 'mud'!"
But tighter, ever tighter, grew his grasp
Upon my linen collar; till at last
I felt myself uplifted off my feet
And next I knew I struck the glassy sheet
Ten fathoms from the land. I sank—I rose—
I swam to shore and stood with dripping clothes
Upon the beach, but did not dare to speak.
Addressed me then that noble, ancient Greek:
"O, youth of other climes, do not revile
"Our customs old and we shall treat you, while
"You stay beside our hollow ships, with grace.
"But, up! come with me to my tent apace,
"And I shall show to you my lovely prize,
"Briseis." When we reached the tent my eyes,
Which never did such matchless beauty greet,
Stuck out with admiration, for the sweet
And beautiful young maiden Cupid smart
An arrow sent, that lodged within my heart,
And madly loved I then the lovely maid.
Just then, the heralds, who their King obeyed,
The son rof Atreus, Agamemnon proud,
Did come and lead away, throughout the crowd,
My new made mash. My eyes long lingered near
The spot where last I saw her, and the fear
That I might never more behold her face
Possessed me, and with wrath I called him base
Who took her far from me. Thus weeping much
I stood a long time there, until I felt a touch
Upon my shoulder. Quick I turned me round
And there beheld Achilles, the renowned,
The bravest of the Grecians, standing there.
His eyes were shedding tears and all the air
Resounded with his groans. Thus grieving spoke:
"O, youth, they've taken her, and 'tis no joke,
For much I loved the good and pretty lass.
So sadly now the weary years will pass,
Without her by my side. But by Jeus,
The weilder of the thunderbolt! no use
'Twill be for him to take her from me so;
I'll slay him, so I shall, now don't you know."
Replying him, somewhat confused, I said:
"O, great and mighty Prince, my voice is not
For war. Just now into my mind a thought
Did come. 'Tis this: Let's try some trick, some wile,
By which, the King of men, we may revile.
Let's scare him till he loses his conceit,
Methnks 'twould be a jolly, lively treat
To get the King to help a chicken roast.
You go before unto the place and post
Yourself, with my revolver, by the stump,
And surely then we'll make the King to jump."
Achilles thought 'twould be a goodly sport,
And laughed and sang he "Hold the Fort."
That night, when all was still and soundly slept
The guardians of the peace, with noiseless step,
Ulysses, Ajax, King and I approached
The place where many chickens had been poached.
We reached the coop and just had slipped within,
When from without arose an awful din.
We quickly turned about and straigthway fled,
And, running, Agamemnon, fearing, said:
"Oh! please don't, I'll never, never more
Engage in chicken roasts along the shore."
Achilles yelled and fired a fatal shot
That struck the King, and dead upon the spot
He lifeless fell. And quickly then our mirth
Was changed to fear, as there upon the earth
The dead King lay. Just then, like to the night,
Great Jeus, the God, appeared in garments bright,
And thus addressed me: "You, O, sinful man,
Have done this, and you do all things you can
To raise disturbance here." I answered quick:
"Dry up, you ancient one! I'll teach a trick
To you. I'll teach you not to thus address
A student of Westminster, Freshman class,
For they're the smartest, best of all the lot."
And then the God I struck, in anger hot
With open hand and sent him reeling back
Among the standers near. But, oh! alack!
He quickly seized me by the heel and cast
Me far across the sea, until at last ——
But at that moment I awoke with sweat
Of terror on my brow. And never yet
Have I found out nor shall I ever know,
Because the cruel fates decree it so,
And for that reason, cannot to you tell,
E'en in what place, or when, or how I fell.

A. B. McC.

THE VALUE OF LANGUAGE.

The true intrinsic worth of anything can be estimated only by the extent to which it supplies man's wants and subserves the end of his creation. Frequently because of our selfish dispositions and lack of insight, we fail to recognize the real value of many of the greatest blessings which divine providence has been pleased to bestow upon us, because they are universal, as is language.

Selfishness and jealousy play no unimportant part in our forming an estimate of the value of anything, for we are wont to estimate the worth of things not as benefits to mankind in general, but by the extent to which we enjoy them as compared with our fellow men. For this reason a careful consideration of what the faculty of speech has enabled and is still enabling mankind to do, may prove both interesting and instructive.

Man, at the time of his creation, was not given language in a prescribed form, but with the power of inventing it as the exigencies of his situation might demand. As "Necessity is the mother of invention," we can most easily determine the value of language by the wants which impelled men to its production, just as we would estimate the value of any mechanical apparatus (which they had invented) by the wants that prompted their invention.

It is beyond all question, in the first place, that the desire of communication was the only force directly impelling men to the production of language. Man's sociality, his disposition to band together with his fellows, for lower and for higher purposes, for mutual help and for sympathy, is one of his prime characteristics. To understand those about one and to be understood by them is now, and must have been from the beginning a prime necessity of human existence. We cannot conceive of man, even in his most undeveloped state, as without its recognition.

Communication is still the universally recognized office of speech, and to the majority of speakers the only one ; of the added clearness and power of mental vision which this faculty gives them, they are quite unconscious, and it is evident that what the comparatively cultivated individual of to-day realizes only with difficulty, could never have acted upon primitive man as an incentive to action.

It may perhaps be made a question which of the two uses of speech, communication or the facilitation of thought, is the more valuable. However, there can be no doubt that the former is the more fundamental. In all periods of human existence it has been the lower animal instincts that have been first effective and that have led gradually to the possession of what supplies and stimulates higher wants. All the arts and industries have grown out of men's efforts to get enough to eat and wear, just as language with its various uses has grown out of men's efforts to communicate with each other.

Again, man is man by virtue of the faculty of articulate speech. This proposition, at one time viewed with suspicion, has now become almost a truism. M. Charles Martin says, "Articulate language is the distinctive characteristic of man." Chas. Darwin, "Articulate speech is peculiar to man, although like other animals, he may be able to express his feelings by inarticulate cries, by gestures, and by the muscular movements of his features." In the study of man as compared with the inferior animals all scientists have failed to discover any difference except one of degree between the two ; and even this difference has been greatly diminished in the estimation of unprejudiced observers. The ultimate conclusion to which all have come is, that it is the faculty of articulate speech that clearly distinguishes man from the inferior creation, where no trace of this faculty has ever been found. But it may be objected that

individuals not possessing this distinctive human characteristic, the deaf and dumb, for instance, who by some misfortune have become speechless, could not according to the proposition be considered human beings. This is a false idea. What the mute lacks is not the faculty mentioned, but the power of exercising it, because muteness is naturally consequent upon deafness. However, the deaf and dumb are an excellent illustration of the superiority of articulate language to sign language, and of its beneficent influence upon character and disposition.

No one who has intimately associated with a deaf and dumb person can have failed to sympathize with him, not only on account of the inconvenience caused by his misfortune, but also because of his eccentricities. It is a peculiarity of all of them that they are willful and prejudiced and difficult to reason with. Certainly nothing can have contributed more to the evolution of mankind mentally and morally than the faculty of language, for without it the great intellectual conquests and moral reforms of one generation could not be transmitted to the next, and consequently each generation would begin where the one preceding had begun; even the Holy Writ would be lost. As some one has said, "Every word that we get from the past is, so to speak, a mummy robed in the linen of the grave. They are the crystalizations of human history, of all that man has enjoyed, of all that he has suffered, his victories and defeats, all that he has lost and won. Words are the shadows of all that has been, they are the mirrors of all that is." J. M. D.

CRITICISM.

Were there no other spur to correctness than mere love of proficiency, effort would be moderate and the product weak. Skill is almost always the result of labor, and whether the laborer be a juggler, a glass cutter or a lawyer, the aim of each is to place himself above the demeriting glance of a fault-finding public. Without a care for what that monster, "public opinion," has to say of us, duty would not induce thoroughness, the brilliant idea would come forth as the diamond in the rough and ambition would be as rare as merit. Criticism is both a spur and a polish, and may be discussed under these two qualities.

Not more willingly and promptly does a noble horse respond to the prick of the spur than does a man of sense and progress respond to a just criticism. He hears, he decides, he improves. But all do not so. Not all see the importance of judgment other than their own. But is this judgment necessary and does the vision of the man betray him? Undoubtedly, for if any one thinks he sees himself as others see him and with as critical penetration into his merits and faults, he is merely a conceited self-deceiver. Some are, unfortunately, never undeceived. What so pitifully absurd as a man whose faults of scholarship and character stand out on him like loathsome leprosy, yet strutting majestically along in the blissful and wilful ignorance of his faults? He is the self-conscious man upon whose back nature has pinned the tag, "Fool!" One cannot make his toilet without a mirror. Criticism is the mirror which, if used, shows one his figure; if not used, it never developes that taste which permanently arrays its possessor in a fit mental and moral toilet. Because a person is with himself more than with others is no reason for saying that he knows more about his faults and merits than do others. If any one turned his telescope of criticism inward, self-examination might cause self-ac-

quaintance, but as long as it is drawn on others self criticism is a cipher. The motto, "Know Thyself," is just as necessary now to correct the direction of the critical gaze as two thousand years ago. The man is a pompous coward who is afraid of criticism. Let it come! No doubt it should be tempered and varied to suit the victim, but any one who is crushed by an honest exposition of his fault deserves no pampering, for if he is a collegian, his character will not justify the payment of board. How beautiful, after a long drought, which has withered things, to see the rain drops sparkle on every blade! In response to the shower the meadows grow green and the grass seems to spring up in an hour. Just so with the honest learner. Having been perhaps in circumstances which were fatal to any mental vitality, a shower of kindly suggestion, approval or censure will be welcomed as a favor and no short time elapses before its effects can be seen in a thriving, growing mind and a changing style.

Aside from the prevailing law, "Every man his own critic," there is a too general dislike to criticism from any quarter, just because it is a fell blow to self-gratulation. Possibly there never was a literary society whose critic was faithful and had not the ill will for a time of some comparatively empty headed body who had yet to learn that he was only finite. The first essential to progress is humility. It is no less important for the student to be meek than for the Christian. Oh, it is nauseating to see a conceited student, after being justly criticised, jump to his feet and brawl loudly and wrathfully and insultingly over the very "dust of the balance," and strive to have it made known that he is never the victim of a mistake (!). Such wearisome creatures are but vain egotists, and are apprehensive lest *they*, models of perfection (!) should be found to err. What difference does it make if we are even mistakenly accused of a trivial blunder? An audience usually knows when a critic is right and the worth of a performer, and for the latter to writhe over whether he did or did not make some minute mistake, or to quibble over a Liliputian matter, is to show a spirit unable to rise above petty vanity and infantile selfishness.

It applies to art. The musician, the sketcher, the penman and artist of all kinds are fearful of receiving suggestions, lest they appear less learned than they think they are. The critic is often looked upon as an enemy, and opportunities are eagerly seized to pay him back in his own coin. Pitiable revenger! That we lose admiration by having our faults exposed, and that most contemptible feeling in the breast of the youth who has read *in* Cæsar (possibly *ridden*), that he or she is a walking cyclopedia are ideas that must be rooted out—weeds that choke the growth of the plant. A haughty spirit cometh before a fall. The self-satisfied musician hears a Park or a Hild; the haughty spirit falls before genius. The Freshman stands on his dignity (a minus quantity), and quibbles with his critic over the historical hair until it is finally split and he carries off the half of it in loud triumph! A Wendling thrills him and modesty for a time replaces conceit.

But finding faults is by no means the total of a critic's acquirement. He who can do no more than this is a disagreeably negative fellow. The best and broadest critic is one who, by experience or study in a parallel line with what he is reviewing, is able to see *merit*. Faults are easy to see. The fool can fault a production the scholar only could evolve. The sport howls his wrath at a "muff" when a fine catch or "pick up" are physical impossibilities, but only a skilled player appreciates the "phenomenal play." The sympathy gained by like experience brings *merit* before the eye. It is an unhappy conception of criticism that looks at it simply as an ink eraser or a grease remover! Any literary body that, by its constitution, forbids the recognition of merit in

performers, cripples its critics. No harm would follow. "Man loves darkness rather than light." *All* see the mud and dust in the way ; *few* the fleecy sky and the golden sunset. Happy few!

No one may expect to *escape* criticism. The student should court it, and when temperate and broad, it should be gratefully received. Poor unfortunate, who has no one to point out his virtues, that he may foster, and his faults, that he may cast off! Criticism precedes worth ; it is an absolute essential to scholarly action and production. Pride must be cast aside, for in the words of Solomon, "Before honor is humility."

But closely allied to criticism in custom but surely not in fact, is a low, unscholarly grumbling at lecturers, preachers and public men generally, an act properly of "prepdom," but actually of all ranks. "Were you informed or benefited? Did he instruct you?" "What! Why, the man used a preposition at the end of a sentence! And did you see how awkward his gestures were? Then he's not up to the times and his vest wasn't cut low enough." Such talk cramps the very atmosphere. It smacks of Westminsterial manners, where aim is high and judgment passed on peccadilloes! Such criticism (?) is only complaint, often liver complaint, and disables the mind. True criticism spurs, polishes, improves.

M. D. Telford.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

There are men whose actions run countercurrent to the true intentions of their own souls. Alarmed, pitying, we watch them as they plunge into the abyssmal depths of vice and corruption, and say : "Why not let the nobler person rule and drive out forever the demon man?" In every walk of life we find scores, aye, thousands of such. They step in muffled furs from the brown stone front, in the pageant's garb they sit by the cotter's fireside ; in tattered rags they emerge from the tenement flat. There walks a profligate wretch in whose bosom originally burned fires of sparkling genius. Here stands a vagabond on whose head might have rested the crown of a merchant prince. Whence comes this wonderful distortion of sterling powers and intentions? Is it from the proneness of man to degenerate? Not so. Its true fountain head can be traced to the one word, habit. Habit, like a great military chieftain, unfurls its banner and the multitude rushes madly forward. The flaming torch of reason is hurled aside for that of impulse and established custom. Custom is never questioned. The past furnishes the highest ideal of perfection. To them deterioration from the habits of fathers and self means destruction. The element of change does not enter into the path of their lives. Progress is sitting on the customs of the past and looking serenely forward to the future, without a hope beyond existence, without a fear beyond the elements. Thus when a people becomes addicted to a habit, and it a wrong one, the mind becomes deadened, the nobler aspirations lose their force, and progress becomes a nonentity.

But there are those who have the force of character to break away from the binding influence of habit. Among them we find the elite of history. Conscience, a God force, is ever making earnest entreaty and calling to the depths of man for reform. Ever a right judge it points out to man what is eternally good and what is unspeakably bad. It tells the drunkard in the gutter to break loose from his demoniacal habit and be a man. It shows to everyone, old and young, that to the mountain peaks of greatness, there is but one pathway, and that is through justice and hon-

or. The man then who has the strength of character to stand before the world and laugh at every sneer, is he, around whose brow will hang the coronal of the olive mingled with the oak. Among such was Paul, the small, yet the mightiest man of history; Luther who dared the German Diet and became the inspiration of the Reformation; Lincoln, who when the courage of the weak had fled, when the brave doubted the strength of the great and trembled at the issue, stood forth like a mighty colossus, challenging every newcomer, and tore the sword of tyranny from the secessionist's hand. Then the song of freedom arose with the sweetness of an evening zephyr and banded the earth with a halo of glory. These, strong in the light of truth, broke from the habits of their ancestors and light the advance torches of civilization.

Although the power of habit is phenomenal for evil, yet it is the inner soul of all advancement. Through its power great minds reach their acme. He who would reach any degree of perfection must form early habits of concentration and follow them like a galley slave until the day of liberation comes. Then will he realize the worth of devotion. It matters not to what we aspire, whether to political supremacy, to musical skill and perfection or to theological greatness, a Spurgeon, a Talmage to be, we must first have a settled habit and determination; these like the bandit in the midnight stillness await the moment and the hour.

"The heights by great men gained and kept,
Were obtained by sudden flight;
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the light."

What then is the proper deduction from the principal of habit? Not that a person should go aimlessly through life, but rather that the habits formed by every human being should have an inner soul of reason and be eternally tangible to the touch of conscience. When such a conception once reigns in the minds of men, the demon of darkness will be driven from the temple of the good and truth will have received her most powerful ally. C. G. J.

GENIUS AND MERIT.

Genius and merit, though by no means antagonistic in character, are rarely found side by side. We speak of a man of genius or one of merit, but it is seldom that we find them equally characteristic of the same person. But their union, wherever accomplished, has produced grand results. Newton was a man possessed of both these qualities. In mathematics and astronomy he was a genius. His knowledge of mathematics and the heavenly bodies was phenomenal. But without that merit which in him was but the embodiment of persevering action, his genius, which fitted him for that wonderful insight into the mysteries of the universe, would have died with its possessor. In Franklin these qualities were both prominent. We admire him for his genius in philosophy and matters of state. Yet back of that genius were the elements of a man of merit stimulating him to carry to completion those things which have made him famous. Had he been a man of genius only in all probability the world would never have known of Franklin as the man who captured the lightning. Webster was certainly a genius in oratory and statesmanship, but he was also preeminently a man of merit. Thus we see that when combined they are capable of producing great results.

But what of them when alone? How does genius compare with merit? Which is productive of more good? Here is a man of genius. His eye sparkles; upon his face there is an intelligent look; but his step is irresolute. His intellect is eminently fitted to cope with great problems, but on account of an aimless

indifference he does not grapple them. He may make a good invention, but he lacks the energy and push necessary to put it before the public ; he may originate some great enterprise, but his indolent disposition refuses to have more to do with it ; he may know of untold wealth beyond the mountains, but his heart fails when he sees the Alps to cross. In short, the man of genius depends upon this alone and despises those personal exertions which are indispensible to success. The man who is merely a genius seldom accomplishes much for himself or any one else. He hides his talent in the earth when he thinks of labor, the stern master it is to serve.

But it is different with the man of merit. Though nature gives him fewer talents yet he uses them. He depends not only on a massive brain, but puts his shoulder to the wheel. Good honest effort is his motto. Upon his brow is the sweat of honest toil. His hands work in conjunction with his brain. He builds our cities, threads the continent with railroads, spans our streams with bridges, digs treasures from the earth, cultivates the soil, makes the country one of enterprise and thrift.

A very large majority of the persons who are successful in any line possess merit rather than genius. The contestant who depends upon his superior ability and not upon honest persevering effort is almost invariably defeated. The musical genius who relies upon his great talent is surpassed in skill of execution by the one who works. The student of moderate ability stands higher in his class than his brighter but less studious neighbor. Children of wealthy parents very frequently scatter their inherited wealth. Sons of distinguished men of all classes—merchants, jurists, scientists, philosophers and statesmen, seldom reach the heights upon which their parents stood. On the contrary they are surpassed by men from humbler walks of life. A New York heir squanders an immense fortune, but by earnest, judicious and persistent effort the errand boy of forty years ago becomes the Andrew Carnegie of to-day. The best and most distinguished statesmen our country has ever produced have come from the farms and workshops, which are training schools of industry, while their children who have been raised in affluence and luxury, and have never learned the lesson of self dependence are never heard of in public life. Inherited genius never has nor never will be a substitute for true merit. Merit comes by individual, personal effort. The self made man is a man of merit. He has something of which to be proud. But not so with genius. Though a man may *rejoice* in the possession of it, yet he should not be *proud* of it. Genius does not come through labor ; it is the gift of nature. Coupled with merit it is something very desirable and will produce great results, but alone, it has mapped out for many a man a path of failure.

THE JOURNALIST.

During our late civil war, when all the great forces of the Republic were in motion, when the brave and true were baring their bosoms to the storm of battle, when patriotism was pouring its treasury of blood and wealth upon the altar of the Union, when cannon went thundering on in a career of victory from Sumter to Appomatox, that weightier agency, the printing press, was not less effectively employed. And it is my purpose, while detracting nothing from the glory of the military chieftains of that epoch, after a quarter of a century, to bring an humble tribute and lay it upon the tomb of the great war editor.

The hero worshipers of our times have accorded to the soldier chieftain great and merit-

ed honors. But while we keep forever as a sacred memento the sword of General Grant, with it should be kept until the latest generation the pen of Horace Greeley. While the soldier, mid all the pomps and pageantry of war was gloriously winning battles in the field, the editor, with his wonderful genius, was publishing the New York *Tribune*. Under his guidance it rapidly moved to the front rank of newspapers, and became a great moral and political power in the land. It was independent of and superior to political parties. Whatever was right it upheld, whatever was wrong it condemned, and finding its way into the homes of the people, it enlightened public opinion on all questions of national concern, introducing political issues and creating political parties.

This paper, in its history and in its work, is as proud a monument as ever has been or ever will be erected to the memory of any great hero of that crisis. We are too apt to forget that in that renaissance of American civilization and freedom, the civil war, the greatest battles were not fought with musket and cannon.

In 1862 Grant said, "I will never draw my sword to free the slaves," but while Grant was conquering the South, the New York *Tribune* and Horace Greeley were shaping public sentiment which conquered Grant and used his sword to break the fetters of a race . When the war began it was the purpose of those in power to save the Union without destroying slavery, but that earnest old man with the great heart and the never changing purpose, with the untiring genius of labor, so wrought upon the public mind that his purpose became its purpose, and so importuned the public heart that it became suffused with his sympathy and tenderness for the oppressed.

He, through the columns of his paper, directed administrations. Statesmen sat at his feet and senators listened for his approval. And are these things not the *indicia* of true greatness? War has never produced a hero like this, and as a quarter of a century gathers its mists around the figure of the editor of the New York *Tribune*, it towers majestically by the side of that immortal civilian, Abraham Lincoln. Horace Greely was young when he took his stand by the side of the suffering and oppressed. He was old when he saw the downfall of the wrongs against which he had battled. Aside from place and station he was pre-eminently the greatest American of his time. No other exerted a tithe of his influence over the people, and no other has left so abiding an impression upon the institutions of his country. And when the verdict of history assigns to each his station in the gallery of the immortals, it will be found that the pen was mightier than the sword.

T. W. K.

LUNAR PHOTOGRAPHY.

From an article in *Nature* on "Lunar Photography," it appears that the first photographic representations of the moon's surface which were at all successful in details were taken in America. Dr. J. W. Draper, the father of Dr. Henry Draper, in 1840 presented to the New York Lyceum of Natural History specimens of "a representation of the moon's surface by the daguerreotype. The time occupied was twenty minutes, and the size of the figure about one inch in diameter." In 1850, W. C. Bond, in conjunction with J. A. Whipple, a photographer in Boston, obtained some good daguerreotypes of the moon with the Harvard College equatorial. Some of these images were mounted and exhibited in London at the Great Exposition of 1851. After the discovery of the collodion process in 1851, the art of lunar photography progressed rapidly, the work which made De La Rue famous in the history of celestial photography dating from about 1851.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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NOVEMBER, 1890.

OWING to a mistake in reading the ballots at our last society contest the declamation was given to Mr. Keith, the Adelphic declaimer. Subsequent investigation has shown that the honors were divided, giving the Philo declaimer, Mr. Smith, one half. The Adelphic society recently conceded the half point.

WE noticed that at the recent election quite a number of students went home to vote, and some of them at no little inconvenience to themselves. The obvious reason is that they could not vote here. The question has arisen in the mind of the writer, "Would it be practicable to allow the student to cast his ballot where he attends school?" The question is asked simply for information.

WE are glad to record the fact that the chapel is to be reseated. The old benches, although *carved* beautifully by the student's jack knife, are yet so ancient in style and so uncomfortable to sit in that we heartily welcome the change. By reseating carefully the chapel can be made to hold at least one hundred more people. This would be a great relief to the lecture committee, who, no doubt, received much persecution from those who were unfortunate enough to be shut out from a recent lecture. The dingy looking chapel of which Westminster is possessor has heretofore been the subject of remark, but we feel confident that in the near future the aspect of things will be changed.

WITH the January issue of the HOLCAD we will introduce a new feature. We propose publishing a brief personal history of each graduate of Westminster. Beginning with the class of '54, the history will take the classes in their order. As extended a history as space will permit will be inserted in each issue. Although it has not yet had a trial, yet we confidently believe it will be a valuable addition to the paper. That it will be interesting, especially to the alumni, there can be no doubt. And then as a means of better acquainting the alumni and of reviving their interest in their alma mater and its work it will not be without its influence. What could be more desirable than to have our alumni well acquainted with each other and ties which bind them to their alma mater strengthened?

THE obstruction policy of the Democrats which took place in Congress in September, has been severely censured and deservedly so, not only by Republicans but also by many Democrats. It not only delayed the transaction of public business, thus wasting the public funds in salaries, but also in its very nature it was unjustifiable since it was carried on not in fear, but by taking advantage of some defect in the parliamentary regulations. Such a policy is, however, not confined to the Democratic party. There have been times when a Republican minority has used just as question-

able means to secure its ends. Though such a policy of whatever party is a poor one and one to be discountenanced, yet there is some good to be derived from it, viz : That it points out the loop holes and defects in the present system of parliamentary laws and remedies will suggest themselves.

STREET LAMPS.—Well, we are forced to repeat the old and mournful refrain which used to come from the HOLCAD, "Where are they?" It will have to be admitted that they are a minus quantity. The young man who, because of the absence of a light, gracefully sets his well shined shoe into the centre of a nice mud puddle as he attempts to cross the road, realizes this and sometimes does considerable loud thinking on the subject, and wishes for the time being that there were no third commandment. Every one likes to have nice shining shoes, and it is very exasperating, to say the least, to step into the mud through no defect of your own except your inability to see well after night. Lamps could be put up and run at a comparatively small cost and they would certainly be a great benefit. After the long, dreary and gloomy nights of war the earnest cry is, "Let us have peace." Though the analogy is not quite perfect, yet we sincerely hope that soon the cry, "Let us have lamps," will put an end to the long, dark and gloomy nights of Wilmington.

IT has frequently been a subject of complaint among the ladies of the college that while out on the street they are often compelled to pass through crowds of young men who are loafing. That there are grounds for such a complaint is certainly evident. It certainly must be very embarrassing for two young ladies to be obliged to pass through a crowd of from twenty-five to fifty young men, who they feel confident are gazing at them in critical curiosity and are ever ready upon the slightest occasion to make them the subjects of ludicrous remarks. Just think of it boys ! How would you feel were you to pass through a similar experience? Could there not be a reform here ? Could you not remove the source of complaint? Does not your knowledge of etiquette and your respect (sometimes more than this) for your lady friends prompt you to such actions? If the gentlemen would avoid all this in the future we feel certain they would be more than repaid by the expressions of gratitude with which the ladies would greet them. Gentlemen, try it.

ASK the alumni to what event or thing of their college days their minds cling most tenaciously, and I venture to say almost invariably they will refer you to their respective literary society. Proudly will they say, "I was a Philo, an Adelphic." Around these sacred shrines cluster reminiscenses of victories won, of victories lost, of deep laid schemes to beat an opposing faction ; and above all, of the intellectual and moral culture received. But this intense interest in society augmentation and welfare has never languished or deadened. It burns seemingly with a renewed energy. True, society feelings seems sometimes to go beyond reasonable limits, verging from a friendly rivalry to a malicious animosity. When such is the case the true end and aim of these institutions is lost sight of, and reason yields to blinded impulse. We do not say there should be no feeling between societies. Far from it ! There should be a Herculian rivalry, but at the same time it should have an inner soul of truth—of justice. That conquering determination is what brings to the front the elite of history. It is not he, who floats like a corpse on the broad sea of life, that reaches the haven of glory ; but rather he, who dares every current, breasts every wave and scales in triumph the mountain billows. But let it strike home to every one that it is his high prerogative to outwit and beat his opponent by all means fair and legitimate.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Swiss universities are evidently the mecca for women students.

—Stanley has received the degree of LL. D. from both Oxford and Cambridge.

—The number of Americans attending foreign universities has decreased rapidly since 1889.

—Jefferson Academy, Canonsburg, Pa., has an attendance of 75 students, and more to come.

—Ursinus college, Freeland, Pa., had a narrow escape from total destruction by fire last month.

—The Free Methodists lost a fine college building by fire, at North Chili, N. Y. The work still goes on.

—Hartford Theological Seminary has established a course of sacred music. Ministers should know how to direct the praises of God.

—The Baptists of Oregon have decided to raise $175,000 to build a college at Portland, and ask the national body to contribute $75,000.

—A Theolegical seminary has been opened by the Protestant Episcopal church in Nashville, Tenn.. for the education of colored men for the ministry.

—Henry W. Sage recently added $200,000 to his previous gift of $60,000 to the establishment of a Department of Philosophy in Cornell University.

—Parsons college has received an additional endowment fund of $60,000, of which $40,000 is from one man, and $15,000 to complete the college building.

—Ladies are to be admitted to a medical college to be founded in the John Hopkins University. A committee of ladies has raised $100,000 for this purpose.

—Rev. Dr. Charles T. Twining, Minneapolis, Minn., has accepted the Presidency of the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, O., and has entered upon his duties.

—The Freshman class at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., numbers seventy-seven, which is an increase of seven on last year's class. The total number of students is 253. A new department—that of English Language—has been organized.

—Two weeks ago Dr. M. E. Gates entered upon his duties as President of Amherst college. In his address to the students he said that he was thoroughly in accord with the present Amherst system of study. Athletics would receive his hearty encouragement, but it was "books and men that make a college."

—Michigan University reports the total number of students in all the departments to be 2271. They have a library containing 74,599 volumes, 14,907 pamphlets and 571 maps. They are great readers, too, as shown by the number of books read during the last year.

ALUMNI.

—A. M. Robb, '88, is here on a visit.

—J. S. Swogger,'89, was home recently on a visit.

—R. K. Aiken, '90, was in town over the Sabbath.

—J. M. Dunn, '88, also made his friends here a short visit recently.

—T. D. Weddle, '73, Washington, D. C., visited his family here recently.

—Mr. J. P. Whitla, '83, was recently admitted to the bar of New Castle.

—Rev. W. M. Story, '77, of Oxford, Pa., has been able to return to the west.

—Dr. Samuel Aiken,'83, Cambridge, Neb., lately paid a visit to his old friend, Dr. Allen.

—Mrs. E. Hayes Young, '64, Minneapolis, Minn., is taking a course in a medical school in that town.

—Rev. G. W. Reed, '73, is moderator of

the synod of Pittsburg, elected at its last meeting in Greensburg.

—Rev. A. K. Strane, '78, of Idaville, Ind., was the dignified moderator of the late second synod of the west, at Morning Sun, Ohio.

—The address of Rev. W. H. Vincent,'69, has been changed from Mansfield, Ohio, to 276 Fourth street, Detroit, Mich. Also the address of S. M. Black, '68, changed from New Florence to Tarentum, Pa.

—With sadness we announce the death of our respected alumnus, Rev. L. I. Crawford, '68, of the Sandy Lake *News*. He was a man of pronounced principles and positive opinions, a hard worker, and one who will long be remembered by his friends.

—A wandering tribe called the Sioux, wear moccasins,
Having no shioux.
They are made of buckskin,
With the fleshy side in
Embroidered with beads of bright hioux.

When out on the warpath, the Sioux march single file, never by tioux,
And by blazing the trees
Can return at their ease,
And their way through the forest ne'er lioux.

All new fashioned boats they eschioux,
And use the birch bark canioux.
These are handy and light,
And inverted at night
Give shelter from storm and from dioux.

The principle food of the Sioux
Is Indian maize, which they brioux
And hominy make
Or mix in a cake
And eat it with pork as they chioux.

Now doesn't this spelling look cyiouxrious?
'Tis enough to make anyone fyiouxrious.
So a word to the wise,
Pray our language revise
With orthography not so injiouxrious.—[Scribner.

—A beautiful girl in Dubuque,
Fell in love with a pastry cuque.
And said with a smile
His heart I'll begile,
And win him by huque or cruque.—[Ex.

You'll seldom find a maiden whom the angels kissed at brith,
But that the dimples on her cheek
She'll make to play at hide and seek
For every cent they're worth.—[Ex.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Her cheek was pressed
Against my vest
'Twas white—the latter.
She raised her head,
The vest was red.
Her cheek—no matter.—[Judge.

—A rolling-pin gathers no dough.

—Junior orations November 14th.

—A number of our boys were home to vote.

—When the pipe escaped where did it go?

—Why does Miss Kate contemplate a change of name?

—The chapel will be refitted during the holiday vacation.

—Miss Frank Donaldson spent several days in town recently.

—D. P. Smith visited friends in Westmorland county recently.

—What division of the thermometer marks "4° zero?" Ask D. P.

—Rev. Nevin, of Verona, Pa., looked in on his brothers on the 11th.

—Why does John M. not see anything when looking in a mirror.

—The most unpleasant constellation on a cold night is the Grate Bare.

—Prof. Swan says we carry our bones about with us "most of the time."

—Don't be ashamed to turn an honest penny. It may be a rare date.

—The Philos have added a fine bass viol and an elegant flute to their orchestra.

—The man who keeps on the even tenor of his way never gets off his bass.—*Ex.*

—"Gymnasium erectandum est." Worthy contemporary! We say, Amen.—*Ex.*

—The Adelphics have improved their orchestra by the addition of a new cornet.

—The Junior Band cleared about $40 at the recent oyster supper in Lininger's Hall.

—Calumny would starve and die of itself if no one took it and gave it lodging.—*Ex.*

—J. Floyd Murdock, formerly in the class of '91, is now at Jefferson Medical College.

—"Tunk—Runk—Grunk Dunkard," and after it all Berry meant to say "Drunkard."

—Philo orchestra furnishes the music for the first, third and fifth nights of Junior orations.

—Mr. Graham and sister and Miss Lytle spent Sabbath last with friends in Youngstown.

—"What's the matter" with the college yell? Is it off on vacation, suspended, or what?

—From what solution are "Idiotic" salts precipitated? (Hydriodic.) Ask Nettie Little.

—This is the revised version of the first line of verse beginning "Lo, Jehovah"—

"See my little rolls."

—The W. and J. football team defeated the team from the Western University, at Washington.

—If all the good there is in thought were put in deed, earth would soon be a paradise. —*Ex.*

—The "Prep" football team of Princeton was defeated by the "Athletics" at Pittsburgh recently.

—The Siamese, who have been expected to be in attendance here, will pursue their studies at home.

—Mrs. Slimdiet—"Have some of the soup, sir?" Boarder—"No, thank you, I am not thirsty."

—The Juniors only had one chance to air their yell on field day, but they made the most of it.

—Juniors! See the exhortation in the October number of last year and spare, oh, spare the chestnuts.

—The girls at the Hall complain that one young lady tries to monopolize the plate of Graham rolls.

—"Life," say the Arabs, "is of two parts: That which is past—a dream; that which is to come—a wish."

—The concert given by the ball club furnished enough cash to liquidate the bills against the team.

—A wag showing some visitors around his new house remarked on entering the nursery, "This is the bawl room."

—Strange that a word so strange and barbarous to the Professor's ears is so readily recognized by the entire class.

—Bertha Black returned Monday evening from a visit to her uncle, Lawyer J. Norman Martin, New Castle.

—A number of young people were very pleasantly entertained at Adah McKee's home Saturday evening last.

—Misses Lytle, Kraeer, and Latimore attended a reception given at Miss Latimore's home November 13th.

—Will some one acquainted with the subjects please show the difference between being Reed-eemed and for-Given.

—There was a good amount of "evident darn foolishness" displayed on Hallow'een in different sections of our town.

—A number of our young folks spent Hallow'een at the homes of Misses Alexander, Day and Semple, pulling taffy, &c.

—A distinguished Russian named Schouvaloff is dead. It is a sad affair, but sooner or later we all must "shuffle off."

—Some one suggests that it is the increasing size of the Seniors' "bumps of conceit" that causes them to break so many seats.

—The Iodide of Potassium joke now going the rounds of the college papers may be found in the columns of the January HOLCAD, 1887.

—Overheard after Prof. De Mott's lecture: —Urchin No. 1. "That was an elegant lecture. Urchin No. 2. "Yes! but was'nt it deep?"

—Overheard in Ken's dulcet tones: "You people are not common amusement. We got every point but one." What could he have meant?

—Nettie Bell and Miss Prof. McLaughry will go as delegates to the State Y. W. C. A. Convention, to be held at Williamsport, opening November 20th.

—If you offer your hand to some fair maid, as to wedding, perhaps she'll scoff, but if you offer it to a buzz saw, the affair will likely come off.—*Phila. Times.*

—There was a ghost at the hall Hallow 'een. The man who waits on this particular spectre was absent, giving a concert in New Castle. Hence the thusness.

—Mr. T. deserves credit for putting into practice the golden rule. In this way alone can we account for his answering Dr. F.'s questions addressed to Miss McN.

—The next time S. A. L. is forced to flee ingloriously he will remember the back door and go home instead of lonely, sadly lingering, waiting for the one who comes not.

—"The only color," says a scientific note, "that can be determined by the sense of touch is blue." Right you are. Without doubt one always knows when they *feel* blue.

—What similarity is there between the characters of Eve and our friend Graham? Eve was made for Adam's express company and Graham is trying to become like her.

—Millin and Ramsey play Ramsey and Young a few games of tennis, and in consequence of certain remarks made before the game the gentlemen last named furnished the oysters for the crowd.

—I am like "Baalam," said a dandy, on meeting a pretty girl in a narrow passage, "stopped by an angel!" "And I am like the angel," said she, "stopped by an ass!"

—IN THE POTTAGE—Lady—"Bridget, have you seen the little stuffed bird I had in my bonnet?" Bridget—"Yis, mum, I put it in the soup to make it a little richer."

—Mr. Wm. Campbell will sing, together with talent from Detroit, Cleveland and other cities, at a fashionable reception at Greenville, Nov. 19. Unless the talent is exceptionally fine we presume our genial friend William will not be far excelled.

—The Freshmen are concocting a class yell. The HOLCAD suggests—"More rope for '94! More milk! More! More! '94!" No charge for suggestion, unless accepted by the class.

—"Why do you invariably address your congregation as "dear brethren" when so many ladies attend your church?" asked one minister of another. "Oh, that is because the brethren embrace the sisters."

—Doubtless Smith knew the technical name of those parts of an organ which produce tones by their vibrations, but he did not like to say so in front of the whole class. Ah! deep in all hearts are some sacred spots.

—An improvised glee club, composed of about twenty college boys enlivened the political meeting on the evening of October 23d. We do not say, however, that the circumstance had anything to do with Delamater's defeat.

—The following description of a Freshman we received from a sophomore. "He is like a teleoscope, brassy, easily drawn out, easily seen through and easily shut up." How much change in a man in a few months schooling.

—If anybody else wants to fight, please address the HOLCAD. The local editors have been promised several drubbings and would like to send some one to collect them. N. B. —Also a few unpaid subscriptions ready for collection.

—Jones—"I had an awful fall last night. My head hit the flagstone and I saw more stars than I ever did before." Brown—"There is nothing strange about that, old boy. There are four more stars on the flag than there used to be."

—"Professor, what are your views concerning the schools of medicine and theology?" Professor—"That depends on circumstances.

When I am slightly ill I am a Homeopathist and Unitarian, but when I am very sick I am an Allopathist and Calvinist."

—Keith reciting chemistry is asked by the Prof. "what the salts thrown down by Silicic acid are called?" He reflects a moment then begins, Sili — —, more reflection; then as an ecstatic expression fills his countenance "Oh, Professor, is it Kates?" (Silicates) and Kate blushed while the class laughed.

—Lindsay and Kennedy claim the championship of the tennis courts of town by virtue of the following victories: vs. Trimble and Ferguson, 6–2 and 6–3; vs. Scott and Smith, 6–3 and 6–2. On the same day Smith and Scott defeated Tremble and Ferguson, 6–2 and 6–4.

—It is told us that when our friend Wm. C. was quite a small boy he was presented with five cents. Desiring to make the best possible investment he went to a barber shop and asked to be cut loose from five cent's worth of hair. "Pete" likes to be told of this now, just when he is putting on some Senior airs.

—They had talked of all things terrestrial and during a lull in the conversation she took the opportunity to call attention to her dainty feet, in the words "Oh! what do you think of my new slippers?" He wanted to say something very nice, but he blurted out, "They are immense." She don't recognize him on the street now.

—Mr. Fraser has become very popular lately. Only a few evenings ago a bevy of young ladies called at his door (unexpectedly to both parties) but seeing how embarrassed Mr. F. became, quickly retreated, uttering appropriate ejaculations. *Moral*: When there are two front doors, it is safer to step around to the kitchen door.

—At the recent meeting of the students for athletic practice great enthusiasm was manifested in spite of bad weather. The 100 yard dash was taken by Al. Smith, with W. Campbell second. Time 11½ seconds. Prize, an elegant cigar case by Mitchell & Moore, druggists. The one mile run was won by Hartman in six minutes. Prize, box of cigars from Jas. Smith, dealer in tobacco and confectionery. The 440 yard run was easy for Kennedy. Time, 1:05. Prize, puff scarf by Lininger Bros. The 220 yard run gave Anderson the victory at 27 seconds. Prize, blacking brush and blacking by J. M. C. Anderson. McBride put the shot 31 feet and won the fife presented to the Association by Geo. Prather. Kirkpatrick did the mile walk bravely in 7½ minutes and won a huge piece of bologna sausage, presented by A. H. Zuver. The base ball was thrown 102 yards 19 inches by Gailey. Prize, a fine penknife from Milligan's. The three legged race was taken by Millen and Ramsey. Prize, a hair cut and shave by Brooks, the barber. Will Campbell took the running broad jump at 17 feet 10 inches, likewise a pair of gloves from Williams & Blevins. King won the standing broad jump at 9 feet 5 inches and took the Windsor scarf presented by Mr. Price. Both standing and running high jumps were easy for Anderson at 4 feet 5 inches and 4 feet 8 inches. Prize, a book by Haley and a pair of slippers by Moreland. A base ball was the prize for the hurdle race, presented by T. Ashmore. No entries. The records were excellent when the bad condition of the track is considered. Of course it is the duty of all students to patronize those merchants who so kindly donated the prizes.

—Dr. L. R. Klemm has translated for the Appletons a work on "The Higher Education of Women in Europe," by Miss Helene Lange, Directress of the Victoria Lyceum for young ladies in Berlin, and one of the most distinguished teachers in Germany. It is the fifteenth volume in the International Educational Series.

EXCHANGES.

The Colby *Echo* is one of our most readable exchanges. Its publisher also does his work well, as the neat cover design and printing testify.

We are glad to receive our old friend, the *Lampoon.* It is bright, witty and funny, and does much to enliven the tedious rounds of college life.

The Lombard and Knox chapters of Phi Delta Theta recently banquetted President Harrison. The *Lombard Review* publishes an interesting account of the occasion.

The Oberlin *Review* publishes an interesting article entitled "A Patent Medicine Man in the Argentine Revolution." This paper has no exchange department, but is otherwise well edited.

The *College Rambler* contains a pleasing little story entitled, "At Last." Why do not more enter this field of journalism? Surely there is plenty of latent talent, for where are our future novelists to come from, if not from the ranks of college students.

A few of our exchanges, chiefly from the Eastern colleges, are almost filled with athletic reports. It is generally said that the college paper is an index of the college, but we hope that in these instances such is not the case. Athletics are important but should not receive exclusive attention.

A recent number of the *Free Lance* contains an oration entitled, "The Soul, Immortal." As this is the title of the oration that won the first prize on Junior contest here in '88, curiosity led us to compare them. We were surprised to find that not only are the subjects alike, but in thought, style, arrangement, and even in language, the orations are almost identical. That two writers should follow the same line of thought is not strange, but when the arrangement and expression of their thought is almost identical, an explanation of such a startling coincidence would not be out of place, and would allay suspicions that naturally arise under such circumstances.

The exchange column in many of our papers, if not entirely neglected, is made up of jokes, newspaper clippings and general college news. Such, it seems to us, is not the proper use of this department. Let us have the jokes, etc., but in their proper places, and let the exchange column be devoted to an intelligent, critical review of college journalism.

The last number of the *Annex* contains its usual quota of literary articles. This paper seems to devote a great deal of attention to this department, with the result that it has few equals. Several of our exchanges should pattern from it, as in this respects many are deteriorating, and it is the literary work that makes the paper interesting to other colleges.

—The authorities of the University of Toronto issue an account of the formal opening of the new Biological Department about a year ago. The building is supplied with the latest and best apparatus and teaching appliances, and the lecture hall seats an audience of over 250. The classes in biology are reported to be among the largest in the Universlty. The school is under the direction of Prof. R. Ramsay Wright, whose published researches in biology rank high in the literature of that science. Following the drift of later investigation, much of the work of the school is said to be in the domain of bacteriology and allied branches of science.—*American.*

—Lord Tennyson is to visit the Mediterranean this winter. His health is excellent.

THE HOLCAD.

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A GHOST.

In the years that have gone by
I've been haunted by a ghost,
And its forms they were so many
It seemed a mighty host.

No matter how I shunned it,
Or how terrible my frown,
'Twas always there before me,
And never would it down.

It filled my dreams with specters,
Of things both new and old,
With forms of rarest beauty,
Delightful to behold.

It leads my waking fancy
A captive here and there,
Through lands of richest fruitage,
O'er deserts hot and bare.

To cool sea depths it led me,
Through the mermaids emerald halls
'Round the polyps wondrous structures,
With their gleaming coral walls.

Through frozen Arctic solitudes,
With their long, long days and nights,
And their strange unbroken silence,
And their wierd and brilliant lights.

To India's tangled jungles,
Where the tiger has his lair,
And the perfume of the tropics
Fills all the sultry air.

By Ganges' sacred waters,
With its myriad devotees,
Striving in their blind devotion
To work out Brahm's decrees.

Across Siberia's dreary waters,
With some hopeless exile band,
Making their weary journey
To the dreaded prison land.

To the land of the Rameses,
Where fruitful Nilus flows,
And the sun-god in his power,
With unclouded splendor glows.

To Babylon, the mighty,
Within Belshazzar's hall,
Where he quaked with deadly terror
At the writing on the wall.

To Jerusalem, the older,
With its mountains girt about,
And its temple of Jehovah,
So magnificent throughout.

O'er many a famous battlefield
Where victories have been won,
That will affect the nations
As long as time shall run.

To Marathon and Syracuse,
Chalons and Orleans, too,
To Hastings in Old England,
Blenheim and Waterloo.

To Bunker Hill and Gettysburg
Where was fixed by war's decree
The statute that in this our land
The people shall be free.

From world to world it led me,
From blazing star to star,
Past luminous constellations
That stretch through space afar,

And thus through earth and ocean,
And throughout boundless space,
Where'er its glancing pinion
Could find a resting place.

E'en to the pearly portals
Across the crystal sea,
To where stands the great white throne,
It tireless wafted me.

Or like the ancient mariner,
With his "cold and glittering eyes,"
It held my fancy spell bound
In some mighty hero's guise.

'Twas Israel's dauntless leader
Provoking Pharaoh's rage,
By demanding his people's freedom,
From their servile vassalage.

Or 'twas the bold monk Martin,
From his cloister's solitude,
Bringing forth fierce anathemas
'Gainst Rome's mercenary brood.

Again 'twas that fearless mariner,
Who, true to his bold thought,
A new world to the old world,
From out the unknown brought.

Or 'twas our own loved Washington,
Who lead the desperate fight
Of the few against the many,
When right triumphed over might.

Or 'twas our martyred hero,
A man of matchless worth,
Who wiped the blot from the grandest nation
To which Time has given birth

Then a long line of martyrs,
Who feared not sword or flame,
Wearing their crown of triumph,
Athwart my vision came.

Then philosophers and statesmen
And poets not a few,
And ecclesiastics of all creeds
Passed before me in review.

Till at last my brain grew weary,
And I resolved in desperate mood
To face the spectre boldly,
And vanquish it if I could.

Now this phantom which assailed me,
As such a mighty host,
Was but the ghost of this Junior essay,
And now I've laid the ghost.

—KATE C. EDGAR.

THE HELM OF STATE.

History is the storehouse of facts. It is the receptacle into which are garnered the treasures of the centuries. It reveals the elements which have guided armies to conquest, and nations to glory. It portrays the great ship of state riding prosperously the crested wave, or beaten by storm and tossed by surges. Success or failure have been measured by the power at the helm.

The vessel of our Republic has been menaced by many a shoal and quicksand. Enemies from without have assailed her, traitors within have sought her destruction, all the powers of earth have conspired to unman and founder her on the rocks. Their efforts have availed but to strengthen, and these hostile cruisers on the high sea have gone down under the battle axe of ignominy and defeat, and to-day she is the vanguard of the procession in the grand march of nations. To lead the world to a higher, truer, nobler civilization is her mission. The annals of the past afford no parallel. This is her opportunity, never can she evade the responsibility of the trust.

Already the red lights of caution are swung out, the fog bells are ringing on the distant coast. The growing discontent of the working classes warns us of an approaching crisis, the conflict of labor and capital. This conflict is filling the universal mind, dictating political platforms, anon breaking forth in riots and strikes. This it is that causes the cry of distress to go up from the oppressed farmers of the West. Across the seas its sullen mutterings come telling of impending revolution. A few years ago it kindled the fires at Pittsburgh and sent terror to every city in our land.

But it is in times of depression and uncertainty that this spectre takes on its monster form; when an overcrowded east finds no longer a western outlet for its surplus population and the thousands are forced to kneel at the feet of monopolists at home, when labor is cheap and competition grinding, then will be our extremity.

Great cities cradle this conflict. With a score of metropolitan cities like Paris, what must be the outcome? With a hundred like Marseille, what? What with the ill-gotten, ill-kept million of the Vanderbilts? Even now the thoughtful statesman forsees the dire disaster and ruin which must result. The labor agitator asks why this poverty and wretchedness—why this hovel in the shadow of the mansion? Make property common, as sunlight is common, that *all* may taste the sweet as well as the dead sea fruit of life. But his remedy violates the immutable law of right. He forgets that by some man's toil, by some man's thought, property has its value; by it yonder desert is made to bloom as the rose, yonder swamp teems with richness. The man who takes the greatest risks deserves more than he who takes none; the man of great abilities

more than he of less; the Edison more than his engineer.

But this remedy is as impossible as it is unjust. For until the barren mountain becomes a fruitful plain and climate uniform, who would dwell on the banks of the Hudson, who amid Florida's orange groves? Who should choose, who decide? Behind this frostwork of socialism flash the swords and bayonets, rough ground of anarchy.

Equalize condition and every motive to effort dies. No sweat of brow, no waking of the dormant brain. Voiceless yet would be the golden harp of Shakespeare, unsung the song of Milton and lost in the shadows of a dream undreamt the mighty wonder of our nineteenth century civilization. But the labor problem is not the only one which must be solved if we would perpetuate our institutions. Before the pilgrims had pressed New England's shore—before the oppressed of earth had lifted their eyes to the land of their deliverance—the first represensatives of an unfortunate race had arrived. For three hundred years doomed to serve their captors in misery, in ignorance, in sorrow, they lived and died, scorned and despised of men. But at length the genius of liberty would no longer suffer the blot of slavery to defile her chosen land, and their shackles were loosed. A glittering example of man's philanthropy—that of one race enduring the horrors of war for the rights of another. But a greater task awaits us. With eight millions of our population steeped in ignorance, in superstition and crime, every year becoming denser, deeper and darker, can we close our eyes to the present and dream of past triumphs? Can a nation whose very corner stone rests on the intelligence and virtue of her citizens look complacently on the growth of vice and ignorance? Let socialistic France, born of centuries of debauchery and misrule, give the answer.

Some wise reformers propose colonization as the remedy which shall free us from this legacy of slavery. This scheme is but the vision of the theorist. Its advocates forget the character of the race with which they deal. The negro is a domestic being. He still loves the old plantation and the quiet valley where lies his father's ashes. As well try to stem the flood with sand or quench the flame with flax as drive him from his native land. The voice of the ages cries out against its cruelty. A generous act for a Christian country to banish a race for the gratification of a mere prejudice.

Apace in this train are the problems of immigration, of ultramontanism, the power of the Pope, the saloon and the social canker. The tendency of the age is not toward greater license or indulgence, but toward perpetuation and supremacy of right. The scions of American liberty are coming to the helm of administration. The dregs of foreign climes are to be put in check. It is no longer night. Already the morning begins to gild the hill tops, while the ultimate realization is yet ignematical. Education has become a social necessity. With the removal of unreasoning ignorance, the conflict of labor and capital must cease, the race problem vanish like the memory of a troubled dream. Where is the Waterloo of the struggle? At the ballot box. What is the helm—the source of direction and management? It is the gospel. It strikes at the fountain head of every complex evil. It inculcates the doctrines of industry, of thrift, of justice and of truth, whose existence is as eternal as the years of God. Stand by this helm, and if the perils confronting us are not eliminated from the body politic, they shall at least be reduced to such a miniature spot they can no longer darken the horizon. The world has had its zealous ones—its Julius Cæsar, its Alexander and its Bonaparte. Science has had her most earnest exponents—her Galileo, her Sir Isaac Newton and her John Watt. The arts have had their unfaltering workers—their Michael Angelo, Raphael and Rubens. The army and navy have had their heroes, inspired of patriotism and toil, and with self sacrificing, God fearing

men at the helm of state, the nation must go forward. Forgetful of past trials and disquietude, of the dense shadow and storm cloud that threaten, O, vessel of Liberty, drive on! and as the grand anthem of national peace rises yonder on old Plymouth rock and rolls on and on, swelled by tens of millions of glad and grateful voices, we shall hear above the clamor of secularism and the jar of conflicting evils the triumphant testimony, "This is a Christian nation." W. W. B.

WORDS.

The tongue is the glory of man, for though animals have memory, will, intellect, yet language, which gives to us a duplicate and multipliable existence, enabling mind to communicate with mind, is the Rubicon which they have never dared to cross. The dog barks as it barked at the creation ; the clarion notes of the cock are like those which frightened Hamlet's ghost while taking its nightly promenade long ago in Denmark ; the song of the lark and the roar of the lion have remained as unchanged as the waxen hexagon of the bee or the concentric circles of the spider's web. There is indeed something strangely pathetic in the inflection of a cow's voice as she looks over the gate and bawls for pumpkins. But she emitted the same plaintive wail in Paradise as she licked the hand of Mrs. Adam. And the stoutest champion of the orang-outang theory of man's development will admit that no process has ever distilled significant words out of the cries of beasts or the notes of birds. Speech is of divine origin, and even the rude tongue of an Australian or of a Sandwich Islander is full of wonders to the philosopher; but as we ascend from the guttural sounds that express the desires of a savage to the lofty periods of Cicero or Burke, the power of words expands until it reaches far beyond our utmost capacity ; until it designates God with three letters and the infinite with three sylables. We have a little word which comprehends the sum of true religion and the very essence of the eternal himself. I mean love. It designates that also which forms a very considerable factor in the delightful experiences of all men. And yet we spell it with but four letters, and I believe that in one of the first poetical effusions I ever wrote I spelled it with only three. With five we spell faith, that binds us to the skies, and with three rum, which since the flight of years began has summoned to its aid hate, envy, crime, remorse, despair to scourge its shrieking victims down to hell.

The origin of words is hid in the gloom that is hanging over the past. It is the common belief that our first parents were placed on the earth without any language, but with the power of making one, and there are many theories of how they began to talk. These theories are mere conjecture and differ widely. But every man has a right to have a theory of his own if he wants to. In fact a man isn't much of a man if he hasn't two or three theories of his own make. A great age this for theories. My own theory, which we think approximates very nearly to the truth, we will state first. As Eve stood in Paradise and looked at the sixth glorious sunset that must have looked more divinely beautiful to eyes that knew no sin, saw the west bathed in light, mountains and valleys robed in glory, and great effulgent rays streaming up to the very zenith, before her all the mighty panorama of creation, she tuned her voice to the music of the spheres, and said, "How perfectly splendid." And as Adam looked down into the liquid depths of those clear blue eyes, that were all aglow with admiration as they drank in the glories of an Oriental evening when the sun was young and

the earth was new, when he contemplated her in her first new dress; (by the way, Eve was a very handsome woman. Some of her daughters are very pretty yet, but she was the belle of all the world); well, as Adam looked at her in her flowing robes, and her hair dressed in the latest style (she was always up to the style), and her cheeks all powdered with the poleen of roses and lilies; as he looked down on this perfection incarnate, he leaned a little closer and whispered, "How exquisitely lovely!" Of course he did. The old flatterer, he couldn't help it. And this is my theory of the origin of words. But there is one other that is generally held. It is that the first words were imitations of the cries of animals. Those who hold to this theory think that Adam gave to each animal a name corresponding to the sound it made; the sheep would be called "ba," the lamb "ma;" they called the dog "bow wow," and you will all readily see how extremely difficult it would be to translate the word "mule" into this prehistoric language. But, however words may have originated we cannot tell with certainty. When we dig in the debris of dead languages we find many words that carry us very far back into the morning of thought, and which conclusively prove that all language had a common origin. In all tongues we find a word meaning God, and in the ancient Sanscrit, in the Coptic Greek, in the Arabic and in the cuniform letters of the Asyric this word corresponds to the Hebrew word "Alohem." There are many interesting facts connected with the history of words that we must pass for want of time. Here is a field for the antiquarian richer than the ruins of any ancient city, more replete in curiosities than any geological rocks. The walls of language contain the spoils of ancient races. Here are their swords and spears and shields, and here are the pictures of their gods and heroes. We have words as well as coins which bear the image and superscription of the Cæsars.

Words never die. Some of you have seen the great guns at our seacoast defences, which they tell us will throw a ball fifteen miles, and we wonder at so great a triumph of mechanism, but what a paltry range is that to the flight of a winged word! Why, Aristotle condensed a system of philosophy into two words, and sent them careening across the continent to bombard the ages yet to be. And the Decalogue, which was detonated in thunder from Sinai's mountain, will be on the wing "when the heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll."

"Words are mighty, words are living
Serpents with their venomous tongues,
Or bright angels crowding around us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.

Every word has its own spirit
True or false, which never dies:
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

We would fain dwell longer upon this branch of our subject, the history, the etymology, the signification and the inexhaustible poetry of words, but we must hurry on to notice some of their abuses. The greatest danger of language is from the too frequent use of big words. It is at the mercy of men for whose use the simple Saxon is not enough, and so they assay their ideas in big dictionary words, say the most common things in the most uncommon way. You have all heard such. Their little shrunken thoughts shot off in an enormous, phrasy sound, like fire crackers in an empty barrel. They never say fire, but the "devouring element." It never burns a house—oh, no—but it "consumes a structure." If any one's mother dies he is said to have "sustained a bereavement of his maternal relative." Poor fellow! A dog's tail is his "caudle appendage." We never say "leg" now. O, no, *never* say leg—"limb's" the word. Strange to say we never "take off our clothes," but we "divest ourselves of our habiliments." The old trite saying, "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," is now rendered, "Do not enumerate your unfledged pullets anterior to the completion of the process of incubation." "Female" is another

word which is very frequently misused. It is used as a substitute for "woman." It won't supply the place of our good old Saxon word, "woman." Suppose we substitute it for "woman" in Shakespeare's ode. And what a change! The poetry of the myriad minded Shakespeare sinks to the level of low pedantry. O, for shame, young man, never call your sister or your mother, or perhaps a dearer than either, by a term that is equally applicable to a dog or a horse. The noblest title for woman is "woman." At the wild sweet sorcery of this word all the latent chivalry of man's nature warms into being, fancy pictures a thousand combinations of divinest harmony, and all the burial places of memory give up their dead. Our little words are the bone and sinew of our language. 'Tis these we use in the great crises of life, on the eve of battle, in the fierce conflicts of interests when the fate of all depends upon a word. Could there be anything more sublime than the first words of the Bible, "Let there be light, and there was light," and Cromwell's shout to his soldier's, "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry." How the "Don't give up the ship" of a dying Lawrence stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet.

"To joy's quick steps as well as grief's slow tread,
The sweet plain words we learned at first keep time,
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme."

T. W. KENNEDY.

TRUE AMERICANISM.

To-day the eyes of the world are fixed upon the Empire of the West, the Rome of modern times. We are proud of our possessions and of our rank among the people of the earth. We claim our name is the synonym of freedom and of equality of brotherhood. We boast our loyalty to a flag that is respected and honored by every people under heaven. We speak of our resources as unbounded, our citizens as valiant and our institutions as unperishable, but with this all there may be some slight reason for a closer scrutiny. Prosperity is not a sign always that a nation is free from the evils of corruption, for was it not at the time Rome seemed to be most prosperous, at the time when she boasted most of her greatness and power that the seeds of decay were taking root which caused the destruction and overthrow of that mighty mistress of the world? Our history has been a struggle for freedom and truth; a struggle that calls for hearts and hands, for daring souls upon the battlefield, for the martyr's blood upon the altar of the nation. And if, as in the past, history repeats itself, we should wisely scrutinize the elements that may tend to faction and disruption.

This land is our own heritage. In God's name our ancestors crossed the deep and laid the broad foundation of a government worthy of free souled men. To-day the people of the nation owe to all the nation's interests the duty of eternal vigilance. If we are patriotic, it is time to prove it; if we are loyal, it is time for more than idle boast. If the soil of our land is so sacred, it should be protected. The strand of our country should no longer be the dumping ground for the refuse and off cast of European nations. The face of our fair America should no longer be polluted by the contaminating blotches of crime borne westward from eastern shores. Let England find some other exile land for her law breakers. The life blood of our civilization should be free from such pollution. Let Italy keep at home her starving children which she herself has robbed. Let them be cared for by those who have debased them below the race and rank of man. Let the broad gates of America swing wide to admit all who come for freedom and for

truth, but stop the poisoning flow of immigration that yearly brings us hundreds and thousands of law breakers, felons and promoters of crime. If we are true to American principles should we permit the promoters of Catholicism to establish their institutions on our soil at the expense of American institutions? Should we permit these enemies of the government who in the United States to-day have reached the alarming number of ten millions, who appear in loyal uniform only for the purpose of gaining power to use in the overthrow of our institutions? Should we permit them to crowd out our schools and churches which are the bright and shining lights of the nation, and on which alone rests the future prosperity and welfare of our government, and to supplant them by institutions in which are taught principles that are as opposed to true Americanism as light is to darkness? Must this American Republic fall into the same hands into which Canada has fallen? Is the time far distant when this rapidly increasing sect, by their intrigue and cunning ways in which they excel, be able, if not checked, to hold the balance of power in the United States and sway at will the affairs of the government both in church and state as to-day they are doing in Canada? Again, if this be our country, it should mantle our cheeks with shame to see the broad plains, the rich valleys, the valuable ore beds held tight within the grasp of foreign syndicates. Foreign monopoly reaches out its arm across the sea and strangles the life of our industries. Is America to be another Ireland, held under the thrall of soulless British landlordism? Is it a pleasing subject for contemplation that millions of acres of our best land is held and controlled by foreigners? That foreign hands are grasping at our railroads, our telegraphs and many other industries?

Do we live in a country and yet refuse to protect her from the hordes of alien thieves, plunderers and robbers? Then as to our flag we swear it is the grandest emblem under heaven, freest flag on earth, freest nation! It was bought by the blood of our fathers, made holy by our mothers' tears. It has been borne to victory on a thousand bloody fields, it has swept in triumph of freedom over every sea, and yet to day we see that flag of our great Republic trampled in the mire and gutters of the streets of Chicago, there the enemies of man's right, of order and law unblushingly fling to the breeze the red banner of misrule and anarchy. This has been done, is done, done daily, done openly and thousands of American citizens know of it, see it and do not prevent it. This blood red emblem of the anarchists was borne aloft through the deep night of the French Revolution. It has been the standard of the dark plotting Nihilist; it has led the way to desperate deeds all over the earth and we know a little of the effects and workings by the bloody massacre of the Chicago Haymarket. Now if we, the American people, allow such evils, such daring wickedness to flourish in our midst and which we have the power to suppress, we are turning aside from the principles of those founders of this great and glorious Republic. We are neglecting the duty we owe to our country, to our homes and to our God.

Let the sentiment of the undying Webster be the sentiment of every American, "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the fragments of a once glorious Union, on States dissevered, dismembered, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it may be in fraternal blood, let their last feeble, lingering glance rather behold the glorious ensign of the Republic, still full high advanced, not a star erased, not a stripe obscured; bearing no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' Nor those words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards,' but everywhere blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart, 'Liberity and Union, now and forever, one, and inseparable'."

U. G. MARKS.

ENGLISH SCIENCE AND SCIENTISTS.

England may justly be proud of her great men, men illustrious not only in their own country, but men to whom the world gladly pays its homage.

In power, her kings have advanced her to a place second to none among nations; in law, her statesmen have made her the model of the world; in literature, her poets and authors wrested the laurel crown from the ancients. Her architects, her merchants, her seamen, her tradesmen, all rival the world in point of enterprise. But in no department is English superiority more marked than in that of science.

Since the days of ancient Greece true science had been *dormant*, overshadowed by the veil of speculative philosophy. The minds of scientists delved on in the channel of deductive philosophy, void of fruit and productive only of dissensions and disputes over insignificant points in abstract and indeterminate problems.

Aristotle was the acknowledged father of philosophy and in his school all the world were pupils. It remained for England to produce a man whose intellect could pierce through the fallacy of existing ideas, one whose unprejudiced mind could not be filtered by the accepted philosophy which compelled men to think as others had thought; but who with undaunted courage could launch out into the realm of independent thought to seek true knowledge in the phenomena of nature around him.

It was Sir Francis Bacon who first cast down the gauntlet as a challenge to the philosophy of the world and set forth the folly of men, who, under the garb of philosophers, spent their powers of thought in discussing and disputing such questions as, "How many angels could dance on the point of a needle," or "What the result if two irresistible forces come in contact." True philosophy as set forth by Bacon must be productive of fruit, and with this end in view, he labored to establish his wonderful philosophy in pursuance of which the civilization of the world has been revolutionized.

As opposed to the deductive philosophy of Aristotle that of Bacon has been called inductive philosophy. The former taught men first to theorize and then prove or disprove their theory by observation. Hence it was that ancient philosophers, biased toward their own theories, established as many theories as there were schools of philosophy. The latter, on the other hand, bids the student of true philosophy first enter the labyrinth of nature, there observe her phenomena, and from these discover natural law.

For nature discloses herself to man only through her works, and to know nature, which is the ultimatum of science, one must study her works. The old philosophy was laborious, dry and unproductive. The new is prolific of practical utility and as the truths of nature disclose themselves to the devoted scientist he is doubly recompensed for his labor.

The one, like an avowed skeptic who seeks in some obscure passage of the sacred word, proof of his self-conceived idea of religion, is false and disastrous. The other, like an earnest seeker of true knowledge, who, searching first the sacred word, bases his conclusions thereon, is the embodiment of truth. The advent of Bacon then distinctly marks an epoch in the history of philosophy.

Scientific investigation, once turned from the channel in which it had been confined for centuries, diverges in many directions, imparting life and vigor to the parched soil of thought causing it to yield copious fruit for the benefit of man. England's scientists, followers of Bacon, are numerous.

Newton, in the fall of an apple discovers the law of gravitation, and the mystery of the

spheres in part at least is solved.

Herschel, with mathematical accuracy has determined the relative positions and distances of the planets, and accomplished much besides to bring the science of "Astronomy" to its present advanced state.

Harvey, by observing that the pulse of his toe and that of his temple beat precisely at the same instant, discovered the circulation of blood, and rapid progress in medicine followed.

Farrady and Tyndal, by their valuable experiments with electricity, made it possible for an Edison to astonish the world by his electric inventions.

To stand in the large factory and listen to the deafening whir of thousands of rapidly revolving wheels, to see ponderous iron and steel bars planed, moulded or turned with as much ease as wood ; to hear the mighty roll of the heavily freighted train, to catch a view of the lightning express as it bounds from ocean to ocean, to witness the vast ocean steamer with its thousands of passengers and tons of freight plow the deep with a speed unknown to the ancients, is but to bear testimony to the momentous result of Watt's philosophy as he silently meditated while watching his boiling kettle, "There must be a latent power in steam or else why does the lid alternately rise and fall in unison with the accumulation and escape of the steam."

Biology and Geology have found world renowned champions in Darwin, Huxley and Herbert Spencer.

Indeed there is no department of science in which England cannot boast of a leader. Aside from christianity, English science stands unchallenged as the greatest factor in modern civilization. English science crowned with American genius alone explains the rapid progress of the age.

A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

40 A III Steinmetz Strausse,
Berlin, Germany, Nov 13, '90.

Ed. of Holcad :—Here we are in the domains of his royal highness Emperor Wilhelm, after a safe if not exactly pleasant voyage of eleven days by sea and land. We took passage in the steam ship Spree of the Nord Deutcher Lloyd, which sailed from New York the afternoon of Saturday, October 25. This is a new vessel, this being only its second return trip across the Atlantic, and is one of the most elegant in the world. It is a regular palace as regards size and furnishings and the table-fare and attendance in general are correspondingly first-class. One at least need not suffer from hunger on this vessel. They served breakfast at half past seven, bouillon and toast on the deck at ten, lunch at half past twelve, lemonade and crackers on the deck at three, dinner, which consisted of twelve courses and took one hour and half to serve, at six, and tea at nine. There was a band on board which played twice a day and an orchestra which played during dinner.

We struck a heavy sea from the first and Sunday morning the passangers on board who could hold their heads up were few. We managed to struggle up on deck in hopes that the fresh air would dissipate our nausea and there we sat in calm misery with our feet up to keep them out of the water and our chairs lashed to the deck to keep them in place. The waves broke over the deck with sufficient force to knock a sailor that was standing near the prow flat on his back. The next day the sea was not quite so rough and we began to think that perhaps life was worth living after all, and in the course of two or three days more we could do justice to some of the dainties that the table furnished. There was considerable fog and rain, however, until we got off the banks of Newfound-

land, and we did not have any really smooth sailing until we entered the English channel, when we were nearly to our journey's end. We were delayed twelve hours by breakage in the machinery, and so did not reach Bremenhaven until eleven o'clock Monday, Nov. 3d. Tuesday we came by rail, a ride of about seven hours, to Berlin. Traveling by rail is safer and swifter in Germany than America, but it certainly is not so pleasant. There are none of the conveniences that we are accustomed to, no sleepers, no dining or buffet cars. One is shut into a small compartment with two or three other persons and obliged to sit face to face with them to the journey's end. You have not even the doubtful diversion of a newsboy or a fruit peddler. We thought we were not even to have a chance to get anything to eat, but at last, when we were nearing the verge of starvation, the train stopped for a few minutes at a station, and we had time enough to buy a few sandwiches.

Berlin is not unlike American cities in appearance. The streets are very wide, clean and exceedingly well paved. The buildings are mostly five and six stories high, and built of brick, many of them covered with a brown cement, making them resemble stone. The stores make a very fine display of goods, but are not large. A man seems to stick to one line of goods. Large department stores, such as we have in America, are rare. To one coming here from "the land of the free" there seems to be an unnecessary amount of red tape about the government. A man taking up his residence here even for a few months must go in person to the police headquarters and register his own name, place and date of birth, residence and occupation, and also the same items in regard to each member of his family. They seem to go on the principle that each person is a suspicious character until he proves himself otherwise. Living is not so cheap here as it is sometimes represented. Rents are moderate, vegetables are cheap, but meat, butter and eggs are high. One can have cheap meat if he is willing to use horse flesh. There is a great deal of it eaten here, and there are shops where it is sold exclusively. Perhaps that explains why there are so few poor, wornout looking horses seen on the streets. The horses in the street cars and omnibusses are fine, strong animals, such as we can ride behind without any compunctions of conscience. They are doubtless consigned to the butcher when they break down. Fuel is quite an item of expense here, and everything is arranged with a view to economize heat as much as possible. In the corner of each room is a tall, white monument, built of blocks of porcelain. In America we would place it in the cemetery for a tombstone, but here they use it for a stove. There is a door at the bottom where they build a fire. They put in just a certain number of pieces of coal, or rather peat pressed into shape about like a brick. This is allowed to get a good start, then the door is closed and screwed tight, and that is supposed to furnish you heat for the day. Everything in the way of cooking utensils is made of porcelain. We tried to buy a tin pan, but it was a thing unknown.

We have already met a number of American people here—in fact there is quite a little colony in our immediate neighborhood. There is also an American church under the charge of Rev. Dr. Stuckenberg.

Mr. Austin has entered the Xarwenka conservatory and is taking voice of the celebrated Prof. Sieber, and also Italian. He will give his eyes a little more rest before he begins piano study. Soon after coming here he consulted the most prominent oculist in Berlin, who said there was nothing permanently wrong with his eyes, and that time and care will effect their cure. In a later letter he will tell farther of matters musical and otherwise. Westminster is a name often in our thoughts and on our lips, and we will look eagerly for the arrival of the HOLCAD. MRS. T. M. AUSTIN.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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DECEMBER, 1890.

WHAT will happen when oil is struck in New Wilmington?

SOMETHING to remember—that with the January issue the alumni history is to begin. Something not to forget—to send in your name as a subscriber to the HOLCAD.

IN the recent death of Mr. Wm. Hunter one of New Wilmington's landmarks is removed. He is familiar to most of our readers as the "mail man," in which capacity he served so long and so faithfully. He died Dec. 5, and was buried Sabbath, Dec. 7.

WE are glad to have Miss Shontz with us again. Elocution is something which will be beneficial to any student, but we are sorry to say it has been sadly neglected here. Miss Shontz has proven herself to be a fine teacher of elocution and one deserving the patronage of the students. Students should not miss the opportunity.

WE are glad to be able to publish in this issue a letter from Mrs. Austin who is now in Berlin. We will also be pleased to publish other letters which either Mr. or Mrs. Austin may send us. Information from this source will be very interesting to the readers of the HOLCAD, since so many of them are personally acquainted with the Professor and his wife.

THE Adelphic and Philo societies recently donated their libraries to the college, on the grounds that they were improperly cared for and were open to students but one day in the week. However desirable it may seem for a society to have its own library, we think that the transfer was a wise one. Under the experienced hands of the college librarian the books will not only receive the proper attention, but will also be more convenient for the students.

JUNIOR orations are over, and now the members of the class who were relieved when their performances had been given are again to be relieved of from $3 to $5, to pay for the privilege of speaking in the chapel. If it were in a fine church or in the Carnegie library at Allegheny it wouldn't be so bad. But to pay so much for the privilege of stirring up Roman and Grecian soil, and rattling Luther's bones in a common college chapel! ! It has always seemed to us like an injustice that a student should be compelled to give a junior performance and then to bear the expenses of the occasion. True, the expenses need not be so great. It is unnecessary, not to say foolish, to procure expensive programs, such as are usually gotten. But still the fact remains that there are expenses connected with this which must be met. Would it not be better that the audience, who listen to the performances and are supposed to be enter-

tained by them, should pay for the privilege? Could not a small admission—enough to bear expenses—be charged? True, no class likes to start such a plan. No class wants to be dubbed the "stingy" class. However, we think that if it was once started it would meet the popular approval. We hope this matter will be considered, and that things will be different by another year.

MR. SCOULLER, of Erie, who died recently, left the college $8000. Westminster has never yet had a great amount of extra money and we are glad to see her remembered. In the September number of the HOLCAD we urged the necessity for a gymnasium. This is something which every college needs, and we have a greater need for one now than ever before. If we would uphold Westminster in the inter-collegiate field day games we must have training. Why not build a gymnasium with this money? There is nothing which would be hailed with greater delight by the students, and there is nothing which would develop them into strong, well formed men better than a well regulated gymnasium. In our estimation the money, if used in this way, would bring a greater return than any other disposal of it could possibly do. Now for a gymnasium. Can't we have it?

VERMONT has recently fallen into line with the ballot reform States. The bill passed both houses of the State congress with but very little discussion. Its jurisdiction extends to the whole State in general elections and to places having a population of 4000 or more, in local elections. The ballots are all printed by the State, and the voting is secret. Under this system there is every reason to believe that the politics will be in a great measure divested of their corruption. As ballot reform bills come up before the country and as one State after another adopts one of some kind we see that the people are becoming educated in this line. They are beginning to demand a purification in politics, which nothing short of a radical change can give. It is high time that the American people should put in office not the men who have the most money at their disposal and the greater number of political schemers back of them, but the ones who are the real choice of the people.

MR. GEORGE R. WENDLING, the celebrated lecturer, delivered his popular lecture on "Stonewall Jackson" here Dec. 6. He was greeted by a large and attentive audience. This lecture is too well known to need much comment. It is sufficient to say that the oratory was at times sublime. This is at least the third time Mr. Wendling has spoken here and each time the satisfaction has been universal. The people of Wilmington are always pleased to learn that the lecturer of the evening is Mr. Wendling. In this same connection it would not be out of place to speak of the lecture on "Sunshine," delivered in the college chapel some time previous, by Rev. A. A. Willits. This lecture was an epitome of wit and humor and contained a great many practical home-thrusts. Its subject matter is such as cannot fail to interest a popular audience. The most prominent characteristic is that which the subject indicates—sunshine, which was clearly shown by apt illustrations. The lecture as a whole is capable of doing much good, both through the introduction of new and lofty trains of thought and its educating influence in leading people to look upon the bright side.

The lecture by Prof. DeMotte, of De Paugh University, Indiana, on "Lighthouses and their Uses," was extremely interesting and at the same time weighed down with its burden of knowledge.

The lecture course this far has turned out as was anticipated, and we hope that in the remaining half the record will not be broken.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Mrs. Cecelia L. Williston bequeathed $5,000 to Mount Holyoke College.

—William Dudley Field was elected President of Swarthmore (Pa.) College Dec. 8th.

—During the past two years Minnesota and Wisconsin have established more than 12,000 school libraries.

—The Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., has an enrollment larger than that of any previous year.

—In the will of the late Gen. Clinton B. Fisk $25,000 are bequeathed to the Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn.

—The University of Minnesota is having a queer lawsuit over the possession of a seventy pound ærolite lately found.

—Among the Japanese graduates of Rutgers College are some very high in political and social standing in their native land.

—An endowment fund of $50,000 has been secured to the Western Pennsylvania Classical and Scientfic Institute, Mount Pleasant, Pa.

—During the year 1889 the American colleges received contributions amounting to $4,000,000. It is said that sixteen of these are now without executive heads.

—Rev. Dr. Louis F. Stearns has formally declined the chair of Systematic Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York, to which he was recently elected.

—Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Willard, late President of Heidleberg College, Tiffin, O., has accepted a call to the professorship of Ethics and Apologetics in Ursina College.

—Berea College, Ky., is enlarging its work. A department for special study of the Bible has been added, and the results of the work in this department have been very satisfactory.

—President Chas. F. Thwing, of Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio, proposes to make such changes in the curriculum of the college as will keep it in line with the best colleges in the country.

—Many prominent speakers are on the program for the next meeting of the American Historical Association, which will be held at Washington, D. C., on the 29th, 30th and 31st of December.

—The Methodist Church in America has now among the Freedmen twenty-two colleges, seminaries or academies manned by two hundred and six teachers, and having 5,684 students enrolled.

—The Students' Christian Association of the University of Michigan are now supporting a missionary in China, whose salary of $800 is raised among the various departments by weekly subscriptions.

—President Irons, of Muskingum College, New Concord, O., is improving in health. He was granted a long leave of absence to promote his recovery, and his absence is much regretted by the institution.

—Miss Rockafeller, when a student at Vassar, instead of foolishly spending the money allowed her by her father, paid the tuition and expense of two years for a girl who was not able to pay for her education.

—Mrs. Harriet Crocker Alexander, daughter of Charles Crocker, the California millionaire, will present to Princeton University a hall which is to be the finest building of its kind belonging to any college in the country.

—Yale College has this year some four hundred students entering its Freshman class in the Classical and Scientific Courses, and it has in its various departments no less than one hundred and forty-three instructors, including its lecturers.

—Dr. Austin Scott, professor of History, Political Economy and Constitutional Law in Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. Y., has been elected president of the college. Dr. Scott is very popular with the students. Having been in many colleges he received the degree of Ph. D. at Leipsic University. The place which he will fill was made vacant when Dr. Gates went to Amherst.

ART NOTES.

—Mr. Barr is at work on a horse head in crayon.

—Miss Thompson has begun a crayon of an Egyptian girl.

—Miss Little is crayoning an ocean scene. The attraction of the study is the reality given to the waves.

—Miss Armstrong has finished a study in crayon of a dog with a woodcock in its mouth.

—The study in water-colors, being executed by Miss Stewart, is entitled "The Road to the Sea." The soft tones of the deep colorings of the study are very artistic.

—"The First Snow" is the title of the study which Miss Chapin is painting on a porcelain plaque. Sparrows are sheltered from the snow upon a limb thickly covered with leaves colored by the frost. The study is an interesting scene in bird life.

—Four kittens, on the barn floor, around an empty bowl, makes up "The Hunger Chorus" under Miss Lytle's pencil. "Isn't that the cutest thing," as a lady antiquated in single blessedness exclaimed, well expresses the playful timidity portrayed by the study.

—"Pharaoh's Horses" is the title of the familiar crayon which Mr. Russell has just begun. They are steeds as fiery as the king was cruel, and are a suggestive representation of steeds which could speed the king to the Red Sea to his destruction.

—Miss Anderson has completed a study of a prairie fire. In the distance can be seen the flames rising from the burning village. The air is filled with smoke, and the wind drives the destructive demon on toward the little group of villagers gathered together by the side of a stream. All the terror that usually accompanies such a scene is portrayed in this study. A study of the picture now on her canvas arouses deep sympathy. It is entitled "The Stag at Bay." It is a hunting scene. A stag is held in a river from its flight by two fierce dogs. The hopeless expression of the animal conveys a pitiable effect.

—Miss Andrews is painting a winter scene. The ground is covered with snow, in the background nestled among the hills is a house, in the foreground is a pond of ice in the midst of a grove, while the sky is colored by the setting sun. The whole portrays a very pleasing effect. She is also working on a cluster of Nasturtiums on the wide oak frame of a small mirror. Doubtless, when it is finished, it will be a very acceptable Xmas present.

MUSIC NOTES.

—Miss Leola B. Edwards now has charge of the Music Department. She came from Oil City where she enjoyed the confidence of the community and had a large number of pupils. She is a graduate of Beaver College, from which came Mrs. Alice B. Findley who so creditably filled the same position two years ago. She is an old acquaintance and schoolmate of Miss Whissen's. We welcome the new teacher and wish her a pleasant year's work among us.

MAN AND HIS SHOES.

How much a man is like his shoes;
For instance both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned; Both are made tight
By cobblers, both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete:
And both are made to go on feet;
They both need heeling; oft are sold,
And both in time will turn to mould.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they are mended;
When men wear out they are men dead, too!
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loth
Both have their ties, and both incline,
When polished, in the world to shine.
And both peg out. Now would you choose,
To be a man or be his shoes?—[Boot and Shoe Dealer.

He attained the proud title of Mr.
And she pledged to be more than a Sr.
So they stood at the altar:
And ne'er did he falter
When he bent o'er and solemnly kr.

ALUMNI.

—S. G. Huey, '88, visited in town recently.

—Rev. J. A. Shannon, '74, will engage in mission work.

—To Rev. W. H. Moore, '86, New London, Pa., a son is born.

—W. B. Peters, '87, has been very ill at the home of his father in Fay.

—Rev. J. C. White, '70, will not go to Wyoming, Iowa, as reported.

—Rev. W. H. McMaster, '68, is to hold a series of gospel meetings at Atlantic, Iowa.

—Miss Lemira M. Mealy, Principal of Greenville High school, spent Thanksgiving at home.

—J. P. Whitla, Esq., '83, will deliver the address of welcome, at the teachers' Institute next week.

—Rev. R. B. Taggart, '65, Clinton, Pa., has returned home from his visit to California and Washington.

—J. A. Van Orsdell, '85, was admitted to practice law in the Supreme and District courts of Nebraska, last month.

—Rev. S. R. Gordon, '74, and family, of Pittsburgh, were the guests of his mother and friends during Thanksgiving week.

—The congregation of Rev. T. N. Swan, '84, Pittston, are completing a new $30,000 church and intend soon to build a parsonage.

—Prof. T. E. Moffatt, '89, Sunbury Academy, spent a few days here in the Thanksgiving vacation. We are always glad to see the Professor.

—Rev. W. B. Barr, '75, New Brighton, was pleasantly surprised recently when he was made the recipient of a large and elegant plush chair.

—Rev. J. B. Ricketts, of Logan's Ferry, and Miss Sadie McDowell, of this place, were married on the evening of Dec. 3, at the residence of the bride.

—Sadly we write these lines, the work and life of another alumnus is finished. Robert W. Donald is dead. His demise took place Dec. 2. A bright career is ended.

—Rev. J. A. Reed, '82, New York, recently gave a very impressive address on, "The Workers' Responsibility and Reward," at a Sabbath School Convention in that city.

—The First Reformed Dutch church, of Brooklyn, N. Y., presided over by Rev. J. N. Farrar, '75, is building a very fine edifice. This church is the oldest of any in the city. It daies back to 1660.

CHAPTER I.

Puella ex Erin,
Laborans for hire,
Festinans eagerly
Ascendere the fire.

CHAPTER. II.

Petroleum handy
"Vetus, vetus, story,"
Puella blown skyward
Etiam to glory.

—*United Presbyterian.*

FALLACIES.

—"Love levels all things"
So 'tis freely said.
Yet lover never yet we saw
Who had a level head.

—"None but the brave"—again—"deserve the fair."
Only the brave to live with them would dare.

—"If fools rush in where angels fear to tread"
That's why in love and life, the fool's ahead.

—File away the long oration
With its words of learned length,
Let the dangers of the nation
Rest a year and gather strength.

Take the books of Greek and Latin,
Sell them all at second hand,
Let some other brain space fatten
Up a flabby lachrymal gland.

For another crowd of Juniors
Have made known their tale of woe,
Hoping through their compilations
That they might on contest go.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—It is wrong for every one to
Kiss the baby: Wait till later.
When she grows up to sweet
Sixteen the pleasure will be greater.—[Ex.

—"In it"—The letter "i".

—Jr. Orations over—lucky eight(?).

—The new chapel seats will be pews.

—Berry enjoyed the entertainment and—the muff.

—Enough is always just a little more than we have.

—Prof. Thompson will be absent the last week of school.

—Daisie Barnes is taking elocution lessons from Miss Shontz.

—Lininger's Hall is to be refitted with a capacity of 800 seats.

—Why was not Eve afraid of the measles? Because she had Ad-am.

—The genial countenance of Miss Shontz is again seen in our midst.

—Why are teeth like verbs? They are regular, irregular and defective.

—What is more chilling to the ardent swain than the beautiful's "no" !

—Something new in chemical line—consecrated acids and solute dilutions.

—What fishes have their eyes nearest together? Small ones, we believe.

—Miss Jessica Leech, of Allegheny City, spent Thanksgiving with the Misses Reed.

—And still Dunn and Anderson and Kraeer will spend their vacation in New Wilmington.

—The Junior band have purchased new instruments. They are silver plated and cost $300.

—Hereafter Messrs. Scott and Campbell expect to have an understanding about seats, time, &c.

—One of the girls has declared her intention of tacking on her door a placard with the word "engaged" printed in bold type. Evidently Graham believes the old saying: "Procrastination is the thief of time."

—Be temperate in your diet. Remember our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

—It is hard on Hube to have to answer for the sins of Young. Hube thinks so, but Young don't.

—One of our young ladies is responsible for the equation: Cat plus sulphuric acid equal fiddle strings.

—A. R. Robinson, '89, and M. J. Donaldson recently passed the preliminary law examination in Pittsburgh.

—For society, Association and class officers see the "Bulletin Board" on first page. It will be continued from issue to issue.

—Miss Leola Edwards has accepted the position made vacant by Miss Woolryche. She comes highly recommended.

—According to one of our worthy friends in one of the Prep. classes, "The stomach begins at the mouth, and is 32 feet long."

—It must be rather embarrassing to a mouse to have the entire population of the hall come to view him as a great, big, horrid burglar.

—Miss Woodruff, of New Castle, spent some days in town recently the guest of Miss Alice Semple—to the great delight of Totten, '88.

—"Well," said the rural vistor at New York, "if that is Cleopatra's needle, I'd like to see some of the stockings she used to darn."

—Conversation between two professsors as heard by junior: Prof. No. 1—Just one night more of orations. Prof. No. 2—Yes, thank fortune!

—Mealy, in Physics: "Professor, why is it that when you put a cat's paws on an electrical instrument in action, she does not seem to

mind it the least bit, but wet her paws and see her gyrate?" Professor—"I don't know, unless it is that the cat is specially adapted to telegraphy."

—The secretary of the W. U. of Pa. Ath. Asso. declares the recent threat of the *Courant* in regard to tennis "unathorized and simply and idly made."

—Prof. Thompson photographed the HOLCAD staff a few days ago. He secured very good pictures considering the subjects upon which he worked.

—Called home to the bedsides of friends—Miss Irene Robertson, Messrs. Cooley and Henry. Miss Robertson, and Mr. Cooley have since returned.

—Mrs. Prof. Thompson entertained a number of lady friends at her home Friday evening, Nov. 28. As usual at the Professor's, all had a splendid time.

—Yell of '95: "Here we are, all alive, hurrah for the class of '95." Their colors are blue and pink. Nothing like it, boys; don't grow into moss backs.

—Winter is coming, you may be rich, you may be poor, you may be famous, you may be unknown, but for the love of suffering humanity, *shut the door*.

—Mr. E. B. is expecting a lovely Xmas present. He has already received a sample in the shape of a full fledged songster. Miss Lizzie's deft fingers are busy.

—Some one is so unkind as to say that the Second Preps. should adopt the following as their yell: "Here we come, thirty-two sticks, hurrah for the class of 96."

—Brown—"What a heavy shower? It is raining cats and dogs!" Amy—"What kind of dogs does it rain, Mr. Brown?" Brown—"Sky terriers, probably."

—Lo! the fame of '92 even now awakes the sleeping fastnesses of the Rockies. But Smith did not know it was strong enough to get clear back to Westminster.

—A large crayon picture which has been framed and will soon be hung in the Leagorean hall, is the work of Margaret Anderson and donated by her to the society.

—There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind; the other that they haven't any business.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—In the recent Hare and Hound chase the Hounds lost the scent in the first half mile. The Hares returning to town in 39 minutes from starting time. The Hounds arrived 25 minutes later.

—Invitations are out for the marriage of S. M. Kraeer, formerly of the class of '91, to Miss Ella McKee, of this place. The ceremony is to take place in the 2nd U. P. church Tuesday, Dec. 23.

—We like to be charitable and so have concluded that Miss R.'s absent mindedness was the result of training youthful minds. To think it was due to the presence of a junior would be presuming.

—Miss L. on returning from chapel Sabbath evening found an owl perched aloft on her wardrobe. Col. Conwell says: "Whom the animals follow they are kings." The statement cannot be denied.

—The recent foot ball game between Wooster and W. and J. was awarded by the umpire to W. and J., score 4 to 0, and by the referee to Wooster, score 6 to 4. It was unsatisfactory throughout.

—There is an old joke about a lady who said to her children's nurse; "Jane, go and see what the baby is doing and tell him he must not do it." That lady is much like the Democratic party—*Ex.*

—Dr. F—"Which of the original States did not ratify the Constitution, Mr. Telford?" Mr. T—"Hm-ah-am-Florida." It is a great

privilege to be a Senior and have science of government "down so fine"(?).

—Class, reciting from topics: Professor—"Mr. Young, you may go on." Brigham—"Can't do it, Professor." Professor—"Ah! Why, from the way you were going on, I thought you could proceed rapidly."

—Arguing by analogy—Teacher — Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?" Johnny — "Whalebone." Teacher—"Right. Now who knows what we get from the seal?" Tommy—"Sealing-wax.—*Jury.*

—Miss Eva Shontz gave an elocutionary entertainment in college chapel Dec. 9 Selections were given from the play of Macbeth. The manner in which they were rendered reflected honor upon both Prof. Murdoch and Miss Shontz.

—Thompson asks the barber if he won't shave him for five cents. After a look at Thompson the barber says he can afford to do it for nothing. Exit Thompson with his five cents and a clean shave. The five cents was still good for cigars.

—Mr. Henry, while spending his Thanksgiving at home, indulged in a game of la crosse. Mr. H. now sports a sprained ankle and will not be back this term. When one engages in modern athletics he should have his life insured in some good company.

—"Here, what's your name?" "Oh! you aint going to get mad are you? We were only in fun." "What's your name?" Long pause—swish of fist in air; sudden jerk and "Oh! no, you don't, Mr., I can run faster than you." And the stars winked and did not want us to mention it.

—"Halloa!" ejaculated a guardian to his pretty niece, as he entered the parlor and saw her in the arms of a swain who had popped the question and sealed it with a kiss, "what's the time of day now?" "I should think it was half past twelve," was the cool reply of the blushing damsel. "You see we are almost one."

—Spencer, Sr., reciting physics by topic, realizes that he is coming to one on which his knowledge is rather limited, and delivers himself thus: "Rivers are retarded in their flow by the friction of the water on the banks and bed. On this account they flow slower than they otherwise would, and — and it is a good thing that they do"—collapse.

—Below we print definition of a cube, given on examination in geometry by a member of the Freshman class: "A cube is any solid which has two circles for bases each equal, equally distant from each other and parallel, the bases being polygons." Ye gods! What a head! This Freshie should have a leather medal as big as a plate.

—Prof. Thompson has offered the following prizes to the Third Preps. for essays on "The Best Method of Ventilation for the Chapel." All third Preps. must contest. It is not necessary that the subject matter of essays be original: First prize, "Macauley's History of England;" second, "Hygiene of the Brain;" third, "History of the Protestant Reformation;" fourth, "History of the Crusades."

—The musical and literary entertainment given by the Westminster Quartette at the U. P. church last evening was a success in every way. A good crowd greeted the Westminster students, who carried out their parts creditably A neat little sum was realized to be used for the building of a mission chapel. The elocutionary part by Mr. Kennedy was heartily applauded.—*Steubenville Herald.*

—Geneva's ball team is the champion of Western Pennsylvania.—*Geneva Cabinet.* Hold on there *Cabinet*! Don't you know that you cannot claim any such a thing on one game? Because you can defeat a nine gathered up from who ever could be secured, do not flatter yourself that you can do any-

thing of the kind when you cross bats with the regular Westminster team, *the champion of Western Pennsylvania college ball clubs.*

—Prof. Thompson apologized to the Jr. class for not having a certain battery at hand with which to perform a certain experiment, by saying that the excessive use of the Hall door bell by some of the boys had so weak ened the battery attached that it would no longer perform the work required, and in justice to the belles and boys he had given the use of the missing battery to aid the over worked battery at the Hall.

—Josh Billings' Philosophy. Cut it out and paste it in your hat: "Young man, after you have lived thirty years longer you won't know half as much as you do now, but what you do know will be worth twice as much to you." * * "Whenever you hear a man bragging loudly that he is free from petticoat government, you can bet freely that some woman has him fast between her thumb and forefinger." * * "It strikes me that it is a good deal cheaper to learn from other folks' experience than to let them learn from ours." * * "When you come across a man whom neither flattery nor abuse will stimulate, let him alone: he has gone to seed." * * "In a forlorn hope a woman's wit is always worth more than a man's judgment." * * "I can't help but respect the man who hasn't any failings, but I don't seem to love him. He is too different from me." * * "Nature seldom makes a fool. She simply furnishes the raw material and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself." * * "It is very easy to mind others' business, but our own sometimes bothers us."

—The Junior orations are over. We append the subjects:

November 14: Annetta Little, Venice, Pa., "Behind the Curtain;" E. G. Bailey, Candor, Pa., "Our Need;" Lillian Moreland, New Wilmington, Pa., "The Power of Influence;" A. H. Elliott, New Wilmington, Pa., "The Government of Ireland;" Luella Purvis, Butler, Pa., "The Curse of Unrest;" A. L. Russell, Bulger, Pa., "Fantasy and Fact."

November 20: E. Francis Barr, Lafarwal, India, "Dualism in Nature and Life;" P. H. Gordon, Worth, Pa., "Our English Language;" Dora Barr, Lafarwal, India, "A Study 'In Memoriam;'" Kate C. Edgar, New Wilmington, Pa., "A Ghost;" Francis R. Junk, Laurel Hill, Pa., "Not Finished, but Begun;" M. W. Keith, Sharpsville, Pa., "The Dynamics of Life."

November 28: J. E. Mealy, New Wilmington, Pa., "The American Kohinoor;" J. S. Donaldson, New Wilmington, Pa., "A Menace to Liberty;" Mary Stewart, Stewart Station, Pa., "The Labors of Hercules;" Joel C. Lininger, New Wilmington, Pa., "The Ground of Promise;" Ida Little, Venice, Pa., "Beyond the Alps;" Geo. W. McIntyre, Church Hill, O., "The Warning of Greece."

December 4: Jennie Love, New Castle. Pa., "Reading;" W. H. King, Geneva, Ohio, "Monuments of History;" Belle Galbraith, Leasureville, Pa., "The Lost Chord of Life;" (Class of '91)—Laura Van Eman, New Wilmington, Pa., "Wealth—Its Mission;" Hannah E. Peebles, Harlansburg, Pa., "The Ideal and the Real;" J. Y. McKinney, West Sunbury, Pa., "The Cave of the Furies;" Jean A. Robertson, New Wilmington, Pa., "Thought—Its Subjective Mission;" Chas. S. McKinney, West Sunbury, Pa., "The Two Civilizations."

December 12: Alice A. Semple, New Wilmington, Pa., "The Golden Star;" D. P. Smith, Topeka, Kansas, "The Force of Imperious Custom;" Grace Seley, New Wilmington, Pa., "Woman's Armor;" J. Herbert Spencer, New Wilmington, Pa., "Harmony Destroyed and Restored;" Elizabeth Chamberlain, East Palestine, Ohio, "Self Surrender;" (Class of '91)—F. L. Tuillerat, New Wilmington, Pa., "The Hour of Conflict."

EXCHANGES.

The current number of the *University Mirror* appears in neat holiday attire.

The Bethany *Collegian* is coming rapidly to the front. The literary department has made a decided advance this time.

The Wesleyan *Echo* is one of our new exchanges. It is a bright little journal, well edited and neatly gotten up.

The *Sibyl* is one of the brightest and most entertaining of our visitors. It is a pity that it does not come oftener.

The *University Courant* appears in mourning, out of respect to the memory of Chancellor Goff. The HOLCAD extends sympathy.

The *Current*, of the Ohio University, is an teresting journal, but the way it mixes its ads and locals detracts greatly from the good appearance of the paper.

We are glad to note the tendency to publish original poetry in many of our exchanges. It adds to the general interest and make-up of the paper, besides stimulating the literary spirit.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* of Dec. 6 is a highly interesting number. It might with propriety be called the O'Reilly Memorial number, being made up of sketches of John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish poet, patriot and journalist.

The *Mount Union Dynamo* advocates a uniform size for college papers. This is a move in the right direction. In our reading room, where binders are provided for periodicals, the exchange volumes present anything but a neat appearance, owing to the various shapes and sizes of the papers. A uniform size might be hard to establish, but it is not impossible. Who will take hold of this scheme?

We notice that a few papers have a habit of clipping complimentary notices from other papers and publishing them. It is all right to be proud of such notices, but it is hardly the proper thing to force them on the notice of the college world.

A common characteristic of too many of our papers is a tendency to devote the most of the space to athletics, and use other matters simply to fill up space. We have called attention to this before, but many of us need continual stirring up.

With regard to the Pennsylvania State Oratorical Association the *Campus* says: "That Allegheny's conservatism heretofore will be of benefit in raising the standard of the league, no one doubts. If the standard of the institutions represented can be raised to a respectable grade, the most vital reasons exist which should induce Allegheny to join the league." Well! "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." What a pity that we poor mortals are to be deprived of Allegheny's superior knowledge and ability! If we knew how to attain to her lofty eminence, we would try, but perhaps it is too far above us.

—The latest issue of the *American Naturalist* (for the month of November) continues the series of articles by Prof. E. D. Cope upon the "Evolution of Mind." The author's discussion abounds in illustrations drawn from the structure and habits of the lower animals, as the view is probably held that the subject can best be approached by a study of the mental manifestations in more or less primitive forms.

THE HOLCAD.

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THANKSGIVING TIME.

Oh, November is gladsome and full of cheer,
The merriest month in the whole round year;
When the harvests are in and the logs piled high
And the first snow storm clouds sweep the sky,
And hurrying, skurrying, the first flakes fly—
When Thanksgiving cheer is richest and brightest,
And Thanksgiving hearts are purest and lightest.

Oh, November is leafless and brown and sere—
The dreariest month in the whole round year;
When the garner is empty and garments are thin,
And the storm wind howls with a dreary din,
And the chinks are wide where the cold comes in—
When Thanksgiving cheer is a thing unknown
And Thanksgiving song is a weary moan.

Oh, November is leafless and brown and sere—
The saddest month in the whole round year;
When the moon beholds in her looking down
A little procession move out of town,
A solemn procession—a funeral train,
Move slowly over the gloomy plain.
The moon looks down from the eastern sky,
The voice in the pines is a mournful sigh,
And the voice in the hearts is a bitter cry,
As they stand by the grave in the silent night
And lower a dear one out of sight.
A dear one clad in a wedding gown
That is turned to a shroud as they lay her down,
When the thud of earth falls on hearts that are sore,
And a bridegroom seeth his bride no more.

But November is gladsome and full of cheer,
Nor a happier month has the whole round year;
When the sower trusts that the earth will keep
The seed he has sown till the time to reap.
And then when the winter has passed away
The harvest, all ripe, will await the day
When he shall garner it in with care,
And have plenty to keep and plenty to spare.

Yes, November is gladsome and full of cheer,
The happiest month in the whole round year;
When he who buries his dead from sight
In the chilly gloom of November's night,
Has faith in a glorious meeting day,
When the winter of life shall have passed away,
Then Thanksgiving cheer will be richest and brightest
And Thanksgiving hearts will be purest and lightest.

November 14, 1889. JEAN A. ROBERTSON.

WHAT THE BASE BALL PLAYER OWES TO THE MUSCULAR SENSATIONS.

The muscular sensations are those which relate to the muscles in every condition, whether in motion or at rest. Every motion of the body depends on the muscles, and is made by their assistance. The muscles constitute a large portion of the bodily structure. They are very important, since, by means of them, the motions of the body are regulated, and the body itself is distinguished from other objects and thus protected from injury.

The athlete is wholly dependent upon the muscular sensations for his power to move and control the body in feats of dexterity and strength; to continue in motion, and to cease from some or all of his movements. And the base ball player is dependent upon them to a greater degree, especially in regard to regulating the different muscles. Under some circumstances certain sensations or conditions of the muscles predominate, while the others are either at rest or are in a different position from that in which they are under other cir-

cumstances. For instance, the sensations of a player when throwing or "fielding" a ball are altogether different from those he experiences when running a base, or standing at the bat ; or, his sensations when sliding in the endeavor to "steal" a base are wholly unlike those when, standing behind the bat, his muscles are contracted and drawn while he is waiting for an "in-shoot" to be delivered from the pitcher.

The players, also, in their different positions, owe their power to perform their several acts to different muscular sensations. There are some acts common to all, and, of course, these produce the same sensations ; but each one in playing his particular position must have certain muscles in a conditton more specially adapted to perform their part. This is usually obtained by practice, although to some it is more or less natural.

First, in regard to the batter. The first act on his part is a mental one—the determination to hit the ball when it is delivered. This information is conveyed from the brain to the muscles ; then the latter assume the required position, and he is ready for the ball. If he fail to hit when he strikes, it is certainly not the muscles which are at fault ; it is an error in judgment of the eye if it be a "straight" ball, and in case of a "curve," it is an error of his general judgment. The same is true when the batter is struck by the ball, although the sensations are more numerous and slightly different.

The imagination here plays an important part, and renders a most valuable assistance. The image of the ball and bat, and the action to be performed in striking, being placed before the mental vision, the player is enabled to place his muscles in position, and therefore is ready to strike the instant the ball is delivered. To this cause, more than to any other, to a great extent (other things being equal) is owing the fact that some players are more successful batters than others, viz : that they have a stronger and more vivid imagination in this direction ; that they form a more correct image, and thus bring their muscles into the proper position.

The catcher and pitcher owe their power to perform their acts of skill and activity to more varied conditions of the muscles than the batter. The catcher, especially, when he is behind the bat, has all his muscles constantly contracted and drawn ; the muscles which are the most active, however, are those which regulate the movements of the arms. In respect to the pitcher, the prominent muscles are those which control the motions of the wrist and elbow. There is especially a great strain on the muscles just above the elbow, and on this account they are liable to injury, as in the case of some of the noted pitchers.

In regard to the other fielders, they are also dependent on the various muscles. Their sensations are nearly the same in quality as those of the catcher or pitcher, but different in degree. When the player observes the proper conditions, the muscles always perform their part. When a thrown or batted ball is "dropped" by a player—for instance, a "high-fly"—it is not the fault of the muscles or the position of the muscles, provided he kows the ball is coming a sufficient time before, so as to get them into position. The sensations are exactly the same as if he had held the ball, as far as the muscles are concerned, although his other sensations will probably be different ; therefore the error must arise from some other cause.

In throwing, the proper muscles must take their position, and by practice the power must be acquired to make them do this instantly and readily, in order to obtain effectiveness in this line. To throw quickly, the muscles must instantly take their proper place ; and the sensations thus produced, in connection with the eye and judgment, enable the player to throw accurately. This is, of course, more or less acquired by former ex-

perience. Here, also, the imaging power is of the utmost importance. An image is formed of the destination of the ball, and its line of direction, and of the act itself; and thus accuracy is more likely to result.

When a player becomes in that lamentable state known as "rattled," the consequences, to a great extent, are owing to the fact that his mind is too confused to readily form a correct image of the act to be performed—usually a throw to be made. He may be at a loss where to "field" the ball, and this is, of course, a purely mental state; but even if his judgment be keen enough to direct him where to throw it, he is too excited to form the image, and is therefore very liable to throw "wild."

The base ball player is dependent on the muscular sensations for all of his motions of activity, and all of the movements where muscular efforts are required. He also owes to the muscular sensations, although in a different manner, the power to preserve himself from injury. In fact, as in the case of all other performances requiring skill and activity of the bodily movements, there would be no base ball players if there were no muscular sensations. WALTER M. LINDSAY, '87.

THE TAXATION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The question of the taxation of the liquor traffic, having a distinctly moral phase, and involving questions both of finance and expediency, is necessarily much complicated. Three distinct views of this question are presented. Some whose temperance principles are not overpowering, advocate High License as the ultimate end of liquor legislation. Another class, comprising the great mass of the people, regard it as a step toward prohibition,—the expression of public opinion in the intermediate stage of its development. But the entire system is opposed by a third class, including the lowest and most mercenary of the liquor element, and the very strictest of prohibitionists; the former forming their opinions from the standpoint of sense and selfishness, the latter from the standpoint of conscience, that forceful reasoning which overshadows and invalidates the poor and puny logic of appetite.

It is argued in favor of license that it increases the revenues; that it restricts the traffic by diminishing the number of saloons and thus, in a measure, removing the temptation to drink; that it is therefore the best method to be employed until prohibition be realized. But it is as strenuously objected that the State should not raise revenue by sharing the profits of an obnoxious traffic; that the sale of liquor is a crime against society; that the State has no right to license any man to do wrong; and that the entire system is therefore a monstrous evil which should be abolished.

This wide difference of opinion is due largely to the fact that many are prone to ignore or overlook the present status of affairs in their efforts to obtain that in which existing conditions will eventuate. True, there is no fair-minded man, whatever be his opinions or his prejudices, who views the situation to-day calmly and without bias, who is not forced to the conviction that absolute prohibition is eternally right, and must therefore eternally prevail. But there are men no less wise and no more biased who are as surely persuaded that prohibition cannot be realized for some years. Prohibition of the liquor traffic will not prohibit; prohibition of murder will not prohibit; prohibition of any evil will not prohibit where there is no public opinion behind it to give it support and effectiveness. Public opinion is a moral as well as a political power. He who advocates the immediate

adoption of prohibition would commit the nation to a policy at once abortive and disastrous. We cannot disregard the maxim that "government can never rise above its source." And when prohibition does become a fact it will appeal for support to that sober second thought of the people which has given such distinctiveness and such force to the civil polity of the United States.

The ultimate end, therefore, being incompatible with present conditions, we are again brought face to face with the license system. That it increases the revenue is not denied. But is this right? If the state taxes the liquor traffic solely for the purpose of raising revenue, then it becomes, in the highest sense, the beneficiary of crime. But when it levies this tax as a restrictive measure, when its purpose is ameliorative rather than mercenary, it is not open to the charge of sharing the profits of an obnoxious traffic. The facts are, that the liquor business is here, that it is directly responsible for a large portion of the public expenditure, and that there is not the public sentiment to abolish it at once. Now, that such a business which entails the bulk of expense should be made to bear the burden of taxation, is a matter of simple right, a principle justified both in economics and in morals.

That the license system diminishes the number of saloons and thereby lessens the temptation to drink, must also be admitted. But this is also objected to on the ground that the State has no right to license wrong-doing. That philosophy which declares that it is *never* right to compromise with wrong is not absolutely true. Suppose a man whom you could not control had determined to cut off the arm of your child; but suppose further that you grant him the privilege of cutting off its finger provided he pays you one hundred dollars. Who would condemn you for compromising with wrong in this instance? It is simply the choice of the less of two evils. In the one case you have a whole arm and hand minus a finger; in the other, no arm and no money. Precisely so with the State. It has no right to license the sale of liquor unless it is for the purpose of restriction. But abolish the license system, and the open saloon would entice its victims in every hamlet and byway in the land. The State knows this; and when it sees this demon with its knife raised to smite off the arms of its children, it has the right to interfere to prevent that calamity and induce him to be satisfied with a less useful member. When the abolition of the license system would place a saloon in every country place where they do not now exist, thus tempting and menacing the youth who are to furnish the brawn and power of the nation, the State has a supreme right to adopt restrictive measures, by license or otherwise, when restrictive measures are the only ones at her command. And when men passively submit to the greater of two evils, while they quibble as to the right or wrong of choosing the less, it seems as though principle were weakening into sentiment. It is simply a question of restricting the saloons to the cities and large towns and diminishing their numbers, or of opening the business to all, just because it cannot be abolished entirely. Abandon the license system, place a saloon in every one of America's hamlets, take the dramshop to the very threshold of her country folk, and you put a dagger to the heart of her kings and an asp to the breast of her queens.

Those who never tire of finding the analogue of the liquor traffic in slavery would do well to note that such sturdy abolitionists as Lovejoy and Greeley and Garrison did not permit it to come unchallenged into Missouri and Kansas, into Pennsylvania and the whole North, just because they believed the Government had no moral right to legalize it in the South.

But we are met with the old and subtle statement that the State has as good a right to license a man to commit murder as it has

to license him to sell liquor. Equalize conditions and we accept the statement. Uncivilize us to that extent that there would not be sufficient moral sentiment to prohibit murder, and the illustration is correct.

But the opponents of license who claim a monopoly of moral arguments startle us with their last proposition : that if the traffic is not licensed the State is then freed from responsibility for it. This claim is emphatically disallowed. If there were no license, and you should go into a saloon and break the bottles and destroy the rum, the owner could claim, without challenge, protection and redress at the hands of the State. So long as the traffic exists, licensed or unlicensed, the people as a body politic are directly responsible for it. The State is responsible for whatever exists. If it can prohibit an evil and does not, the responsibility is double ; if it cannot prohibit, it is held accountable for restriction.

It is ours, therefore, to stand by high license until something better can be had. Meanwhile, let every temperance movement be encouraged, and the hands of every temperance man upheld, until the people arise in their might and destroy this monster, until the cloud now as a man's hand shall have gathered and palled his accursed work forever. H. C. S.

THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

To-day we are witnessing the greatest conflict in modern politics. The scene is a land cradled in the sea. Her history is written in stone, in the ancient castles, the crumbling monasteries, and moss-grown abbeys that crown her hills. She is the home of peasantry ; the land of old civilization and new aspiration,—Ireland ! the inspiration of Moore, the home of O'Connell, the dying theme of Emmet.

With Ireland the greatest of problems is yet unsolved. Who shall be governor and what the duties and prerogatives of the governed ? These are questions which must be answered along the line of common sense and the natural evolution of society. That Ireland has great cause for complaint against England cannot be denied. For centuries England treated her with indifference and contempt, then becoming jealous of her prosperity she crushed her growing commerce and oppressed her peasantry with cruel and exacting laws. But now all is changed. England has awakenened to the fact that the logic of force has forever ceased to be a governing factor. Beginning with the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, she has made concession after concession only to be met with fresh demands.

A system of national education was established when England herself had none. The tithe system has been abolished, and the Protestant Church disestablished. Land laws have been enacted enabling the tenant to buy his farm with money borrowed from the State, and he can be evicted on no charge except absolute refusal to pay rent. But all these acts of justice have availed nothing. Why is it that such measures, which were so many messages of peace and good-will, have been ineffectual ? It is because feelings which have been handed down from generation to generation are not forgotten in a day. The memory of past wrongs still lingers in the mind of the people, within easy reach of unscrupulous agitators.

During the past century discontent and hatred have been smouldering in the hearts of the people, ever and anon bursting forth into the full flame of open rebellion, or creeping out in the form of some cowardly midnight assassination. Irish agitation has been vague

and unmethodical, accompanied by the boycott and the bomb. But now its scattered streams are gathering into one channel. The Land League and the extreme Home Rulers have joined forces. Thus "the stream of political agitation is swollen by the turbid torrent of social revolution." Many are induced to support the theory of home rule, lured by the siren song of seeming liberty. It appeals to the emotions ; it touches the vital cord which thrills the soul—the love of freedom. But let it be viewed candidly in the light of truth and reason, and the advent of home rule, in the present condition of Ireland, would be a calamitous and abortive effort to establish a system of government which the state of society could not support.

Ireland, separated from America by the broad expanse of the Atlantic, and cut off from the civilizing influences of the continent by the larger island to the east, has been unable to keep pace with the rapid strides of progress in England and America. Her peasantry are ignorant and dependent, having no true conception of the rights of citizenship. Their notion of government is sedition and violence. They have come to associate any sort of crime with patriotism. If home rule becomes a fact this class will be entrusted with power, and will elevate to positions of trust those who are swayed by the very motives above which the true leader should rise. To place the government of Ireland in the hands of such men would be to erect a barrier of ignorance and incompetence, against which the waves of progress would beat in vain.

Home rule in Ireland means the power and dominion of the Church of Rome. Already the Catholic bishops are claiming control in matters of education ; already they are threatening to convert that great seat of learning, Trinity College, into a Catholic monastery ; already they are threatening to drive the Protestants from office. And what they purpose, home rule will enable them to accomplish. The indolent, unprogressive tenants of the south and west, greatly outnumbering the thrifty northerners, are Roman Catholics. Deceived and cajoled by the League, they demand the land without compensation, and are ready to commit any outrage against the landlords. Does anyone believe that this ignorant, thriftless majority would be just to the prosperous minority in matters of taxation, or in any exercise of personal or civil liberty? The Protestant minority, representing the energy and wealth of the island, is becoming alarmed for its safety. This is no bigoted hatred of the Catholics, but well-defined fear grounded on the known methods and open declarations of Romanism. The industry and capital of the minority will be of no avail when controlled by a Catholic majority which votes, not in the interests of Ireland, but in the interests of Rome.

England holds herself responsible for Ireland. She is bound to protect protestantism. If Ireland obtains a separate parliament, and the Catholics use their power to persecute or oppress the Protestants of Ulster, and confiscate their lands, England will be forced to interfere. Let Ireland be cut adrift altogether, and social anarchy would be but the prelude to civil war, for the Irish Protestants will never submit to the tyranny of Catholicism. Ireland must choose between the rule of Westminster and that of the Vatican ; the former the home of liberty and progress, the seat of Protestantism, which has spread enlightenment throughout the world ; the latter the center of a spiritual despotism which binds the conscience, poisons the source of justice, and crushes the very spirit of liberty. Place Ireland under control of the Vatican, and she will be rent by social revolution and civil strife. The progress of Christianity and civilization will be arrested, and the Irish will sink into darker disgrace and deeper degradation. But if the patience of England holds out and Ireland continues in the Union, if the Irish

will come to recognize and appreciate the good-will of England, and co-operate with English statesmen in framing laws for the elevation of the masses, the Irish problem will solve itself. Then, with the gradual development of her ignorant and bigoted peasantry into educated and self-reliant citizens, Ireland will become the peer of the most prosperous nations of the world. And, "as through the ages one increasing purpose runs," we may see in a dim yet certain future the destiny of Ireland dedicated to truth and to God. Two islands, joined by the ties of a common religion and devoted to a common cause, shall kneel at the feet of one sovereign, and the great heart of two nations attuned to the theme of union and of peace melt in the music of mingled voices. A. H. E.

FANTASY AND FACT.

A student slept; and through his dream-bound brain a thousand wondrous visions swiftly stole. Some vague, and some so well defined they seemed as portraits from another world. The myths of the dead past and the realities of the living present were blended in the fabric of the wierd phantasm. A more than earthly fragrance filled the chamber; and through the denser air the sleeper felt the sweep of shadowy pinions and before him stood a spectral visitant. Sublime! Majestic! Her drapery fell around her in golden folds and silver wreaths, like a fleecy cloud tinted by the sun. Star-inwoven, ambrosial tresses crowned a countenance calm, immovable, yet sweet and beautiful as a benediction. The darkly luminous orbs were fathomless as eternity and beamed upon the trembling mortal like stars half quenched in mists of silvery dew. Divinely radiant, she stood in uncreated light. In her hand she held a distaff wreathed with olive leaves. She needed not to speak to be recognized—Clotho! The Goddess who spins the fate of men and nations. And when she spoke the wondrous cadence of her silver tones revealed the infinite: "Thou trembling citizen of younger Rome! I come to warn you. Behold thy nation's prototype! the Rome that was. If thou wouldst shun her fate, beware her sins!"

And lo! Breaking as from distant gloom a marvelous picture appears painted in the air. For there, in all her glory, the sleeper saw the seven-hilled, eternal city—Rome. It was a gala day. The queen of the world was in festal attire. Brightly dressed crowds thronged the streets and filled the Forum. Pompey's triumph had ended. The legions were disbanded. The sombre smoke of sacrifice curled upward from a hundred temples. Barbaric gold was heaped around the shrine of countless sanctuaries. And now the restless tide of humanity sways and surges into the vast amphitheater. The slaughter begins, and the gorged robbers of the world, drunk in their carnival of blood, shake the edifice with their yells of fiendish applause at the wanton play of death.

But see! A mist is settling around the glistening, fated city. The phantom waves her sceptre. The city of air is gone, and for a second picture stood an awful travesty on the first. It is night, and silence reigns supreme. The jeweled city is a heap of ruins. Retributive justice has fulfilled the dateless doom of Rome. Desolation is everywhere, and over all the pitying canopy of Heaven and its stars. The wolf prowls through the streets and temples secure from the curse of Pontiff or the challenge of sentry. Glory is succeeded by shame; the majesty of man rebuked by the majesty of his God. The eternal city was the prey of savage soldiers, for no Horatius kept the bridge. In

the dead of night the Gothic trumpet rang unanswered through the streets, and no Scipio arose in this last, great extremity. The irreverent Vandal stripped the temples and tore the jewels from the sacred shrines. Slowly the battered walls glimmer and fade. The second picture, too, has vanished. But where is she who stopped the rushing wheels of time and turned them back amidst the ruins of the past and the memories of outlived ages. The sceptred phantom from the realm of dream had gone. Yet from her fading glory the sleeper woke to face and mingle with unromantic realities. Yet ever near him seemed an angel of the past, with folded wings of ashen gray, and his ears resounded with the echoed warning: "If thou wouldst shun her fate, beware her sins."

Right well he knew aggressive war had been the policy and shame of ancient Rome. She had bowed before it, and been trampled by it. But why such premonition? Are we not at peace with all the world? Yet before this self tribunal he quailed, for too well he knew that on the restless sea of national love for military glory even now Columbia's rudder has been caught and warped by the currents of this insatiable maelstrom of the nations of antiquity. And if with floating forts and munitions of war we invite the thunderbolt, shall it not fall? Must the sword devour forever? May we not escape the awful vortex! Let us rejoice in the evidence of the problem's solution. Civilization is no longer thwarted by barbarism. The time has come when to pledge the blood of men to satiate the vengeance of nations is deplored as barbarous. War is not now the only path to glory, nor are the greatest names written in fraternal blood. The science of war met its doom in the lack of its necessity, and the luster of the sword is dimming in the glory of the cross. Statesmen have learned that their highest claim to true wisdom and patriotism lies in the honest endeavor to prevent an armed collision rather than promote one. Commerce with its tightening grasp firmly binds together the nations once antagonistic. The old motives for war are fast losing their power. The thought of conquest which once maddened nations hardly now enters the province of the statesman. Fire and sword, the arguments of barbaric war, make way for arbitration, the only weapon of peace.

From sand-enthroned Egypt, from the marble wilderness of Athens, from every fallen, crumbling stone of the once mighty Rome comes the phantom's warning. Wars become less frequent; the disputes of nations are referred, not to the sabre's stern arbitrament, but weighed in the balances of brotherly love, are carefully considered and justly estimated in the council chamber of international arbitration. Look to the east! Upon his tottering throne the monarch hears, in ever-swelling tones he dare not slight, the peasantry's demand: "Trial by jury; the army disbanded." And their plea is recognized. Though armies are the towers of strength men have built to harbor and foster the infamous spirit of war, opinions are the surging waves of the ocean God has made, beating against those bulwarks and crumbling them to fragments. Look to the west! Public opinion purified, the grand idea of individual right is invading every heart. Religion, nurtured by liberal institutions, spreads its holy influence and in the chastened light from Calvary's cross we realize the universal brotherhood of man.

Then let the silver-toned bugles herald to the utmost confines of Christendom the dawn of the era when "the war drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled in the parliament of man, the federation of the world." Then as the sun of Christianity, glancing along the eastern shores, arches the bow of promise above the golden hills of the west, let those heralds of destruction sink into the voiceless silence of a deserved oblivion;

making way for the angel chant from the choir invisible, which once, heralding the advent of the universal conquerer who never lifted sword, thrilled Bethlehem of Judea, and now through every realm and state draws man upward unto God,—"Peace on earth, good will to men." K.

CAVE OF THE FURIES.

Great truths are often most strikingly set forth in fable. Among the ancient myths is found a recognition of many great principles —principles whose discovery we often attribute to the ever advancing thought of later years.

What the modern philosopher has fully demonstrated to be an immutable law of nature frequently appears in mystic lore, personified in the garb of deity.

In the bowels of Mt. Etna is a cave, dark and fathomless. 'Tis the gateway to the lower world, and from its foreboding confines issue monsters, horrid beings, the greatest dread of man, yet none more ominous than the Furies, three in number, the offspring of earth and night. To the evil doer their appearance is that of fearful winged maidens with serpents entwined in their hair and blood dripping from their eyes. To the true and good they assumed the form of beautiful women robed in white. Their mission, like their form, is twofold—to execute judgment on the criminal, to reward the faithful. When once they issue from their dark abode they pursue the object of their mission with relentless energy until that mission is fulfilled. True, the depth of night may find them wrapt in slumber on some lonely isle in mid ocean, but with the morn their journey is renewed and the doomed victim of their wrath is found, though he may have fled for refuge to the utmost confines of the universe.

Under this myth is manifest a living principle, a law, emanating from the same divine origin as those awe inspiring physical laws at whose silent behests the spheres move majestically on. That principle is justice, retributive justice, the guardian of all divine law, the basis of all equitable, human legislation. The operations of justice are measured only by the domain of law; they permeate the whole universe. From the great suns that hold their places, the fixed sentinels of the skies, to the smallest microbe of organic matter, everything moves in perfect accord with the law of its existence. The part which justice plays is but to give reward for obedience to law.

Man alone has dared to rise in rebellion against the law of his being. In human affairs only do we behold justice in her twofold form. Every action of man, whether of his intellect or of his physical nature, must be arraigned before the tribunal of justice, from whose decision there is no appeal. But on every hand we find violations of law and injustice wields the scepter, truth is forsaken and the dishonest are surrounded with the luxuries of life. Fidelity to principle is set aside and the wily politician scales the ladder of fame, while failure, uncompromising failure, too oft meets the honest at every turn. Justice slumbers !

We find an exemplification of this truth in every phase of human existence. Upon the arena of action two persons in early life appear, each endowed with nature's greatest gift, a bright intellect, a strong physique, a noble soul and all else that may be adequate if rightly used to produce a great and noble man. They enter the whirlpool of social life, to one the vigor of youth appears as the boundless waters; all the laws of his nature are dashed assunder like the majestic waves on the jutting rocks. The cup, the giddy dance, the irreverent jest, the profane oath find in him a

champion, notwithstanding this excessive drain on the reservoir of his energies he may reach manhood with his youthful vigor seemingly unimpaired.

The other merges into mature life with that precision in which the clear noon day follows the dewy morn, brighter, stronger because of his consistent early course. Self-sacrificing duty has ever been his watchword, obedience to law is stamped on his every feature. The one is hailed the leader of society and takes his place in the foremost rank; the other receives comparatively no recognition, but must move on in his truthful way unobserved Justice slumbers!

It requires no artist to portray the picture of these two as they again appear beyond the meridian of life. One too late finds that the bounteous supply of his physical energy and of his moral stimulus refuses to respond to his increased demand. That supply has been exhausted. Morn has come; justice in her most horrid form has found her victim.

The other presents an entirely different picture; a grand old man, who at the age of eighty, it may be, swings an ax with a vigor that would defy the muscular strength of a younger man, with an intellect undimmed by the severe strain of a half century's activity in public life. In the halls of Parliament he to-day makes the laws and moulds the sentiment of a great nation; note the strong stand he takes upon all moral questions, imparting an impetus backed by the momentum of his whole moral life; see again his high moral nature as with one unqualified sentence he pronounces his great testimony to Christianity, declaring it to be the greatest problem of the age. Yes! in William E. Gladstone do we find the counterpart of the self-sacrificing youth. Morn has come; justice in her most beautiful form has measured out the due portion.

The whole arena of human action is one vast laboratory, in which the souls of men are the chemists, their lives the experiments; the note book observations are that from his highest moral nature to his lowest physical being man is under law, and that in every age men have become truly great only in accordance to his obedience to that law.

We stand in awe as we gaze into the silent grandeur of the perfect workings of all these external forces; we are filled with admiration as we behold the perfect symmetry and inexpressible beauty of the delicate flower. How the depths of the soul are stirred, and feelings of awe awakened by the contemplation of man, nature's crowning work walking the lofty heights of moral and intellectual perfection in perfect accord with the laws of his being.

Not more beautifully does one color of the spectrum merge into that of the next higher order, than would man's glory blend with that of his divine creator were he but to come into unison with the harmonious development of nature and become obedient to law.

Inability to grasp the laws of his being, in all their wide range and minute detail, does not exclude him from the territory of effort, where the slightest movement of his nature to obedience is rewarded by deeper knowledge, more perfect harmony. "Justice may slumber, but she never dies."

The mystical morning of the fabled past will burst upon the startled gaze of an awakened universe and Justice will stand in the centre of the concentric circle of eternal laws, clear eyed and crowned, the central embodiment of the great truths of the moral universe.

J. Y. McK.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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JANUARY, 1891.

WE regret to have to inform our readers that we are unable to begin the "Alumni History" this issue, as we had expected. We trust, however, that everything will be in shape to begin next month.

WE are glad to be able to insert in this issue a psychological essay on base-ball by W. M. Lindsey, '87. This essay was written as a class essay in psychology and is especially interesting because the author, who was an expert ball player, treats the subject with the material gathered from his own observations.

WESTMINSTER has been called upon of late to mourn the death of two of her recent graduates. Mr. R. W. Donald, '89, a student in the Allegheny U. P. Seminary, died December 2d, and Mr. J. K. Cochran, '88, a student of the Western Theological Seminary, died January 5th. We would wish to express our sorrow over the loss we have sustained, and extend our sympathy to the bereaved families.

IT is still quite a length of time until the next Inter-Collegiate Contest, yet it is not so far in the future but that preparations should be made for it. The victories of last year must not elate us with hope. We must remember that our share in athletic sports were not very flattering, yet the great victory of our ball club over Western University and Washington-Jefferson atoned for the paltry honors the latter took in athletics. Preparation should be made in a systematic manner, that we may next spring come from the field of contest with flying colors. Let none of the boys forget their duties in this victory. Triumphant victory is the only thing to be thought of. With such an idea it will be ours.

GOD loves a cheerful giver; so does Westminster. Let all who may peruse these words take to themselves their import. Donations are always gladly accepted. A few weeks ago Westminster was remembered to the extent of $8,000. A grand gift for a grand purpose. It is not absolutely necessary that donations should be made in a will. Let the alumni, who have intentions of this kind, mark this. If you intend to have written at the corner of your will $1,000 or $10,000, just change your intention and give it now. It will make you live a dual life; besides your own real life, one in the hearts of humanity. Live to see the fruit of your own good works. Live that when you die the flowers from a thousand zealous students may bedeck your grave. You may say Westminster has money sufficient. More money would give greater and greater facilities. If you would feed the millions starving for the bread of life you must keep the mill running to its fullest capacity. A gymnasium would enhance physical development, a new wing to the college building would give better facility for instruction, and room for more students, while a replenished library would furnish food for a a greater mental and spiritual development.

These are considerations which should not strike only an occasional mind.

We take occasion again to commend societies on turning their libraries over to the college. But while recognizing fully the benefits of such a change to the members of society, we are more delighted with the transformation which it wrought in the college library. Formerly the appearance of the room was certainly a gloomy one. As your eyes met the carpetless floor, the brown walls, the long monotonous rows of books and the general dingy appearance of the room, the sensations awakened were not at all inspiring ; were not calculated to bring the mind into that undisturbed, tranquil state which is most favorable to a brief season of reading. To one accustomed to visit the library much the improvements will be most gratifying. These changes have not only contributed much towards giving the room a cheery, homelike appearance, but they have also better adapted it to the needs of the students. After seeing the reading room so well furnished last fall, the present cozy appearance of the library and the chapel in its new outfit, we ought certainly to cheer loudly for Westminster and to pray that the good work may go on.

Cultivate originality. There is nothing in the thought world which commands more respect than genuine originality. The thought may not be so very grand, but yet the fact that it is original will invest it with more power than that from the pen of the plagiarest dare possess. As an example of originality we insert from the columns of an exchange a little boy's essay on "Breathing." "Breath is made of air. We breath with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it was not for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out doors. Boys in a room make bad unwholesome air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and nearly killed every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl, I had rather be a boy, so I coul l run."

Last year Allegheny college declined to enter the "intercollegiate oratorical association" on the grounds that the colleges comprising it were of too low a standard. Then we hardly dared to take even one look at our fair sister. We were but common people. Her we had pictured as sitting in imagination on a lofty eminence, clothed in the gaudy garb of a previous "chance hit in oratory," and wearing a look of sublime self complacency. If we had then possessed a little more bravery and less politeness we would have shouted "come down off your perch," but consoling ourselves with the thought that a year's "roosting on air" would satisfy her, we remained silent. But we sought consolation from the wrong source ; for her journal, the *Campus*, speaking from the same eminence, a short time since said, "That Allegheny's conservatism heretofore will be of benefit in raising the standard of the league, no one doubts. If the standard of the institutions represented can be raised to a respectable grade, the most vital reasons exist which should induce Allegheny to join the league." What a debt of gratitude we all owe her, and with what eagerness we should grasp the exalted privilege (?) of opening to her the doors of the league!!!

Is there too much novel reading among students? Yes. If it were asked, "Is there an over amount of reading done?" the question would have to be answered in the negative.

There is not too much reading, but it is unequally distributed. Ten works of fiction are read for every biography, history or other work on fact. The probable reason is that the mind relishes something light after the heavy and strong doses of Latin, Greek and the sciences, which it is compelled to take. It is all right to have a season of relaxation after the high tension to which the intellectual powers have been strung, but there is danger that a long continuance in this state will so weaken the powers that they will be incapable of enduring a high strain. Many a student, by continually reading works of fiction, has unfitted himself for the deepest thought and study. Accustomed to skim over the surface only, he finds it difficult to get deeper when occasion demands it. Works of fiction certainly have a useful place. They cultivate a vivid imagination, which is a very desirable possession, and refresh and rest the mind, which has been occupied with arduous tasks. But to permit them to rule out other and far more instructive readings, is as foolish as it would be to substitute for coal an equal bulk of stubble, expecting it to throw out an equal amount a heat.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—To Prof. J. N. Swan, '86, a son.

—R. E. Johnson, '89, is also home.

—To Rev. E. P. Dunlap, '71, a son.

—Rev. E. Z. Thomas, '69, has been called to Leechburg.

—Rev. R. T. Campbell, '86, was at home in the holidays.

—Rev. W. H. McMaster, '68, will remain at Blairsville, Pa.

—A. R. Robinson, '89, visited friends here during the holidays.

—Walter Hope, '84, is quite a successful physician at Alexa, Kansas.

—E. W. L. Perkinson has been sick with lagrippe, but is convalescing.

—F. H. McClymonds, '90, Portersville, visited here at Christmas time.

—A call to DeWitt, Iowa, has been accepted by Rev. J. C. White, '70.

—Johnnie McWilliams, '82, is a prominent business man of Garnett, Kansas.

—Miss Olive Porter, '87, who has been teaching in the West returned home recently.

—Prof. Oella J. Patterson, of Monmouth college, sends good wishes to us and the college.

—Miss Nannie Hunter, '67, is an efficient and successful teacher in the city schools at Garnett, Kan.

—J. P. Whitla, Esq., '83, New Castle, has been appointed by Governor Beaver a trustee of the Mercer hospital.

—R. A. Gilfillan, '74, is meeting with success in his charge as pastor of our congregation, at Ottawa, Kan.

—We hope more would make resolutions like Henry G. Golden, 85. He resolved to subscribe for the HOLCAD.

—Rev. O. P. Harrah, '86, has accepted a call to Pittsburgh. This will leave his congregation at Roaring Spring without a pastor.

—H. B. VanEaton, '90, Xenia, Ohio, has accepted the principalship of an academy in Beaver county, and is at work.

—D. E. Magill, '84, Ottawa, Kansas, favors us with some alumni notes. Thanks, and we ask that more would follow him.

—G. W. Bovard, '90, of the Junior class in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, called on his friends here on his vacation.

—The congregation at Wilkinsburg, Pa., of which Rev. M. M. Patterson, '70, is pastor, has completed a new house of worship.

—Again we are compelled to announce the death of an alumnus. J. K. Cochran, '83, a student at the Theological Seminary, died in Allegheny, Jan. 5. His remains were interred

in Neshannock cemetery. His many friends here mourn his loss.

—Rev. I. T. Wright, '69, of Wheeler, was the recipient of a handsome sleigh and fur lap robe from his congregation not long ago.

—The Steubenville Presbytery has appointed as commissioners to the Assembly Rev. J. H. Best, '75, and Rev. J. C. Taggart, '66, alternate.

—W. B. Clark, '89, returned this week to the seminary after an attack of the jaundice which afflicted him during his visit home in the holidays.

—The First Church, Xenia, O., has made a hearty and unanimous call for Rev. J. K. McClurkin, '73, professor in the R. P. Seminary at Allegheny.

—Rev. J. A. Alexander, '83, New Athens, Ohio, visited his mother here during the three weeks vacation given him by his congregation at the holiday season.

—Miss Daisy Barns, '89, who has been ill, resigned her position in the Sharpsville public schools and Miss Mary Reed, '90, has been elected to that place. She has accepted and entered upon her duties.

ART NOTES.

—There are more pupils in the studio at the opening of this term than ever before.

—A large number are working in oil and crayon, also some in water colors and china painting. Numerous casts are found on the walls, upon which the advanced pupils in crayon are at work. This shows great advancement in the line of art, and certainly reflects credit upon the instructors.

—The Art Department has been steadily increasing since Miss Hodgen took charge of it just three years ago, and bids fair to compete with the like departments of any of the schools in the State.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—The Leland Stanford Jr. University will be ready for occupancy Oct. 1, 1892.

—1,709 students received instruction at Oberlin, in 1890. Of these 940 were women.

—John M. Manley, Ph. D., will take charge of the Senior and Junior classes in English Literature in Brown University.

—Thirty-four young women have been attending upon the first term of Mr. Moody's Training School at Northfield.

—Connecticut claims the honor of having a larger proportion of college graduates than any other State. The proportion is 1.549.

—At Williams College a society, called the Philocarthian Society, has been formed for the promotion of temperance and purity.

—One man in 5,000 takes a college course in England. In Scotland the proportion is 1.615, in Germany 1.213, and in the U.S. 1.2000.

—President Dwight, of Yale, delivered an address on "Education" before the Twentieth Century Club, of Chicago, but he refused to let reporters take his speech.

—Prof. Albert Gallatin has resigned the professorship of Analytical Chemistry in the University of New York, and his assistant, Dr. R. W. Hall, has been elected his successor.

—Bowdoin College will henceforth confer the degree of Master of Arts only upon those who pass successfully a written and oral examination in an advanced course of study.

—Rev. T. Y. Gardner, Western Secretary of American College and Educational Societies, says, in a circular, that the Western movement in college attendance is remarkable.

—Dr. W. R. Harper, President of the new Baptist University of Chicago, has formulated his educational plan. It is proposed to bring higher education within the reach of the common people by establishing branch schools

throughout the country. These are to be preparatory. There will be no regular curriculum.

—The Ohio Wesleyan University have secured the services of Prof. Louis Swift, Ph. D., director of Warner Observatory, who will give a series of lectures on astronomy, beginning January 22d.

—Harvard has funds invested to the amount of $7,121,854. Received in endowments in 1890, $277,282. Received for immediate use $162,225, and many other gifts for the library and other college uses.

—Edward W. Morley, Professor of Chemistry in Adelbert College, has found in his revision of the atomic weight of oxygen that water is composed of 2.0002 volumes of hydrogen to one of oxygen.

—A famous college president, a clergyman, was addressing the students at the opening of the college term: "It is," he said, in conclusion, "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that this year opens with the largest Freshman class in its history." Then without any pause he turned to the scripture lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began reading in a voice of thunder, "Lord, how they are increased that trouble me."—*Sandy Lake News.*

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

—The former issue of THE HOLCAD contained a letter from Mrs. Austin, in which she spoke of the Professor's work and increase in health. We are very glad to know he is improving, and wish him a very pleasant and successful year.

—Again we wish to call attention of both pupils and readers of this journal to the great success with which our Music Department is meeting. The winter term opened on January 7th with a large number of students. Miss Edwards, who is at present Prof. T. M. Austin's successor, and who is to fill his position during his absence in Germany, is evidently an accomplished musician and is an able teacher in instrumental, vocal and harmony.

—Miss Clara Whissen, the assistant in the conservatory, has been highly spoken of previously in these articles as second to none in her position. She also has a large number of pupils, and they all show rapid progress under her instruction. She has an orchestra, composed of ten violins, which meets every Saturday evening for practice. The class is to render some very fine music at the coming recitals.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

[The following lines were translated from the French of Henri Murger by Walt Whitman, and read to Col. Ingersoll by the poet recently.]

"Whose steps are those? Who comes so late?"
"Let me come in; the door unlock."
"'Tis midnight now; my lonely gate
"I open to no stranger's knock."

"Who art thou? Speak!" "Men call me Fame;
To immortality I lead."
"Pass, idle phantom of a name."
"Listen again, and now take heed.

"'Twas false. My names are Song, Love, Art,
My poet, now unbar the door"
"Art's dead; Song cannot touch my heart;
My once love's name I chant no more."

"Open then now, for see, I stand,
Riches my name, with endless gold—
Gold and your wish in either hand."
"Too late; my youth you still withhold."

"Then, if it must be since the door
Stands shut, my last true name to know,
Men call me Death. Delay no more:
I bring the cure of every woe."

The door flies wide. "A guest so wan,
Forgive the poor place where I dwell;
An ice cold hearth, a heart sick man.
Stand here to welcome thee full well."

—S. S. Teacher—"And when the wicked children continued mocking the good prophet, two she bears came out of the mountain and ate up forty of the bad children. Now boys, what does this teach us?"

Jimpsy Brown—"I know."

S. S. Teacher—"Well, Jimpsy?"

Jimpsy—"It teaches us how many boys a she bear can hold."—*Boston Courier.*

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Conceit like all seats, should be sat upon. —*Ex.*

—New student in the Junior class—Mr. Grimes.

—Miss Shiver, of New Athens, Ohio, is the latest arrival.

—John Mealy has been forced to quit school on account of weak eyes.

—Ask Bailey what he told McIntyre when Mc. said to him, "Was ist der name?"

—McBride should enter the lists for the high jump. Twenty feet would be hard to beat.

—What is the chief characteristics of the chump? He doesn't know that he is a chump. —*Life.*

—Those chapel seats ought to be grand from the length of time it takes them to materialize.

—It is rumored that there will be several volunteers for the preliminary contest. "The more the merrier."

—Tyler, discoursing on the characteristics of a certain river, said: "It flew faster at its mouth than at its source."

—It takes us half our lives to learn that mankind are fools and the other half to be convinced that we are one of them.—*Ex.*

—It has got to be a bad case indeed when a young lady, watching her lover pass out of sight, is entirely forgetful of all surroundings, sounds included.

—A new club has been formed in town by members of the Adelphic society whereby they expect to be able to save half the former expense of boarding.

—In the recent third preparatory contest the prizes were awarded as follows: 1st, H. V. Smith; 2nd, Bessie Robertson; 3d, Ruth Shontz; 4th, Robert Veach.

—It would be almost as cheap for Mc. to pay car fare back to Wilmington as to pay postage on those tremendous letters, to say nothing of the fair one having sometimes to pay for them in part here.

—We hear that a play is to be given in the future by certain enterprising youths and maidens. They did not want anything said about it. So don't say anything to any one or THE HOLCAD might get it.

—The smiling countenances of former students we are glad to see once more—Misses Stella Grey, Daisy Morris, Jane Donaldson, Clara McConnell, Messrs. A. A. Hamill, C. M. McKelvey, Harvey McMasters.

—Joe McKinney has been trying to start a new style by appearing on the streets without the usual collar but in place a necktie loosely around his throat. It might do for summer, but we predict a small following of the style at this season.

—C. M. McKelvey is again attending school. He expects to give instruction in elocution during the winter. In the spring he will accept the position of principal in The Independent Academy. He reports a pleasant term's work last spring with an attendance of fifty.

—The fine skating has been thoroughly enjoyed by the students. Some found their highest pleasure in races, some in exciting games of "shinny," still others in skating in secluded spots with the fair one of their choice. And noses, shins and hearts were affected accordingly.

—"What song do you most admire?" inquired Angeline of Mr. Dudelets. "It makes little difference to me what song, so long as you sing it Miss Angeline." And then she loaded him up with a ballad with the euphonious title of "Little Annie Rooney"—An ancient ode formerly sung as a lyric by the Egyptians of the time of Queen Hatasu.—*Hartford Post.*

—He said my eyes were diamonds bright, my cheeks like jacqueminots, my neck and brow as fair and white as winter's fairest

snows. He swore my hair was like the gold that tints the sunset skies, my chin was cast in Cupid's mold—and truth seemed in his eyes. My smile was like the new born day, my teeth twin rows of pearl, and after that he went away to see another girl.—*Cape Cod Item.*

—The A. and P. C. society has had a change of name under consideration. The name proposed was Philolathean. Surely a better could not be found, nor one more appropriate. The natural and acknowledged ally of the Philo society ; what would be more fitting than that their name should correspond to their creed. We should be glad to hear of the change being made.

—Sarah borrows watch from a friend and while wearing it is accosted with the question, "Did you get a new watch?" She answers, "Yes," and proudly displays the timepiece. Initials being carved on the watch, she goes on to explain that her initials are S. M. R. Indeed, the case has farther progressed than most people would think. When are you going to housekeeping, friend G? THE HOLCAD extends congratulations.

—K. secures a sleigh and has Miss A. take him to the train on Xmas morning. Now, unknown to K., Miss A. expected a Christmas gift on the incoming train in the form of another fellow. The train came, so did Van ; and he coolly took K.'s place in the sleigh by the fair one's side and had a comfortable and doubtless enjoyable ride to town in his rival's conveyance. This aroused the ire of K., who "did not propose to play second fiddle to any man," so he don't go there any more.

—On the authority of one of the ladies at the Hall we announce to our readers that "girls are coming down." It is an announcement that will be hailed with joy by many luckless boys who find to their sorrow that girls are decidedly high. In this connection we might remark that girls would not come "so high" if they would hand over their lecture tickets to their gallants. One of the boys said the other day that if the girls were to do this he would have more money to spend on his lady fair in other ways. Now, girls, there ought to be a sleigh ride or two and lots of candy in this if you look at it right. When you get the candy don't forget the philanthropic local editor.

—The following letter has been received by THE HOLCAD :

SPOKANE FALLS, WASH., }
December 27, 1890. }

EDITORS HOLCAD :

MESSRS.—The representatives of '89 in the Pacific Northwest have met in solemn conclave and by a unanimous vote have decided that Miss Kate C. Edgar, '92, should be awarded the first Junior medal without further contest, and respectfully submit same to THE HOLCAD staff and the Faculty for their approval. Sincerely yours,

SAM, }
TOM, } Com.

EXCHANGES.

A little poem entitled "A Threnody," published in the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, is one of the best parodies we have seen.

The Elite Journal is our latest visitor. Illinois Wesleyan is to be congratulated on its two papers, both good, *The Elite Journal* and *The Wesleyan Echo.*

The Wooster *Voice* needs to wake up. It has fallen considerably below the average standard of college journalism. Its value we think would be greatly increased by the addition of a good literary department.

The Record, from Hedding College, makes its first visit this month. While it is a good paper it can hardly be called a students' paper,

since its editorial staff is drawn largely from the faculty of the institution it represents.

We are glad to note a decided improvement in the Oberlin *Review*. Its holiday number was a step in advance, while the last number received, with its neat, new cover, excellent typography and general make-up, compares favorably with any of our exchanges.

The fraternity question comes in for a large share of consideration at present; many of our exchanges are publishing articles, some on one side, some on the other. This it seems to us is indicative of a tendency to consider more seriously this important question in college life. It will doubtless lead to a better understanding of the fraternity and its influence on students.

The *Pharetra* is by all odds the most neatly gotten-up paper we receive. Nor is its excellence confined to its external appearance, which is but a foretaste of its excellent literary character. This is as it should be; neatness is everywhere desirable, and one cannot help but condemn the great disparity between the literary contents and the arrangement and external appearance of many of our papers. On the other hand it is with a feeling akin to disgust that we throw aside the paper of splendid appearance and with nothing else to commend it.

METHODS OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

It happened not very long since that a knot of authors in Boston were talking upon this well worn theme, and a writer who chanced to be the oldest of those present advanced the theory that in America we have no criticism.

"We have more honesty in book notices in America," he asserted, "than they have in either England or in France, but we do not have criticism for all that. We have the expression of personal opinion."

"Why that here more than there?" he was asked.

"Because in the Old World," he replied, "they have always traditions, and these, if not always sound, are at least something definite; something which is in the nature of a criterion. This necessarily establishes the habit of referring to authority instead of giving one's personal impressions of a book."

"But is that necessarily better?" some one put in.

"No," he replied, smiling at being thus snapped up, "I am not prepared to say that it is. I did not start out to compare the two systems, but simply indicate what seemed to me to be the difference. It is in this country so much the personal taste of the critic that it is easy for a man who is at all familiar with the matter to tell beforehand just how a given book will strike a given critic. More than once when I have had occasion to read a MS. for a publisher have said to him, 'This will please such a critic, and displease such another,' and that without any reference to the merit of the thing. I am not often mistaken. It is not difficult to tell where to look for commendation and where for praise in papers or magazines of practically the same standing. The personal equation is too strong to be mistaken."

As there were several critics present, this opinion was not allowed to pass without a good deal of comment, most of it in opposition. It was one of those things which are easily said, yet which it is equally difficult to prove or to disprove. That there is some truth in it one might allow without going too far, but how much more is true every man must decide for himself.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. VII. NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEBRUARY, 1891. NO. 6.

"HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE."

Synopsis of sermon to students of Westminster College on January 28th, day of prayer for colleges, by Rev. R. M. Russell, '80.

"*He that winneth souls is wise.*"—*Prov.* 11:30.

Every careful reader of the Bible has learned to consider salvation as the work of God, and the mysterious change which marks the coming of a soul from darkness to light as the effect of the Holy Spirit's action on the heart. Jesus describes the change as a new birth, saying to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." In the same gospel believers are described as those "who born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Paul writes to the Corinthians: "If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature," *i. e*, a new creation, a being made anew by a power not his own. Again, to the Ephesians he writes, "And you hath he quickened who were dead in tresspasses and sins;" while again in his letter to Titus (3:3-7) he magnifies the grace of God by saying "according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit."

All these passages and many others describe salvation as the work of God in Christ through the Spirit. But with these we have others ascribing converting power to men. The text says, "He that winneth souls is wise," or as in the revised version, "He that is wise winneth souls." In Daniel 12:3 we read, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Again, in 1 Cor. 4:15, Paul says, "For though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers; for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the gospel." Here the apostle claims that he made them Christians through the gospel. Again, in James 5:19-20, we read, "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth and one convert him, let him know that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins." All these passages refer to human instrumentality in saving men

Now, does the Bible contradict itself? Infidelity may say "Yes," but devout common sense perceives the harmony of Bible statements. The Bible speaks in the every day language of men. We find no fault with the convalescent patient who ascribes his physical salvation, sometimes, to the worth of the medicine, and again to the skill of the prescribing physician, his own care in following directions, or best of all to the blessing of God. The man about to stumble over a precipice may, after being rescued, attribute his safety to four different causes. He may point out the man who spoke to him as his savior: he may

say that the shout which smote his ear saved him ; he may congratulate himself on his own action in obeying the call, or last of all, bless God for his kindly providence in bringing the warning to his ear. So the Bible is in no sense contradictory in ascribing the salvation of men to God himself, to the truth which saves, to the man himself who believes, or to his fellow man who in wisdom strives to win a soul. There is divine harmony in the Bible teaching even though we hear Paul say, "By grace are ye saved, through faith and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." And Peter at Pentecost, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation;" or Jesus to the multitude, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free;" or Solomon, "He that winneth souls is wise."

It is our purpose to inquire why soul winning should be an ambition among those who are studying to make the most of life. Let the first reason be found in the worth or value of the human soul. Wisdom of effort may always be measured by nature of acquisition. The gold seeker of '49 would have been termed foolish had he crossed the plains and climbed the mountains to bring back a handful of worthless leaves. The pearl diver would be reckoned a fool did he risk his life among the sharks to bring up a common pebble from the ocean bottom. But because the miner brings back the gold that enables him to live in luxury, and because the diver returns with the pearl that shall adorn a princess, the acts have claims to be called acts of wisdom. To seek gold is often wise, because of what gold is. So we test the wisdom of winning souls. Is the acquisition worth an effort? Let the object sought be an answer. What is the soul? God knows, we do not. "The mystery that is deepest, most unexplored and unfathomable, the wonder and glory of God is the human soul." Eye has never seen it. It has eluded alike the microscope and the scalpel of the anatomist, yet as surely as there is a living power in the tree, so surely is there a spiritual power in man, binding the chemical elements of the body into an organism which can be used for expressing its hidden thought.

This power can exist apart from the body. Just as the poor Indians in early days of exploration supposed the Spaniard and his horse to be one creature, so do some scientists think the soul and the body to be one. But like as the Indian soon learned that the horse might die beneath his rider and the man be free for new exploits, so with gospel enlightened reason, we hold that the body of man may perish and the soul rise to new triumphs. The man is in his house, but is not the house. The walls may yield to the stroke of the cyclone, the man may live to enjoy another. The boatman does not necessarily sink with his boat. The boat may be splintered by the surges and its fibers washed through a dozen seas while the boatman swims the harbor and lives to defy other storms. So the spirit of man survives the shock of death. Compared with material things the soul rises infinitely above them. John B. Gough used to tell how he felt his own littleness and insignificance when standing at the foot of some mountain which lifted its gray brow and snow-turbaned head above the lower clouds, until he asked the questions, "What is the mountain?" and "What am I?" Then came relief and self respect. The mountain was, after all, but a huge pile of dead matter. It knew no thrill of pleasure though a thousand tourists gazed upon it. It could raise no protest though its sides were opened to uncover its rich treasures. It stood alike unconscious in the stellar glory of night and the solar glory of day. But he—he was a man, able to weigh the mountain, to lay the measuring line upon its sides, to make its rocky pages reveal the story of its birth and its store house furnish supplies for man's need. Aye, he could look away beyond the mountain, over whose un-

nscious head "The constellations were march-
g, waving their locks of sideral fire," and
uld whisper a prayer in the ear of Him who
ablished the mountains. Then the moun-
n seemed insignificant and himself great.
should be so. Man is greater in importance
n all the suns of the milky way. The most
gged street urchin should be to man more
an object of interest than the brightest star.
e is capable of receiving the image of God.

2. Again, value is measured by capacities.
nsical instruments are valuable according as
y furnish sweetness and variety of tone.
n's soul oft seems but an instrument of one
two octaves. Oft times most of the keys
m silent and out of chord. The lower notes
social ties and literary culture often seem in
ie while the higher keys that should pro-
ce the music of reverence to God are silent.
t condemn not the instrument as worthless.
t it be brought into the workshop of grace ;
the blood of Jesus take away the corroding
t of sin ; let a master hand rearrange the
ords of the affections ; let a new case be
en it in the form of the spiritual body, and
I know not what music it may add to the
orus of eternal praise.

ts capacities are unmeasured. You
estimate the possibilities of an acorn.
u can think of a tiny shoot, a growing
ling, and massive oak which shakes
gnarled branches in the face of tempests,
l furnishes nesting places for summer
ls. You can say it will never be more than
high, nor live longer than so many centuries.
the possibilities of a little child you cannot
mate. You may suppose that the light of
ius will kindle in those eyes, and that it
rival the ancient masters in art; or that the
e wailing one will one day command the
plause of listening senates, or that it will
literature rival him "who depicted the woe
an Othello and the madness of a Lear ;"
n star gazing and tracing planetary paths
pass a Kepler or Newton. But by using the measuring lines of attainment furnished by Angelo, Webster, Milton, Dante, Shakspeare, Hershell and Kepler, you have only noted what a human mind can do in seventy years —during one swing of the great pendulum that marks the centuries. What of a thousand years? What of an eternity?

3. This leads to the consideration also that the soul's value must be measured by its duration. Children blow bubbles and men rear buildings of granite, but neither defy time. The old temples of Babylon are crumbled to dust ; the towers of Ninevah no longer cast their shadows on the Tigris ; the inscriptions on the monuments in the old Granery church yard at Boston are in many cases effaced by rain and frost. But what about the mental powers that planned the ancient temples or moved the hand above the now crumbling marble? These still live.

"These shall withstand the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and words have passed away ;
Cold in the dust the silent heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die"

What cycles of centuries have gone by since last night's stars began to shine! What years have come and gone since "The mountain struggled forth from the womb of nature as her dread first born!" What dust of myriad lives lies scattered on sea and land to tell of nature's work in life and death? Count all and know that centuries, aye, aeons vast measure less, unknown, fill in the future. "Eternity whose end no eye can reach" is before the soul, and results of present action are to be seen in endless light.

4. If we want to know the value of the soul take the testimony of God. A jeweler can best value diamonds. A rich man seeking a lost jewel was told by his laundress that she had given the pretty button found in his pocket to her child. The ignorant child had thrown it into the gutter. The value of the jewel could be best known by the anxiety of the owner, not by the estimate of the ignorant. Learn the value of the soul not by the

careless, selfish estimates of men, but by the anxiety of God to find his lost jewels. Let Bethlehem's angel song and Calvary's dark agony reveal how much the human soul is worth in the sight of God.

Second. The wisdom of soul winning is also to seem in which is involved in loss of the soul. It means a degeneration of powers that cannot be fully estimated. The picture of ruined castles, slimy walls and broken roof and solitary gloom where home happiness once shone, furnishes no parable. An eagle falling from sunlit heights, to have its pinions draggled in the dust, gives futile picture. Nothing but the thought of an angel smitten with insanity and aimlessly gathering the garbage of the street can rival the degeneration which follows man's separation from God.

It means both suffering and loss. When the outcast wanders the dark streets on the December night and sees gleams of light coming from the concert hall and hears occasionally an echo of song, the pain is twofold; first, that of suffering from the winter blast and midnight loneliness, second, the remorse at thought of loss. The walls shut out from pleasure that might have been enjoyed. The outer darkness surrounding a lost soul will be intensified by the memory of opportunities to enter into light and joy.

Conclusions: Let the value of the human soul stimulate you to seek its safety. It is said that when Pherecides came among the Greeks teaching the immortality of the soul, Pnythagoras of Samos turned from the profession of an athlete to the study of philosophy. The petty crown of the Olympic games could no longer satisfy him who knew he was made for eternity. Mind must be crowned, not muscle. Cultivate what you can use when the body is laid aside and the spirit brought into the realm of fully revealed truth.

2. Guard the spirit from grossness; make no dark lines in character. Avoid the corroding influences of hypocrisy. A lie, whether spoken or acted, is the meanest thing on earth. Beware of supposing that Sinai's laws are abrogated in the interest of youth, or that you can without endless harm dispense with the Ten Commandments during college life.

3. The work of soul winning may be yours in any line of life; but is not God calling many of you to special service. Never were there such calls to labor in the gospel as now. In that splendid tragedy of Julius Cæsar Mark Antony is represented as striving to win the thoughtless crowd to loyalty again. He gains attention by reference to Cæsar's will, then asks them to view dear Cæsar's wounds; shows where the envious Cassa struck and where the sword of Cassius made a wound, and how the great heart broke when Brutus' dagger pierced his breast. Then reading Cæsar's will, which made Rome his heir and blessed her citizens with gold and parks, he said: "Here were a Cæsar; whence comes such another?" The crowd shout "never," and cry for sword and fagot to avenge his death. May it be yours to ask a careless world to listen to a Savior's will; to show the wounds that sin has made on him; to tell of heaven opened for a sinful race; to say "here was a Savior, whence comes such another?" and so help martial the forces of righteousness, till Satan and sin are swept across the border into eternal night. Then on heaven's holy heights you will one day know the full meaning of the words, "He that winneth souls is wise."

HIGH LICENSE FALLACIES.

There are many apologists for the license system among persons sincerely in favor of prohibition. But there is an unconsciousness —not to say ignorance—of the facts in the case that would call for pity if the truth were not within such easy reach. Why it is that otherwise well informed persons remain in such darkness about the license of the liquor traffic we cannot explain, unless upon the supposition that their antipathies will not allow them to read authors and writers who have given an overwhelming array of facts and testimonies on this subject.

1. One fallacy is that the only persons opposing high license are the extremists—the radical prohibitionists on the one extreme and the liquor men on the other. The simple fact is, the liquor men are the friends of license, high license at that. Peter Iler, the big distiller of Omaha, where the license fee is $1,000, says: "In all my experience in Ohio before the temperance movement, and twenty years experience here previous to high license and since, I believe that high license is one of the grandest laws for the liquor traffic, and for men interested, as well as people at large, there is. I believe if it were put to a vote of the liquor dealers and saloon men [of Nebraska] whether it should be high license, no license or low license, that they would almost unanimously be for high license." The *Saloon Keepers' Journal*, of Philadelphia, says: "The liquor dealers do not oppose high license. They oppose a law with bonds and penalties." Carl Kuhl, President of the Pennsylvania Personal Liberty League, says: "We, as Personal Liberty League men, are not opposed to high license—not at all. We think that feature of the law a good one." Testimonials like these could be multiplied indefinitely if space permitted. It is time that temperance people understood that high license is the liquor men's own scheme.

2. Another fallacy is that license, high or low, restricts the traffic, diminishes the number of saloons and, consequently, diminishes drinking, but such is far from the truth. When the Brooks law of this State was first put in operation the number of saloons in Philadelphia and Allegheny counties was greatly reduced. But the reduction of *legalized* saloons did not reduce the grog shops or diminish the amount of drinking. The Philadelphia *Times*, *Inquirer*, *Ledger*, *Record* and *Press* all agree that there are at least five thousand "speak easies," or unlicensed saloons in that city alone. The Pittsburgh papers have repeatedly asserted there were at least a thousand of these illegal saloons in that city. When the $1,000 license law of Nebraska first went into effect Omaha's saloon's were reduced from one hundred and forty-three to forty-three, but it was but a few months till they numbered over two hundred and fifty. When Mr. Harry Crowell, chairman of the Liquor Men's Committee in the Amendment campaign in 1889, was asked if high license had reduced the consumption of liquor he promptly replied: "No, sir. On the contrary, the consumption of liquor has gradually increased every year since the adoption of the Brooks law. Boufort's *Wine and Spirit Circular*, the leading journal of the liquor traffic, in giving a review of the liquor trade for 1890 in the principal cities, says of the high license cities of Boston, Chicago and Pittsburgh: "The past year has been the most prosperous [to the liquor trade] we have ever experienced." [We give the substance of the several testimonies.] It gives additional force to the above statement to remember that the year was one of great depression in other lines of trade. Testimony on this point piles up too high for a tithe of it to be given here.

3. Another fallacy is that it can't be prohibited under present conditions, hence the next best thing is to license it. On the face of

things this looks plausible. When the Prohibitory Amendment is defeated in a State it does look a little as if a prohibitory law would be a farce. But there has been many a law enforced and respected where a majority of the people were opposed to it, or at least not heartily in its favor. There are plenty of people who are indifferent to the principle of prohibition, yet if it were the law of the land would heartily respect the law, and seek its enforcement. In this State there were over 296,000 votes for the amendment, and over 484,000 against it. This looks like a formidable opposition and enough to warrant the assertion that public sentiment was opposed. But there were over 216,000 who did not vote, and as the liquor men had opportunities to reach all the people as the temperance people did not, and resorted to means of every kind to force, deceive or buy men to vote for their traffic, then 216,000 must be men opposed to the liquor traffic too much to be influenced by all or any of the Rum power's methods. The simple fact is that these stay-at-home voters were really temperance men who could have been rallied for prohibition but for the supposed benefits of the high license law, and Harry Crowell, the leader of the liquor forces, declared that the Brooks high license law was passed with the consent of the liquor men with the express purpose of defeating the amendment by leading some men to think that a high license law was a good enough temperance measure. A law passed and enforced in good faith is a powerful educator of public sentiment. Some people can get no higher than the common law. What it forbids is to them wrong and what it permits is right. This 216,000 vote could be counted on to sustain prohibition if it were once inaugurated and with those who voted for the amendment would make a majority of over 28,000 hostile to the liquor traffic. Besides, if people were left free from the deceptive and intimidating methods of the traffic and had a fair count, these figures would be materially changed.

The difficulty, is the election machinery for reaching the voters, getting them to the polls and counting the votes, is all in the hands of politicians wholly subservient to the liquor traffic, while the friends of prohibition could not have access to this machinery, and had very limited funds to carry on the contest. This has been the condition of things in all recent amendment elections, in some instances where prohibition sentiment carried the day, it was counted out by an unprincipled traffic which controlled the count. Who is responsible? We have never heard of the politicians who perpetrated this fraud upon a free people ever being rebuked for it or losing their political caste. They ride into office again at the next election by votes of those whom they defrauded.

Present conditions are incompatible with probibition. These present conditions are, that the politicians rule, and they will not offend their masters, the liquor dealers, by having anything to do with prohibition laws. So their safest way is to defeat amendments by the method above indicated, and then they will not be troubled with enacting prohibitory laws and making a show of enforcing them. The individual citizen becomes responsible for the existence of the traffic when he gives his political voice and influence to perpetuate the political power and organization of such men. It is strange that men who believe in probibition will continue to perpetuate these conditions and then plead the conditions as an excuse for licensing the traffic.

4. Another fallacy is that of regarding the license fee in the nature of a tax for restricting the traffic, will relieve the State and individual of responsibilty. Does taxing the farmer, merchant or professional man restrict his business? The essential idea of a tax has been that it is a means of revenue. It is supposed to be a

sort of compensation for the protection the government gives to business. The person taxed can claim the protection of the government. New York City is trying the experiment of licensing gambling. Omaha officials collect fines from bawdy houses and gambling dens instead of suppressing them. Perhaps the injured sense of justice of decent people could be solaced if they could only look upon it as a tax for the purpose of restriction. All licenses contain the idea of permission or authority, and as Hon. John Sherman says, are "legal grants." It does not help matters in the least to call it a tax. When the saloon keeper pays his license fee, tax or fine, if you please to call it that, he claims the immunity and the protection of the government. For this reason the liquor business prefers license to no license, because by the license or tax they obtain legal standing. "No license" subjects them to the danger of being abated as nuisances, but as it is they are presumed to do a lawful business till proved guilty of illegal selling. The liquor business very much prefers to pay a license fee, even if it is high in order to obtain this standing. Besides they are shrewd enough to see that the revenue thus derived by the State from their trade acts as a bribe to the tax payer, to induce him to vote for license and against prohibition. The liquor men are unanimous in the view that high license is a bar to prohibition. As Peter Iler, the Omaha distiller, says, as quoted before: "If it were put to a vote of the liquor delears and saloon men whether it should be *high license*, *low license*, or *no license*, they would be almost unanimously for "high license." Apologies for high license as a restrictive measure must look very funny to the liquor men themselves. If the liquor men favor license why should temperance men argue for it.

K.

THOUGHT: ITS SUBJECTIVE MISSION.

The motion of the sea is scarcely more constant than that of the human mind. Necessary to its being and regulating its development, thought is the life-bearing blood circulating through the soul. If it is pure, coursing vigorously in its channels, taking up and dealing out its burden of life and nourishment, the perfect stature of the soul is reached. If it is languid, foul, unsteady, development is stayed. When in the latter condition, the action of the mind is rather a dream than thought.

Reverie is not reflection, fancy is not thought. Neither reverie nor fancy can mould a well formed man; but from the very nature of the case must leave him far short of what he ought to be. They are tools ill-chosen by the mind for its great work. But there is another tool, a chisel of sterling temper, fitted to carve grandeur from the roughest block. Thought is this chisel; thought that is intense, earnest, broadening, deepening and elevating, the whole character of man. And the mind must ply it untiringly for reverie and fancy uncontrolled only wear away the precious block leaving no beauty of outline, no nobility of form or expression in compensation. But thought well directed developes all the marvelous possibilities of the mind. It tends to develope strength of mind, just as exercise increases strength of muscle; and the mind that rarely or never knows the tension of eager, struggling thought reaching out for that which it can scarcely grasp, yet feels that it must have, misses the growth and strength that such mental contest brings. Watch the waves flowing and ebbing evenly on the beach, till, urged by the rising storm, they run higher and higher on the strand. Thus should the soul, first awakened from its

calm by the impulse of an earnest purpose, send out waves of thought struggling up the beach of knowledge, weak at first, but multiplying power with each succeeding effort till at last they march grandly to the highest mark beyond which they may not pass. Every effort, guided by a steady purpose, trying the mental powers of man to their utmost, leaves him possessed of greater strength with which to enter new contests, leaves him essentially nobler, and clearer in his unique personality. Strength and individuality go hand in hand. Weakness induces unreasoning dependence on the thoughts and achievements of others. While strength is manifested in individual reasoning, forming independent judgements in which case opinions are held not because they are inherited, or bear the stamp of others' approval, but because, having been examined, before the tribunal of the soul, they have been judged worthy of belief. Only thus is the life freed from the lotus-like thrall of blind acquiescence and established firmly on convictions, by adherence to which men become heroes. He is not strong who floats content upon a sea of dreams, the ultimate goal of his ambition the bark in which he floats, sighing:

"Give me long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.
How sweet it were *** with half shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream."

Tis only he who thinks truly who sees the object of his aim advancing, his ideal growing more exalted. What at first was his ideal, perhaps he reaches, but he cannot be content, for his broader view, his deeper insight, have given him loftier *conceptions* of what his life should be. It is true one never rises above his conceived ideal, but just as true that the conception rises with the progress of the mind. But self complacency is not co-existent with this development. The tree that towers highest toward the sky, sends its roots deepest and widest in the earth. So the man of highest attainments necessarily reaches deepest into the knowledge of himself. And thus recognizing his true nature he cannot think that he is great or powerful. Others may laud him, but he knows that there are heights which he cannot reach, breadth which he cannot scan, depths which his mind cannot conceive, depths of his own being which his knowledge cannot touch. And as this consciousness grows within him, he feels that infinitely beyond him is the mind that is to the universe both architect and builder, and *reverence* takes its place in his heart beside *humility*; while musingly he asks:

"Can a fly grasp the world? a shell compose the sea?
Yet I with my mind's little plummet would sound
The mind that hath known no creation nor bound."

And when he is thus "weak, then is he strong." But thought is at once the builder and the exponent of character. There can be no appeal from the judgement that is based on the evidence of thoughts; for as a man "thinketh in his heart, *so is he.* As the solar spectrum is a correct analysis of the sun's light, so thoughts show accurately the shades of the character that originates them. A dull fitful light does not emanate from a bright unwavering source, nor steady brilliance from lurid flashes. Paul's thoughts could never glow in Nero's heart, nor Nero's thoughts in such a heart as Paul's. Paul was a *hero*, and his thoughts have poured a steady white light through nineteen centuries. Nero, a cruel coward, is only remembered by the lurid reflection his life showed of the demon world.

Nobility, baseness; purity, degradation; heroism, cowardice; are each surely betrayed in thoughts. Each individual must think in keeping with himself. Is there beauty of character? The thoughts are irresistibly attracted to the true and beautiful wherever it is found. Is there heroism? The thoughts are true to conscience, abhoring cowardice in every form.

In each case they are the crucial test of what one *is.* It is told of Queen Elizabeth that when she was old, in order to deceive her as to her real appearance, her attendants provided mir-

rors that made her appear still young and beautiful, until beholding a true reflection of herself she realized with grief and indignation, the fraud that had been perpetrated on her. Flattery, the opinions of others, our own deeds, are mirrors which can easily deceive us as to our real being; but courage, patience, nay, strongest faith in God must steady the sight when we gaze into our inmost thoughts and confess the faithfulness of the image we find there. If thou wouldst know thyself, study earnestly and know well thy thoughts; for they are the words which compose the volume of thy life.

At once the greatest positive force in the molding of the life, and the mirror reflecting it, thought only achieves its highest end, when it leads the soul in line with its Creator's thought, and, by reflection, shows it worthy of Him in whose image it was made.

JEAN A. ROBERTSON.

HAPPINESS AND SORROW.

Life is a fleeting shadow, gliding o'er earth's broad frame. Sometimes here, sometimes there, leaving its glowing mark in the sea of time. Like the flower, it may bloom and flourish, or like the glistening snowflake, may pass away. Time sways its golden sceptre over life's narrow path. Now happiness causes the very heart to leap for joy; the next moment sorrow moves its trembling fingers and fills the soul with heart rending agony.

From childhood to old age, change after change leaves its impress upon us. The bright and beautiful countenance of youth must fade as old age steals upon it. Youth is the springtime of life in which to grow and flourish, rejoice and make preparation for life's great work. In this stage of human life few are the great trials that oppress us, small is the sorrow that grieves us, and many are the pleasures that surround us. We scarcely realize the blessings of youth until old age snatches them away.

So varied are the characteristics of men that enjoyments of almost every description are exhibited, but few are the persons that enjoy real happiness. Enjoyments are derived from various sources. Some people delight to engage in social amusements; others find more pleasure in the performance of the duties of life; still others prefer to behold and enjoy the works of nature as they are presented to us. To these, the lofty mountain, the mighty ocean, the winding streamlet, and the snowflakes as they clothe the landscape with glistening white, have a peculiar and endearing charm. So grand and beautiful are the wonderful works of nature, that the most artistic painter, and the most skilful sculptor are filled with astonishment as they behold them.

Happiness is free to all who choose to make it so. No matter what may be the condition of the person, there is no sphere in which happiness utterly ceases except where we continually struggle against it. The mechanic at his trade, the farmer behind his plow, and the preacher in his pulpit, one and all possess the means of enjoyment.

The fierce savage delights in the wild war dance and the negro to sing of various themes. Barbarous nations delight to fight and war, while civilization finds its cup of joy in peace and prosperity. The field of battle, drenched in the crimson blood of thousands of the slain has often resulted in crowning a king. Now, the voice of the people is heard and the fierce war cloud passes away. Peace reigns where formerly war would have prevailed and happiness is prevalent where sorrow would have produced many a burning tear.

Happiness should reign in every home.

Dark may be the shadows of night, yet the bright rays of light in the dawning of day will clear them all away. Many may be the sorrows of home life, but when once the rays of true happiness shine forth all troubles and trials will vanish. High or low, rich or poor, princes or servants, may be partakers of this blessed felicity, and let us remember that no amount of wealth can lengthen the golden thread of life like that divine elixir—happiness.

Often, while happiness hovers around the head like a bright cloud, sorrow steals through the dewy veil and, like a poisoned arrow, sets on fire the blood of life. Sometimes, while peace seems to permeate the air and all heaven to smile, the most terrific struggle will burst forth in all its fury, leaving death and destruction in its course. Then those that rejoice are called upon to mourn and those that laugh must weep. The extremes of joy and sorrow must be traversed by a single bound.

So throughout life, happiness and sorrow are blended together. One never appears to its fullest extent unless it has been preceded by the other. In order that we may advance onward and upward we should ever seek to have our minds filled with true happiness. Then, though troubles and trials oppress us, yet our souls will rest in blissful peace.

W. H. R.

A STUDY IN "IN MEMORIAM."

Upon precipitous rocks of the Swiss Alps, where cold desolation reigns, there is found a lonely yet bright blossom, the Alpine edelweiss. From the scant soil of its rocky home it lifts its face heavenward, loved alike by the sturdy mountaineer and the eager tourist. So in the soil of the heart, however hardened and untutored, there springs the flower of friendship, gladdening the lowly as well as the great. As over the frail Alpine flower passes the constant icy blast or the mighty glacier, burying it forever, so over the tenderest friendship shadows may fall; yet in the lap of winter, the edelwiess lives on; so is friendship eternal and untouched by change.

In the year 1833, in Vienna, occurred the lamented death of Arthur Henry Hallam, friend of the poet Tennyson. A young student of frail health and precocious attainments he had sought the continent in bright hopes of improvement. For a few short days he wandered amid the beauties of the old world, delighting, as was his wont, in every indication of triumphant beauty and goodness. Brave, bright and hopeful in his youth and attainments, his friends little dreamed that the searching questions of his earnest mind were so soon to be answered by perfect knowledge. Far in the home of their boyhood, among the sweet English meadows, within sound of the murmuring river, his poet friend waited with unfailing love for Arthur Hallam. Together they had completed their studies within the shade of Trinity College, Cambridge. Four years of mingled fellowship had passed.

> "When each by turns was guide to each
> And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
> And Thought leaped out to wed with Thought,
> Ere thought could wed itself with Speech."

Soul knit unto soul in purpose, faith and mutual love, the path of their friendship "arose and fell from flower to flower, from snow to snow." The glories of an English autumn heralded the near return of Hallam to his waiting friend. But as it came to touch the landscape into glory, the shadow of his life fell upon Tennyson. His friend was dead.

For him no more the landscape brightened. The tempest of his life waged wildly—that soul tempest when man must feel the iron bondage of the last grim Conqueror and own him-

self powerless before Death. In the heart of the poet reigned the darkness of a sudden and terrible sorrow, yet for him the morning of calm was to proclaim the triumph of faith.

It is with a feeling of reverent sympathy we take up the poem, a matchless elegiac, which he has dedicated to the memory of his friend. For the grandeur of its conception, the march of its thought, the perfection of its beauty, "In Memoriam" is unrivaled in the whole sweep of literature. In it the full power of friendship is shown; with all the semblance of life its figures pass before us. The action of mind is not the ideal or impossible one, but is as strong as it is real. More than any other conception it passes beyond the transient into the permanent, beyond time into eternity. In it the the Christianized and perfected idea of friendship is shown. Placed beside the wisdom of past conceptions, this perfected idea overshadows all past ideals and towers a lofty pillar of destiny, reaching into the pure atmosphere of another world.

Of the friendship of "In Memoriam" this can be said: It was of the most perfect nature. Rarely has the ideal been so completely fulfilled. Two minds similar in purpose and culture found a haven in each other's regard, a stimulus in mutual thought.

Man, dependent by nature upon fellowship, gains inestimably by it. The fusing of two souls into one is the surest gain of friendship. Charles Kingsley, when asked by Mrs. Browning the secret of his life, answered in the simple words, "I had a friend." Through all the noble doings of his consecrated life that friend had been with him—a pure and helpful presence. Charles Kingsley acknowledged the moulding power of a friendship and his noble life testifies to his wisdom. At the root of all true friendship lies that divine upward striving of the soul, the reaching out after an ideal. Because of the realized fulfillment of this ideal we desire a friendship, and in its realization gain a step in our upward striving. The more deeply wedded the soul to its ideal the truer the development which follows. Friendship is pre-eminently a safeguard, because it is expressive and satisfying. Sincerity is its essential requirement and free expression its chief element of safety. While breaking down some barriers it erects others and, hedging up doubtful channels, opens to new fields of delight. It is an insight because it involves a doubled and clearer sight. It is a revelation of the world of nature and thought when impression is shared and by a thorough knowledge of one soul is gained a spiritual insight. Far more important is the inner than the outer sight. To the eye of unerring love, much of the soul is revealed. This soul-sight is a chief gain of the friend. Beauties, excellencies, strong purposes of heart are revealed to the close friend where hidden to the casual observer. Tennyson fully expresses this:

> "I felt and feel; tho' left alone,
> His being working in mine own,
> The footsteps of his life in mine."

Thought, exhiliration and sympathy are results of this relation, making it the most beautiful in life. Nature's mightiest influences work in stillness, the light on its noisless wings, the frost-king in his nightly reign. These are all emblematic of that most wonder-working power in the world of mind and spirit, the flower of love. From this springs joy, the flower of love, crowning the field of earth's life and thought, filling the hands of innocent childhood with flowers, cheering the youth and manhood of life and strewing the pathway of the aged and dying with immortelles.

The outgoings of the soul are satisfied and enlarged in the expressiveness of friendship. The stronger and purer the emotion the loftier its expression. The truest friends are those who, having the deepest emotional nature are the strongest and truest in its expression.

In the friendship of Tennyson and Hallam a free expression gave strength to the pursuit and appreciation of knowledge and virtue. In one

particular was appreciation markedly heightened by their mutual regard. This lay in the relation of Nature to knowledge. Together gazing into Nature's beautiful face they sought to fathom her secret and perceive her loveliness. To their mutual sight she revealed her loveliest moods. All these grew into their "study of imagination" and new impressions was added to their lives. With lingering pathos when the shadow had passed between them the poet laments :

"I climb the hill ; from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend."

Throughout the whole poem the poet's deep description reflects the influence of his friendship. The objective consideration of friendship is centered in the thought, "not receiving but giving." This idea has gained its true proportions in the teachings of Christ. He in whom humanity and divinity united has forever made sacred the name of friend. From the act of love spring the minor actions of friendship called its offices. These are the fruits of love, its secondary utility and its arena of manifestation. Upon them the world builds its idea of friendship and by them measures its power. The externals of love exist in deeds of kindness and charity. Acts of this sort are the sharing of burdens, the relief of suffering, the causing of joy. In these acts sweet charity is bound up with friendship in the walks of life.

This particular side of a mutual frendship is shown in the words of the poet :

"But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier birds in air,
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of love :
Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain
And part it, giving half to him."

"In Memoriam" is especially valuable in its view of the future of friendship. This is the great question of the poem and forms its constant consolation. The poet expresses his belief in strong lines of conviction :

"Contemplate all this work of Time
The giant laboring in his youth,
Nor dream of human love and truth
As dying Nature's earth and line,
But trust that those we call the dead
Are brothers of an ampler day."

When the soul has passed into the great beyond all eternity is room for expansion. The treasures of knowledge are at last unreserved, the most boundless reason satisfied, and the profoundest intercourse possible. Barriers and hindrances removed, the growth of friendship in another world is more than a conjecture. To friendship new life will be added when in the presence of its author. He who, while on earth, fulfilled all the scope and mission of friendship shall gather the friendships of earth about His eternal throne.

In "In Memoriam" we have before us the pictured friendships of two souls. Perfect in its outline, true in its light and shade, the intervening years have only deepened its impressions. Immortal in its influence "In Memoriam" has crowned the head of Alfred Tennyson with the chaplet of enduring fame. Honored by the world, laurel-crowned by a nation, England's greatest poet laureate, stands to-day at the end of life's long vista and calmly waits for the voice of his friend calling him to a renewed friendship in an eternal present.

DORA BARR.

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P. H. GORDON, '92. . ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.
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ETTA McCLELLAND, '91 } . . . MUSIC AND ART.
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THOS. P. TRIMBLE, '91. . . . BUSINESS MANAGER.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

N. B.—Subscriptions not paid before March 1st are $1.25.

WE have had occasion to commend the literary societies heretofore on their good work, but never before has any one of them been so faithful in good works as to adjourn two nights inside of three weeks *to go to church.*

THANKING all the friends and subscribers of the HOLCAD for the support they have given us during the past year, and wishing the HOLCAD and the new staff abundant success in the future, we leave the editors' desk and bid the paper an affectionate "farewell."

THE concert given in the chapel, Feb. 12, by the Westminster Quartette, was in every way an enjoyable entertainment. The performers each rendered his part in a very creditable manner, and every selection was greeted with a hearty round of applause, several of them being encored. The program consisted of solos, duetts, trios and quartettes. Why cannot such concerts be given oftener?

FATHER time has again tolled the death knell of a recent graduate. It is with heavy hearts and tearful eyes that we listen. Mr. E. B. Ferguson, a member of the class of '90, and half brother of president Ferguson, died at his home, Jan. 23, of consumption. We feel that we have in truth lost a friend, one whose value would be hard to overestimate. He was a person of unusually strong character and ever sought to banish prejudice and to pass unbiased judgment on every question, jeweled with "faithfulness to duty," "sincerity of purpose," and "a strict regard for integrity," his character was most attractive. The gentlemanly bearing and modest and refined deportment, which were but the outgrowth of a noble character, won for him the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He was a person of more than ordinary intellectual capacity. His fine sensibilities, acute judgment, and exact discrimination won for him that reverence which the student always has for those highly talented. While we fail to understand the dispensation which would remove such a promising young man from the very threshold of an active life, and while we mourn his loss, yet we do not forget that the Omnicient never makes a mistake, and that he was therefore carrying out some wise plan.

A FEW weeks ago the inmates of the ladies' hall received quite a fright by two or three ruffians. These parties, who are supposed to have been intoxicated, and who are also supposed to be residents of the town, went to the hall late at night and amused themselves by prowling around, rattling at the windows, as if they intended to enter, climbing over the fire escape, firing their revolvers, and using profane and vulgar language. Whoever the culprits were and whatever their object, there should be measures taken to bring them to

justice. This occurrence and others of a similar nature leads us to doubt whether it is any benefit for the college buildings to be in the borough or not. Do these buildings receive any protection from the borough? It *seems* as if the college property was entirely overlooked—was regarded as a plaything for persons maliciously disposed. However this may be it is certain that things are tolerated in connection with the college buildings which would not be with any others in town. And yet it is to the college that the town owes its life and prosperity. Remove the college and New Wilmington is dead. Does it not deserve the protection of a true friend and benefactor?

ANDREW JACKSON is one of the conspicuous figures in American history. He is thought of almost as soon as Washington or Lincoln. He was certainly a remarkable character and had a great influence in shaping the political policy of the country. He was a man of decided and sometimes obstinate beliefs, of undoubted courage, both physical and mental, a warm friend and a most bitter enemy. Prejudice played no small part in his beliefs, decisions and judgments. This was his weak point. His redeeming trait and the one which crowned his efforts with success was his promptness and decision in action. Whether in private life, in his military operations or in the White House this feature was prominent. His private and personal disputes were frequently settled with such a prompt and vigorous use of his fists that his antagonist was only too glad to yield. His victory at New Orleans and the quieting of the nullifiers were also due to prompt and decisive action. But while we regard him as a great man and while he did much for the United States, both in civil and military affairs, yet he also introduced a policy which has since been a curse to the country. It is the spoils system. Acting on the principle that to the victor belong the spoils and regarding each political opponent as a personal enemy he removed from civil offices all who were of a different political faith, no matter how well they might be qualified for the position. This policy, which conscience and every particle of reason or common sense will condemn, can only be regarded as the offspring of prejudice and therefore as unworthy of adoption.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1854.

W. P. Shaw was the only member of this class and the first graduate of Westminster. After graduation he studied theology in the Reformed Presbyterian Seminary at Xenia, under Drs. G. McMasters and H. McMullen; was licensed in 1854, and ordained in 1855 by the Reformed Presbyterian Presbytery of Chicago. Was pastor of Mt. Vernon and Red Oak, in Iowa, with the supervision of the missions at Washington, Morning Sun and Andrew, 1855 and 1856; New Richland, Ohio, 1857-64; joined the U. P. Church, 1869; pastor at Noblestown, Pa., 1870-75; pastor of Holyoke and West Liberty, Butler county, Pa., since 1877.

1856.

J. G. Barnes—Studied theology at Allegheny United Presbyterian Seminary where he graduated in 1861; ordained in 1862 by Allegheny Presbytery; pastor of West Union and Glade Run, Allegheny county, Pa., 1862-70; of First U. P. church, Monmouth, Ill., from 1870 to 1880, in which year he died. Was married to Mary A. Thorne Sept. 2, 1858, and had nine children.

T. H. Hanna—Studied theology at Xenia Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1861; pastor of Fifth church, Philadelphia, 1862-67; Second Pittsburgh, 1867-75; First Xenia, 1875-80; First Monmouth, 1880—. During the winter of 1857 he taught a three months' term of school in Henderson county,

Ill. He was married Nov. 16, 1862, to Mary E. Templeton, of West Middletown, Pa., and has six children, five sons and one daughter.

J. M. Jamison—Studied theology at Allegheny and graduated in 1860; was installed pastor May 20, 1860, of Piney Fork, Harrison county, O., and is still in charge. From 1873 to 1880 he was Professor of Languages in Hopedale College.

J. L. Whitla—Studied theology at Xenia and Allegheny; was licensed March 31, 1859; traveled 20,000 miles under the direction of the Home Board and was ordained in 1862 by Detroit Presbytery; pastor of Nankin, Mich., 1862-65; was thrown aside three years by ill health; was S. S. of Eden Prairie and Glendale, Minn., 1868-71; Caledonia, Minn., 1871-72, and pastor of Zion and Levin, Douglass county, Minn., 1875-86; Edgerton, Kansas, 1886—.

1857.

J. R. Bell—Studied theology at Xenia, where he graduated in 1861; was pastor of Salem, Boone county, Ind., 1861-70; of Elvaston, Hancock county, Ill., 1871-73, when he joined the Presbyterian Church and took the congregation with him, and continued pastor until his death, Sept. 3, 1883.

J. W. Buchanan—Studied theology at Allegheny; was licensed in 1861 by Butler Presbytery; was S. S. of Caledonia and Orangeville, Mich., 1864-69. Three years of this time he did not have the use of a horse and traveled on foot an average of twenty-five miles per week. Pastor of same, 1869-73; supplied Wheatland, Will county, Ill., one year and pastor, 1875-84; S. S. Utica, Neb., 1885—. He was married Sept. 12, 1857, to Elizabeth R. Dillinger, and has six children, three sons and three daughters. Two of the sons are office bearers in the U. P. church in Alliance, Neb. The youngest son and daughter are at home.

W. R. Hutchinson—Studied theology at Allegheny, where he graduated in 1861; pastor of Clinton, Butler county, Pa., 1861-73; Ottawa, Kansas, 1873-85; Coldwater, Kansas, 1886-89; Savannah, Ashland county, Ohio, 1889—. His work in Kansas was missionary entirely. He married Miss Saresta Gaily Jan. 14, 1862, and has eight children.

D. S. Littell.—Studied theology at Allegheny, where he graduated in 1861; pastor of Pigeon Creek, Washington county, Pa., 1861-86; Second church, Pittsburgh, 1886—. June and July, 1863, in Christian commission at Washington, N. C.; some months of 1864 at Hampton, Va.; September, 1865, to April, 1866, Freedmen's Missions, Vicksburg, Miss. He was married Dec. 12, 1872, to Miss Julia A. Barr, and has four children, one girl and three boys. He writes: "God has been very patient, forgiving and kind to me; and a life that otherwise would have been a foolish failure has been redeemed by the life and death of Christ, so that it has not been entirely useless and very comfortable. Of all that he has given me of money I have given the tenth back to him."

John McMichael—After graduation he read law and settled in New Castle, Pa. He still resides there, and is Judge of Lawrence county, of which it is the county seat.

Sarah McMichael (Mrs. Brown)—After graduation engaged in teaching; Urbana, O., March, 1858 to June 1862; Xenia, O., until 1867; Westminster College, 1867 to October 1869, when she was taken ill and left. She was married March 3, 1870, to Rev. M. M. Brown, and has one son, who is now a Sophomore in Westminster. She resides now in New Wilmington.

Ellen P. Dickey (Mrs. Gamble)—After graduation she remained at home at New Wilmington, where she was married June 22, 1871, to Mr. H. M. Gamble. She is the mother of four children and resides at Jamestown, Pa.

Cynthia Houston—After graduation she taught a public school for a few terms. The remainder of the time until recently has been

occupied in household duties and in the care of aged parents and a sister. She is unmarried. She writes: "Last July I left New Wilmington, having finished the work that had held me there so long, and have been visiting in Ohio and Kansas. I know not where my future home will be. Will spend the winter in Chicago, Ill. I trust I shall find some niche to fill where I can do something towards building up my Master's kingdom. If so, I am content. The years are flying by, eternity is hastening."

1858.

J. W. Bain—Studied theology at Xenia and was ordained and installed at Cannonsburg, Pa., in October, 1861; was pastor of Cannonsburg, Pa., 1861–67; of Sydney, O., 1867–68; of New Castle, Pa., 1868–73; Third Church, Alegheny, Pa., 1873–74; Chicago, Ill., 1874–77; Hamilton, O., 1877–82; Philadelphia about four years; Altoona, 1886—. While at Sydney, O., he had poor health, being sick from four to six days out of each week. He, however, preached every Sabbath. He was sent to Chicago by the Home Board of the U. P. Church in 1874. In October, 1884, he was stricken with sciatic rheumatism and stomach neuralgia which compelled him to give up his charge. After resting a year he came to Altoona, his present charge. In October, 1859, he was united in marriage to Miss S. M. Rhoddy, of Bloomington, Ind. He has five children.

L. I. Crawford—Studied theology at Allegheny; was licensed April 4, 1861, by Mercer Presbytery and ordained June 16, 1864, by Le Claire; pastor of Wyoming, Jones Co., Ia., 1864–69; Sandy Lake and Utica and Sandy, Mercer Co., Pa., installed July 1, 1870; resigned Utica in 1873; Sandy 1874, Sandy Lake, 1879; was also editor of a weekly newspaper at Sandy Lake.

D. S. Kennedy—Studied theology at Allegheny, was licensed April 4, 1861, by Mercer Presbytery, and ordained September 4, 1862, by Chartiers; was pastor of Center, Washington county, Pa., 1862-72; of Sewickly, Allegheny county, 1872-78; and of Somonauk, Ill., since September 5, 1878. His son Ried graduated here in the class of '89.

Robert McCaslin—Studied theology at Allegheny, where he graduated in 1860, was pastor at Xenia five and one-half years. His present charge is at Sidney, Ohio, where he has preached for twenty-four years. He was married Jan. 10, 1861, to Mary F. Smith, of Allegheny, and has two children.

E. N. McElree—After graduation he studied theology in Allegheny where he graduated in April, 1863 Pastor at Freeport, Pa., 1863-74; at Irwin, Westmoreland county, 1875-79; at Neshannock and Oak Grove, Lawrence county, 1879-85; at Beaver Falls since February, 1885. He was married March 3, 1864, to Mary C. Braden of West Sunbury, Pa., and has four children, three living and one dead. Of these three two are in college at present and the other, a member of '90, is Professor in Amity college, Ia.

J. W. Taylor—Studied theology at Xenia: was licensed in 1862 and ordained in 1865; pastor of Darby and Sugar Run 1865-67; North Wood, O., 1868-71; Londonderry and Tippecanoe, Guernsey county, O., since August 17, 1876.

Martha Francis is the wife of Mayor Dunn, of Franklin, Pa. Her son, W. A., is in college this year.

Hanna J. Houston (Mrs. Hogue)—After graduation she engaged in teaching for eight years. She was married August 29, 1865, to Mr. James M. Hogue, and has two children. Her present residence is one mile from Grove City, Mercer county, Pa.

Nancy W. Kelly (Mrs. Kennedy)—She married Rev. D. S. Kennedy, whose history we give above, and now resides at Sandwich, Illinois.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—To J. B. Johnson, '76, a girl.

—To Rev. A. P. Hutchinson, '78, a son.

—W. M. Anderson, '90, also appeared in our midst lately.

—W. R. Irons, '87, of Freeport, visited his mother here lately.

—Rev. W. J. Best, '75, and wife, of Knoxville, O., are here visiting friends.

—Does Miss Mary Reed, '90, love skating or—the pleasure of good company?

—W. R. Dickson, '90, of the medical college in Pittsburgh, recently visited here.

—The congregation of Rock Prairie, Wis., has issued a call for Rev. S. G. Huey, '89.

—Rev. J. S. Dice, '77, will represent the Beaver Valley Presbytery in the General Assembly.

—Rev. J. W. Smith, '79, has received a unanimous call to the Fourth U. P. church, Philadelphia.

—Miss Alice Foster, '90, will in six weeks close a successful term of school at No. 8, Mercer county.

—Rev. J. A. Duff, '74, will preach the dedicatory sermon of the new church at Kearney, Neb.

—Rev. A. K. Strane, '78, visited the college classes one day last week. His home is in Idaville, Indiana.

—J. A. Stranahan, '75, goes to Harrisburg into the Attorney General's office as Deputy Attorney General.

—John K. Cochran, '88, who died lately in Allegheny, was looking forward to the work of a missionary.

—Rev. A. A. Mealy, of the Central church, Pittsburgh, received eighteen into the membership of the church.

—Miss Annetta Bell, '90, is an earnest worker here in a every Christian association. Her presence at a meeting adds strength.

—Rev. H. C. Marshall, '75, publishes a neat, spicy monthly, at Rock Island, in the interest of the U. P. church, of which he is pastor.

—D. S. L. McNary, '90, visited his friends here last week. Glad to see your face again and you do not know how it makes some of ours light up.

—J. B. Johnston, '76, has again been elected Secretary of the Lawrence County Fair Association and Farmers' Institute. He has shown himself an earnest worker.

—Rev. I. T. Wright, '76, of Bethel, will represent the Mercer Presbytery in the General Assembly. He is a frequent visitor in our class rooms and always welcome.

—Rev. S. W. Douthett, '88, preached in Butler February 1st. The Thirteenth church, Pittsburgh, has engaged him as pastor as soon as his course at the Seminary is completed.

—J. D. Rankin's, '75, congregation at Denver, Col., will soon build a new house of worship, which will have a seating capacity of 1000 and is to cost $25,000, the half of which has been raised.

—Dr. J. R. Brittain, '68, of Englewood, Ill., has resigned his pastorate of the Englewood church. The church is a special mission under the care of the Board of Home Missions of the U. P. church.

—Invitations were out for the marriage of Rev. E. O. McFarland, '82, of Glensdale, Pa., to Miss Anna Corbit, daughter of Rev. W. P. Corbit, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on February 5th, at Brooklyn. We extend our hearty congratulations.

—Miss Minnie Lewis, '89, is a successful teacher in one of the Mercer county schools.

—J. S. Swogger, '89, at the Theological Seminary in Allegheny, paid a visit to his home last week. He is looking well and hearty and says they are getting along nicely. Also that Rev. K. W. McFarland is well and progressing rapidly in his work.

—Mr. E. B. Ferguson, '90, died at the home of his father, in Franklin county, Jan. 3d. He was a brother of our President, Dr. Ferguson, and was beloved by all who knew him. He lived a long life in a few years, if thoughts and deeds are the true measure of life. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to all his mourning friends.

—Rev. R. M. Russell, '80, of the Sixth church, Pittsburgh, preached on the day of prayer for colleges in the Second church here, to a large audience. His discourse was fine, full of pleasing illustrations of his points and one which renews us in the work of winning souls to Christ, or incites us to that work. Indeed it was picturesque. In his church, at the recent meetings, a very large number were received into membership of the church.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Reports from Muskingum College show a large increase in the number of students over previous terms.

—Alexander Montgomery, of San Francisco, has given $250,000 to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of California.

—In Germany the preparation for a professional career covers from two to three times the period spent in this subject in America.

—By the bequest of Matthew Thoms, over $150,000 has been left to the University of Cincinnati, subject to an annuity of $2,000 for ten years.

—Rev. C. A. Briggs, D. D., was inaugurated Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, on January 21.

—The Prussian Government is very liberal to its universities, giving them large sums every year for running expenses. They also have large endowment funds.

—The Protestant Episcopal Church will establish a college at Kearney, Nebraska; money having been provided for the buildings and for the purchase of a site.

—La Fayette College, Easton, Pa., is trying to raise $10,000 in order to secure $50,000 pledged on condition that the other be raised within a year. The college has an attendance of 322.

—Park College, Parkeville, Mo., reports 101 students in the Collegiate Department, and 226 in the Preparatory, total 327, and also that it has never graduated a student who was not a Christian.

—The Episcopal Church is endeavoring to raise a large sum of money with which to establish, wherever needed, a first-class educational system. Dr. Potter, of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., is at the head of this movement.

—The University of Pennsylvania receives $500,000 from the estate of the late Charles Lenning, of Philadelphia, the income of which is to be used in the Department of Mechanics, also $200,000, the income to be used for free scholarship.

—Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., will not permit any one to sell liquor to its students. The college recently compelled the prohibitory law of Vermont, on the border of which it is situated, to be enforced against a man who would cater to the students.

—The President has upon recommendation of Congressman Townsend and Adjutant General Kellon, directed that First Lieutenant Charles W. Howell, of the Second Infantry, U. S. A., be detailed as Professor of Military Tactics and Science at Grove City College, which now has a membership of 325 students.

—From the catalogue of Amherst College, we learn that there are 84 in the senior, 90 in the junior, 100 in the sophomore, and 73 in the freshmen classes. The are 22 professors in the faculty and 7 instructors. Much enthusiasm has been aroused by the coming of the new President, Dr. Merrill E. Gates.

—As proven by the increased facilities for work, by the thoroughness of work done, by the renewed energetic actions of our college faculties and the increasing interest of the people of America in education, surely the colleges of this country are improving and will be able to guide the thoughts of the world.

—Prof. William G. Ballantine, the lately elected President of Oberlin College, is descended from noble ancestors. He is also the fifth in a direct line of college graduates. After holding many high offices in different colleges, he went to Oberlin in 1878, where he has held two prominent professorships, until now, when he takes the President's chair. He is one of the foremost educators in the country.

—At the inauguration of Charles F. Thwing, D. D., as President of the Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, on Feb. 4, addresses were to have been made by the retiring President, Dr. H. C. Haydin, by ex-President Hayes in behalf of the trustees, by Prof. L. F. Potwin in behalf of the faculty, by Prof. A. C. McGiffert for the graduates, and President Eliot, of Harvard College, followed by the President's inaugural address.

ART NOTES.

—Misses Lytle and Junk and Mr. Barr are at work in crayon.

—Miss Borland is at work on a large study of trumpets in oil.

—The chickens under Miss Chamberlain's pencil speak well for her first work.

—The study of horses being crayoned by Miss Lytle is a picture of gentle patience.

—Miss Stewart is painting the study of an eagle darting for his prey in a pond, on the mountain top among the clouds.

—Miss Sadie Elliott is again in the studio, and is working in crayon. She is now executing one of the figures from the "Angelus."

—A lowland scene, entitled "Through Meadows Green," is the study nearing completion under the brush of Miss Grace Perkins.

—Miss McKee's bunch of apples and Miss Haney's cluster of tulips are being executed in oil. These are the first studies of each of the ladies.

—Miss Clara McConnell, who spends all her time in the studio, divides it between china painting and oil painting. She has on her canvass a pastoral study. The expression of the flock portrays a nice representation of the deserted "Ninety and nine."

—A rose bowl or Polyanthus is the subject of a painting now nearing completion by Miss Margaret Anderson. The flowers crowding over the bowl's edge until some have fallen to the table present a very pleasing appearance. She is also working on crayons from casts.

—"A Mountain Scene in the Catskills" is the title of the study which Miss Chapin is now painting. The huge mountains towering up on either side of the winding valley, the flowing stream, the thick foliage, the sentiment of peaceful grandeur produce the effect of the sublime.

—"A Cup of Tea" is the title of the study of still life which Miss Andrews is painting. A cream pitcher, a teapot, cup and saucer, all of painted china, and a few loaves of sugar, make a very pretty study.

—That Miss Hodgen is a true artist and an efficient instructor is manifest from her own work and that of her pupils. A study from still life of a bluejay hung on a nail with three narrow boards as a back ground well represents her work. The lifelessness of the bird is a verisimilitude of the actual scene and the knots and grain of the boards are so natural as to deceive.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Let a man once show the world that he feels afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels.
Let him fearlessly face it; 'twill leave him alone,
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.—[Ex.

—New HOLCAD staff (?)

—"Break away there"!!!

—Preliminary contest will be Apr. 16.

—What does Ken. know about "Hoot-owls?"

—McVean: "Are those seats in front observed?"

—An interesting contest in the cupid line is on the boards.

—Prof. Koch is a great if not the greatest Germ—man.—*Ex.*

—The people at the Hall do not have ague, but only the shivers.

—The Sophomores begin to read their Latin essays February 24th.

—This country ought to be remodeled to suit Rudyard Kipling.

—Mattie McMichael, of New Castle, has been visiting friends here.

—G. W. is getting very gray. "Association begets assimilation."

—A private gymnasium will soon be in operation in Lininger's Hall.

—Miss Linnie Hodgen attended the art exhibition in Pittsburgh last week.

—The alumnae of certain societies are not so generous as they get credit for.

—Prof. Swan was confined to the house a few days recently by a severe cold.

—Life is now sweeter than before to Keith, King, Moore and three fair damsels.

—A revelation from a sharp freshman, "Children in Scotland are called kine."

—Messrs. Robertson and Veach spent the Sabbath of February 8th in New Castle.

—Whatever the new chapel may lack, it is one Westminster need not blush to own.

—About $500 were bequeathed to the college by Mrs. Lockhart, lately deceased.

—Why should Koch lymph pay duty? It interferes with home consumption.—*Judge.*

—D. P. Smith received a hard blow with a "shinny block" some days since while skating.

—Nannie Cowden, of the music department, is recovering slowly after a severe illness.

—The title of the coming drama is "The Flowing Bowl." The plot and cast are excellent.

—A challenge to an Athletic contest has been received from Geneva. It was promptly accepted.

—Perry, we have borne a great deal, but we will surely mob you if you ever ring that bell at 6 o'clock A. M. again.

—Miss McLaughry says that "beauty draws smoke, and the Junior class is the only class her stove will smoke for."

—It is odd how little attention the Leagorian piano gets when a certain couple go there to "practice" some afternoons.

—J. S. Lindsey was called home recently to the bedside of his father, who was seriously injured by the kick of a horse.

—"Sullivan reminds me of a great religious leader." "You mean when he leads the right?" "No; John Knox."

—Bertha Black is pursuing the study of music under the direction of an efficient teacher at her home in Tarentum.

—"It is no difference whether you tell the truth or not in German." Miss McLaughry is authority for the above statement.

—Say——! what made you shave off your mustache?" "Oh!——said it always made her feel *down* in the mouth."—*Ex.*

—Some have been considering the propriety of posting bills on the front door of Mrs. B's house just for Jordan's convenience.

—It has been arranged that the Y. W. &

Y. M. C. Associations shall hold union meetings once a month in the college chapel.

—We were horrified in German class to hear one young lady boldly declare her delight in such questionable drinks as beer, wine, &c.

—In the consideration of a name for the A. & P. C. society, "Philolathean" was dropped and the name "Chrestomath" was adopted.

—Miss Gibson's beaming countenance has been seen among us for a few days much to the enjoyment of all, and especially "some."

—The faculty will elect the Business Manager of the HOLCAD this year. Formerly this position has been filled by a vote of the staff.

—It is getting quite fashionable to go to some one else's room and give it the appearance of having been visited by a cross-eyed cyclone.

—Dunn presented a picturesque (?) appearance shoveling snow out of his room one A. M. some days since. He is after a man with new gum boots.

—The question for debate is, "Should the Public Observance of the Sabbath be Enforced by Civil Law?" McKinney affirmative, Russell negative.

—The $8,000 bequeathed to the college by Mr. Scouller, of Erie, does not come into possession of the college until after the death of Mrs. Scoulier.

—Robertson, speaking of Lafayette, on debate, said, "He faught many bottles." It was obvious to all that Charles meant to say, "He fought many battles."

—T. B. Trimble and C. G. Jordan were appointed as delegates to the convention at Geneva to arrange a list of Athletic events for the coming contest.

—Senior airing his knowledge of comparative anatomy. "Birds have two legs and two wings," and then after a moment's thought adds, "I am sure of that."

—Little Jack Horner sat in the corner eating concentrated lye. His mother came in; he had emptied the tin, they will meet in the sweet bye and bye.—*Ex.*

—Prof. M: "Mr. Lutton, tell us what you know about that verb." Lutton: "Well—um —ah— That verb is just a common Indicative Infinitive." Collapse.

—A junior, claiming to be a fine biology specimen, was asked: "To what Kingdom do you belong, vertebrate, or invertebrate? The questioner still awaits the reply.

—Miss ——— "I was curling M.'s hair the other morning andthe poker slipped and I burnt his forehead. I know it hurt him, but he never said anything." Poor boy!

—There is a girl in Ann Arbor, Mich., to meet whom I never could wich. Though I'd buy her ice cream, till with colic she'd scream, she'd cry "fill up my dish."—*Judge.*

—The Westminster Quartette expect to go on the road soon, engagements being closed at Xenia and other places. We gladly add our voice to the swelling chorus of praise.

—Prof. McKelvey's entertainments are always a success. He is a good reader and a fine performer.—*Ligonier Echo.* Mc. expects to give an entertainment during this term.

—The ladies of the Leagorean Society wish to inform the much interested public that, after careful investigation, it has been found that none of their ages very much exceeds forty years.

—Overheard at a party. "Miss S. seems to attract a great deal of attention from the students." "Well! that is nothing strange." Oh! yes it is! The boys don't usually take kindly to the rising belle.

—Three of the boys in New Castle go "calling." Two of the boys somewhere, the other one somewhere else. Two boys start home and passing the house where No. 1 is calling, they call him out, when he promises to be down town in fifteen minutes. The boys wait

down town on him for an hour and a half, and when he shows up he declares he thought he only stayed fifteen minutes. Pctie ! Better not have the clock stopped the next time.

—With this issue of the HOLCAD we step down and out, to make room for new "victims." May they make none of our mistakes, have all of our enjoyment, and be free from the pains that we have suffered.

—Dr. F. in Psychology : "Going to college usually takes the conceit out of a man, doesn't it, Mr. King?" W. H. hesitates and the Dr. continues. "Oh ! I don't have any particular reference to you, Mr. King."

—Mr. T. walking home with a young lady, passes his room and remarks: "It is going to rain ; just wait a moment till I run up and get an umbrella." Young lady: "Mr. T., if you run up to get an umbrella, you may stay."

—Ladies Hall: M. A.—"I am going to have the oldest one." H. P.—"Well then I will have his younger brother." M. A. "You and Miss——can divide up on him." H. P. —"No Indeed, we don't divide any more."

—Mottoes seen over a cabin door in Denver a few years ago : "Toughed it out here four years. Result, 5 tow heads, 7 yaller dogs ; 250 feet down to water, 50 miles to wood and grass, h— all around. God bless our home." —*Ex.*

—The Hon. Sergius Stepniak delivered his lecture on "The Reformatory Movement" to a large crowd in the Second church the evening of February 5th. Respect for our paper forbids the repetition of comments more forcible than poetic.

—Campbell, in Greek history : "After the battle the Greeks marched back." Prof. M: "Yes; but. Mr. Campbell, you will observe that this battle occurred on the island." Mr. C: "Oh, certainly ; but it was connected with the main land."

—The man who slyly allowed his arm to stray "out of place" while walking home from the skating place is not to be blamed—who wouldn't have done the same. But perhaps more appropriate places might have been found than the one selected.

—Mrs. Jones, leaping into bed and applying her icy feet to Jones: "It is awfully cold, ain't it darling? I don't envy the people who live in Greenland to-night, do you?" "Yes!" howled Jones, as he got out of bed and went to sleep on the oilcloth.—*Ex.*

—Prof. Thompson to Biology class: "I would like to mention that "lair" don't spell "layer." "Well, what can you expect, Professor? Have you not made the Seniors recite with us? When they get that they can't spell "horse," we will ask for a change."

—The *Geneva Cabinet* asked in a late issue why the HOLCAD did not mention the ball game at New Wilmington? Well! why should we record in a college paper a game between a scrub nine and the *Beaver Greys*? Save your powder till you cross bats with our *nine*; you will need it all then, unless you can strike some more Beaver Greys.

—One young man is deeply interested in the preparation of the oration he expects to deliver on preliminary contest. "Cause why" he had entirely forgot that his lady love had come back to town the evening of the lecture until he heard the last bell ringing. Then there was a "hurrying in hot haste" to meet the forgotten damsel coming to the lecture with a substitute escort.

—Two professions: "You ne'er can object to *my* arm 'round your waist, and the reason you'll readily guess. I'm an editor, dear, and I always insist on the "liberty of the press:" "I'm a minister's daughter, believing in texts, and I think all the newspapers bad. And I'd make you remove your arm, were it not you are making the "waste places glad."—*Judge.*

—An old New England preacher who was opposed to the way the younger females of his congregation wore their hair, decided to

preach against it. On the day the sermon was delivered he announced as his text the words, "Top knot come down." The astonished flock learned later that the words were taken from the text, "Let him that is upon the house top not come down."

—Mrs. Dr. Smith inculcating the history of Elijah's translation in the mind of young Mac thinks she has succeeded in her object and asks, "Now Mac, how did Elijah go?" Mac: "On Bobsleds."

—The custom of clapping when young gentlemen appear in the lecture room with the "apple of their eye" in all the sweet, bewitching modesty of a new "mash," is one that should be immediately discontinued. It savors decidedly of "backwoodism," and besides being a boorish custom, is embarrassing to the victims, and the lecture committee is receiving much deserved criticism for allowing its continuance. Second Preps. who don't know any better ought to be forcibly enlightened.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were adopted by the ladies of the Leagorian Literary Society:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove by death James Hanna, father of our sisters Ina and M. Maud Hanna; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the ladies of the Leagorian Literary Society, tender to our sisters our most earnest and heartfelt sympathy while they are called upon to drink the bitter cup of bereavement and sorrow, and commend them for comfort and consolation to Him who "doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men," but whose mission is to soothe and support the wounded in spirit, and bind up the broken heart.

That through them we likewise extend to their family and relatives our sincere condolences, in their hour of darkness and distress, for the loss of their father, who is "not lost, but is gone before."

HANNAH PEEBLES,
LOELLA DONALDSON, } Com.
BELLE COMIN,

EXCHANGES.

The *Pharetra* makes a new departure this month and enters the ranks of the illustrated newspaper. Its picture of Wilson scenes is worthy a *Lampoon* or a *Judge*.

An editorial in the Bethany *Collegian* on the general subject of college etiquette is worthy a perusal. It will be found to contain advice applicable to students of other colleges than Bethany.

One of our exchanges complains of the action of some college papers in using matter found in exchanges without any recognition. We heartily condemn this practice; indeed, we believe that circumstances which warrant a quotation of an article are very rare, and this practice is only an expedient to make up for a lack of literary matter. The extent to which it is carried is such that in a large number of our papers the exchange columns are made up entirely of clippings, and many of them publish the same articles until one is weary of the constant presence of such an article; as, for instance, the verse beginning "Non paratus," etc. Let us have less paste-pot and scissors and more originality.

The *Colby Echo* publishes the constitution and by-laws of a conference committee, the purpose of which is the enforcement of college discipline by the students. In this plan a student's honor is appealed to, his manliness is aroused and there is placed upon him a responsibility which he will take pride in sustaining. Why not try this plan elsewhere? It seems very feasible, and the experiment can do no harm if, as at Colby, the faculty reserve the right to resume the initiative "whenever the students are unwilling or unable to accomplish the end desired." We can scarcely conceive, however, of such a case arising unless moral sense and college spirit are at a very low ebb.

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THE HOLCAD.

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SELF-SURRENDER.

Foes are found everywhere. They are often met when least expected. In all created nature the universal instinct teaches self-preservation.

The tiny plant takes from the soil and from the air around what is best fitted to sustain life. The animal instinct carries this thought higher and leads often to destruction of other life, if need be, to sustain its own; yet in all this the inclination of nature is not abused. Only in the highest and noblest of created beings is the natural inclination misapplied. In man alone does self become a tyrant. In many natures self is man's worst enemy. So strong a power it holds over his destiny that even the actions of daily life are prompted by its influence. The power of self may be silent, hidden; but it is deep. Hidden foes are the most difficult to conquer. Self is often a ruling motive in all our plans. This, perhaps, may not be realized until some alteration, some sacrifice is called for. Too often do men direct all the enthusiasm of youth, all plans for success and all the influences of life toward self. Thus none but the poorest and weakest forces are given to the life man was designed to serve. True self-surrender cannot be where work is so permeated by these motives. For a time all may be well but plans are often thwarted. Some darling scheme which has been cherished fails, and in the moments of quiet reflection the unlovely purposes of the work are clearly seen. Self must be subservient to conscience. When this quiet voice is heeded, temptations are resisted, character is strengthened. Man has been true to himself. "This above all. To thine own self be true." He who would surrender self must feel and know what crosses are. Self denial measures the man. If real worth is in the character, it will be revealed in time of trouble. When the world goes well, when heaven smiles and man's work is successful, he is happy. But see! How quickly is the sky o'ercast with clouds. Here is one, who with the artist's brush and pencil would seek to imitate nature, in her exquisite forms and colorings. Already has he attained to certain note. But disease o'ertakes him and when he recovers from its withering touch, sight is gone. Those rose-tinted visions of success and fame are darkened forever. This affliction, severe though it may be, is a means of bringing the individual very close to the Master, and this nearness to Infinite life imparts a meek submission. One who has been trusted, loved, lived for is taken from the scenes of life. Friends mourn; but "their chastened spirits bow beneath God's will." "For sorrows are in mercy given to fit the chastened soul for heaven. Prompting, with woe and weariness, our yearning for that better sky." A complete surrender of selfish interests sometimes costs much disappointment, much pain. A rough block of marble is cut and chiseled. Sharp and rapidly fall the blows, driven by the master hand. The form, though at first imperfect, is subdued into softer lines. Life

itself seems breathed through those cold features. The workman is repaid as the unshapely block becomes transformed into a statue of rare beauty. So with man when surrendered into the hand of the Divine workman. The blows may be severe and frequent but these chiselings, this discipline, will tell. "Crosses are the ladders that reach to heaven." The heart that dwells in the sable shade of sorrow is more susceptible to influences for slumbering energies are readily aroused while sympathies are ever deepening. As the shepherd's lute sounds sweetest in the stillness of night, so are the Divine promises more precious as they reach the soul through affliction's darkness. These moral battles bring new life. Strength comes through the victory; for this is in truth a victory, this conquest of self. The greatest of conquerers is he who masters self. Human strength has proven insufficient in the hour of extremity. A mightier will than man's is needed. The mariner learns his best lesson through storm and tempest. How eagerly he peers into the darkness for the light from yonder tower. How gladly he welcomes that beam of light that is thrown across the waves. So shall the storm-tossed soul welcome the light from the other shore and trust to its guiding rays. As the eye of faith holds steadily its gaze upon the immaculate example of self-sacrifice, the soul is inspired to nobler thought and action. By the glorious example in the hour of Gethsemane's temptation, the human sufferer becomes obedient; self is subdued and all is left to the Father s will. As the splendor of the revealed works of the Creator are contemplated a grander conception is gained of the might, the power of Him whose aid was petitioned, to whom all was surrendered. "So long thy power hast blessed me, sure it still will lead me on o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone." The peace which follows complete surrender reigns and the heart is made to abound in charity, for the more the perfect life is studied the truer will it be reflected. The home of a Galilean peasant was not too mean a place for thirty years of obscure toil. The Nazarene must wait until his time for work. Force of character is as truly shown by the one who waits as by him who urges forward for success. The world reads the lives of men. A real influence has been exerted by every life. It, perchance, was shrouded in obscurity, a life of quiet, unrecorded service, but the atmosphere around was purified.

This life was lifted above all things narrow and selfish. Love took up the harp of life and smote on all its chords with might. Smote the chords of self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight, and the whole being is thrilled with the desire to work for others. The language of the heart is understood. The life speaks in unconscious eloquence. Man's character is his message. A pebble is tossed into the silvery brook. Small wavelets rise. They rest not but hurry onward widening in their course. The gentle influence of one loving soul, transmitted by "the happy service of a yielded heart," reaches out, widening as it spreads on its saintly mission. The surrendered heart is filled with a Sabbath calm, which descends as a baptismal blessing, testifying to that peace which passeth knowledge. Faith looks out upon the future, she discerns a happy scene. A scene mellowed by the hallowing light of purity, for here the beautiful will of the Unseen Guide is ever studied.

> "Strike! thou the master; we thy keys,
> The anthem of the destinies.
> The minor of the loftier strain
> Our hearts shall breathe the glad refrain,
> Thy will be done."

Methinks this sweet strain shall be echoed by the angel choir; and the golden harps, touched by the heavenly currents shall vibrate to celestial music as the seraph voices chant, "Thy will be done."

ELIZABETH CHAMBERLAIN.

OUR NEED.

First freedom, then wisdom! More than a century ago, the American people fought for freedom, Ere the discordant sound of shrieking shells had ceased, heroes died. The broken fetters fell. At last peace came and spread her snow white wings over a weak but zealous infant republic. True men were intrusted with maping out the future course of the nation. Laws were then set forth. They seemed to be perfect in every respect. So perfect that for a time they were cherished as almost sacred. But long ere this have many of them been tried and proven imperfect; "weighed in the balances and found wanting." The people are gradually becoming dissatisfied with some of these long cherished regulations. Yet mark you the uproar at the very mention of a reform—a change that will elevate the moral standard of the country. To many, a reform looks like a volcanic outburst, destructive and fatal. Voices many are raised in complaint. Their fiery clamor is at once like that of a helpless lion. But time and opposition weaken this until it is as the wail of a child in the night. At first there was lacking the clear articulate speech of a man who, seeing a great wrong, would sound a trumpet call to all who would taste the fierce delight of battle.

Take a close survey of the affairs of our nation at the present time. Do you not see an abundance of room for improvement? Are there not laws that demand reform for the sake of our national welfare? Examine our present election laws. Are they not lacking in many respects? Do they not fail to prevent frauds or to stay corruption? It is true that the last decades have witnessed some progress in the perfecting of the electoral system. Under the compelling power of public opinion, various abuses have been corrected or mitigated. Yet opportunities for fraud still remain which must be overcome.

The chief aim of patriotic citizens is to remove this political corruption which presents three distinct phases. The first of these is intimidation of wage workers by employers. This evil, though great, is diminishing. It appeared but a few years ago in our very midst, in an alarming degree. Employers of labor undertook to coerce their workmen to vote for that man whom they would designate, disregarding the opinions of the voters.

Again, the direct bribery of voters has been carried to an extent sufficient to interfere with the purity of popular choice. That this evil is increasing, and likely to increase, unless met and destroyed, cannot be disputed. A still greater evil, of recent origin, is rapidly growing and becoming an imposing menace to the purity of the ballot-box. The voter demands pay for voting. When this is classified as a distinct evil, it is necessary to distinguish it from that bribery which induces men of one party to vote the ticket of another. This form of bribery grows out of the belief that it is not necessary, or is not a duty to vote —that the exercise of the franchise is not worth the time or trouble, unless prompted by pay. These men could not be persuaded to vote against their party or against their principles, yet they must be paid for voting. But, once aroused from their lethargy, the mercenary influence, although strong, is not sufficient to overcome their own opinions. No such an evil institution as money has ever come to men. It has dismantled cities; it has driven men from home; it has crushed the very life out of loving mothers, and sent them broken hearted to their graves; it has enticed the honest inclinations of morals to turn to base actions; it has taught men to learn villanies, and to know the impiety of every deed.

These evils do not belong to any one party. Men of all parties without doubt have perverted the spirit of the law, even when they have not offended against its letter. The honest

historian will be obliged to record that the machinery of the purest parties, at certain times and places, has been alienated to unlawful and unworthy purposes, which are at variance with the "true intent and meaning" of the constitution. The divine law, the dictates of conscience, and the interests of humanity are at varance with such records. How shall this political corruption be prevented? There is but one efficient remedy for this evil—a radical reorganizing of our machinery of election—a reconstruction, its chief purpose to render fraud impossible. You see the great demand for a reform—a change that will better the condition of this nation. Where shall the basis for this change be found? Looking away out over the deep and boundless ocean, you see a land from which one would not expect much. This land is Australia. But there you will find that true principle upon which to build, that principle which, if followed strictly, will end the days of bribery and intimidation. This ballot system is a secret one, backed by strict laws against corrupt practices. The voting is done in absolute privacy. This system, although somewhat modified, has been tried in several of the States of this Union. Wherever it has been tried it has, beyond a doubt, shut out these evils which are a curse to any nation.

That a reform such as this is imperatively demanded in the interests of pure government, cannot be denied. Why is it that so many of our best men decline to seek the suffrages of the people? Because our methods are corrupt and degrading. Plato held that persons who should be sought out to be vested with political power are those who are personally most averse to it. This sentiment was re-echoed by Thomas Jefferson when he said, "The office should seek the man, not the man the office." The best men can be called into public service only by the purification of our present electoral system. The Australian system, with suitable modifications, can be made the basis of a radical remedy.

In the unquestioned civic virtue of the people as a body lies the hope of the future. But if election frauds continue till the heart of the nation be affected, and corruption of the ballot becomes a common fact, then—farewell to American liberty, which cannot long exist except in an atmosphere of sound morals and high sense of political as well as moral duty.

E. G. B.

FORCE OF IMPERIOUS CUSTOM.

The inclination of man's nature is reproduction rather than invention. Notwithstanding the almost resistless force of imitation some few break this monotonous boundary and open to us new fields of speculation. Wonderful is the thought that man is endowed with creative powers! Yet how few can express new thoughts! How few can perform new experiments! And how few observe that to which their attention is never directed! The vast majority of mankind are treading in the steps of those who have gone before. Humankind is a race of imitators. What our fathers did, we do. What our fathers believed, we believe. And what our fathers taught, we teach. "Hamilton yielded to the force of an imperious custom," choosing rather to put his life at the mercy of an unprincipled antagonist, than stem the tide of cruel custom. Choosing rather to let his name descend to posterity as a duelist than an honored statesman. Custom's tyrannical power overcame his better judgment. By yielding he deprived his nation of a useful life. But now he is lost to himself; lost to his nation; lost to his family and lost to us.

As surrounding influences may mould the character of an individual, so will they the nation. Give us a king, cries the chosen flock, that we may be as the nations around us! Heart-broken the hoary-headed Samuel warns and remonstrates. Nay, but give us a king! sounds forth in tones of coarse demand. Right must yield to custom's might. The sage, the prophet and the hero must bow in submission to her imperative demand. Her influence is more powerful than kings; more enticing than queens. He who refuses custom's demand must be a hero; he must be able to stand alone: he must have his feet founded upon the rock of stability; his decision must be inflexible; his judgment firm and his character strong. Kings may command that which it takes a Daniel to refuse. Nebuchadnezzar occupies great Babylon's throne. Dare a Hebrew captive cross the line marked by the king's own hand? Could he break the chain custom and the king has made? Would not sudden death await him who dared refuse the wine and meat Babylon's king provides? When in the very jaws of death known wrong is earnestly resisted, worth of character shines forth with crystal brightness. Regardless of his danger there was a hero in the palace who could overcome the pomp of Babylon's greatest king. See, there stands a meek and modest lad with a heart as true as steel to right and justice. His request is granted and custom's law is broken, and Daniel stands pre-eminently the hero of the palace of the nation, and of the age.

Ages come and ages go, and still custom rules as queen. She lifts her conquering hand and grasps the human will. She hurls man's body in the mire. She despoils the soul of bliss beyond. Once a conqueror of the world, often the star of a Roman triumph, and always victorious on the battle-field, yet Alexander fell before the sweeping power of imperious custom.

Francis Bacon, a beacon-light of literary fame, stands confined in London's tower, a victim of bribery's cruel hand, with this and this only as his excuse—all his predecessors had polluted their hands with bribery's coin. Well had it been for Lord Bacon had he exercised enough moral courage and patriotic virtue to sever the chain of former custom. He who said, "Knowledge is power," might well have added, Custom is more than power. Under her commanding influences judges decree injustice. To her princes yield their scepters, and before her kings bow. He who does noble individual actions, governed by his own, in submission to the Divine will, is sublimity personified. But what is more detestable than he who lacks destinctive individuality and thereby yields to custom's law. Yet how often the uplifted hand of queenly custom beckons to the human will, and this king of man's nature bows in humble submission. She hangs her fashion plates on the spires of a French capitol and rules the customs of the world. She sails across the foaming billows and establishes her throne in the metropolis of America. We, the American citizens, step to her music as it flashes along the wires from Wall street's exchange to the Golden Gate. She enters the political arena and drives men on with hope of fame regardless of ability, principle or justice. She stands in our halls of Congress, takes each member by the hand and thus controls the ballot-box. Nay! she even sits in the presidential chair, abides in the executive mansion and rules the public feasts. Shall we let the queen of Imperious Custom rule the American nation? Shall she, regardless of truth and justice, control the grand old Keystone State? Shall we who hold sacred the principles emblazoned upon our national ensign fight under the banner of Imperious Custom? Ye who love the individual, ye who respect power and ye who delight in freedom, turn from Custom's ensign and enlist under the banner of Liberty.

D. P. S.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

Human nature is a puzzle, and it is one never to be solved fully by the mind of man. Susceptible to surrounding influences, it becomes in itself unreliable. It promises one thing, but, circumstances being unfavorable, it provides the exact opposite. A study of this subject shows nature's endowments to be of a widely different character,—frivolity, sobriety; a dissatisfied or a contented disposition; inability, capacity; a spirit of love and forgiveness or of hatred and revenge.

Every individual, whatever his condition, is striving to attain to his idea of perfection. Although Dame Nature has breathed into man the spirit of independence, still, he is not free, but is the servant of his ideal. If the perception be noble and the object in reaching it sincere, the service is a willing and pleasant one. Without effort nothing of importance can be effected. Marked progress in any line is only made when the energies are bent in that direction. Without the stimulus of a lofty ideal, this progress would cease and life would become a mere existence.

The scientist explores the vast field of the unknown in the hope that he may discover some truth that will reflect light into the darkness. The literary person grudges neither time nor labor if he has succeeded in introducing into his work some new and helpful thought, clothed in suitable language. And thus it is in the different walks of life. The level of the present is unsatisfying. An unseen power is urging on man's better self to the acquirement of something nobler, grander. The pathway of promotion leads not through quiet valleys nor by tranquil streams. The thorns and briars are found, but without the roses. Baffled in every attempt, the spirit is ready almost to yield to discouragement, when a ray of hope pierces the gloom. A satisfying reward awaits him who perseveres. The soul, filled with lofty aspirations, throws off the fetters which bound it and goes forth to victory. The banner which in imagination is seen unfurled to the breeze, testifies to the influence and power of the mind's ideal. The ideal is a conception of the mind. He who has formed the true idea of an object, seeks this, not for position or honor, but for the development of a perfected character. Nothing is more real than character. If evil, it is an undying witness against man; if good, it is the safeguard of his life and the herald of a happy future. Character is never complete without the great principle of duty. The faithful performance of duty makes the weakest strong; cements together the moral self and gives such a satisfaction in life as nothing else can can give. At duty's call the truly great ever have responded promptly. The call to them is the same whether it be a summons to the performance of the minor acts of life, or to take their places in the thickest of the battle, there to fight and die, if need be, for the cause they had espoused. Although they fell, they were true heroes and their names shall ever live in the annals of time.

"Life is to labor where'er duty's voice
May call, with strength to spurn the baser choice;
And who so triumphs, angels write his name,
As one deserving more than mortal fame."

It is necessary that the ideal and the real be found together. The one appears as the cause; the other, as the ideal. Were it possible for the one to act independently of the other, the mind would become giddy with fancy or drowsy with monotony. As it is, the ideal is kept modestly in the background and so silent are its workings that the person himself scarcely realizes its identity.

The ideals of life have been compared to the stars hung in the firmament of heaven. The simile holds good throughout. As the stars revolve around the great luminary and receive their light from it, so the lower ideals

have one common center in reference to which they act and from which they receive their power. "The truest ideal must have its basis of conception in the truest real." This is not found in the wisdom of the ancients nor in the learning of modern times. But, from the midst of a poor, despised and ignorant people, there arose one in whom the wisest of eighteen centuries have found no fault. Humble yet beautiful in life, faithful in the fulfillment of his mission of love, grand in his death, he ever stands forth pre-eminently the realized ideal of humanity.

HANNA E. PEEBLES.

THE WAS, THE IS, THE TO BE.

Man is a progressive creature. His avaricious disposition gives to him no rest. Never satisfied with his present condition, he eagerly reaches out, like the mountain climber, for a projecting root or a swaying branch that he may raise himself to its level. And each succeeding step accomplished only strengthens the desire for the following elevation. This spirit of discontent, and the ambition to attain the yet unattained, have raised man from the savagery of prehistoric ages, step by step, until to-day he stands the embodiment of civilization. In the state of barbarism, man was but one degree above the brute, yet through the cultivation of that one degree, was his only hope of progression. In the first stage of barbarism, man's condition was that of the lowest and most brutal savage. "He was bound to no tribe, acknowledged no chief, obeyed no law. All his interests were centered in himself and the little group which constituted his family." For shelter he had nothing but that which nature provided. He had no tools or weapons and without these he was in constant fear of the stronger animals. "His moral nature was on a level with his intellect." No question of conscience ever disturbed his mind. In every conflict "might made right." Let ages roll by, and we see the barbarian transformed from the brute to the man. The dim twilight of legendary history has passed away. Ignorance and superstition no longer control the throne of reason. Genius has burst forth from her dusty cell and, with valor has given the untaught arm its mighty strength. And in the Roman, taught and trained from his youth but for one purpose, we see the brave and valiant soldier. War was man's common occupation. Public sentiment was so unrefined that thousands would sit and view with pleasure the bloody fight of the gladiators, or the fatal shock of the charger. The bravest and noblest men of Rome would peril their lives again and again, simply for the amusement of the enraptured crowd. The intellectual man was unrecognized, while the physical giant was courted and honored on every occasion. Valor has reached its highest perfection. The glory of war is resting on its zenith. In this apparent rest, literature, the herald of higher morality, comes forward and takes up the burden of progression where valor has ceased. At times the burden seemed almost too great, but the polished manners of the present social circle, demonstrate its complete success. No longer does refined society enjoy the rougher sports. Music's sweet symphonies, humor's brilliant repartee now captivate the social circle. Public sentiment has become so cultured and refined that wisdom and eloquence now sway the common mind. The arena, with its bloodshed and death, has gone in the wake of receding ages. War has become a thing of the past. The cannon, with its terrifying roar, now stands with broken wheel. The

musket and bayonet are mouldering into rust. The mighty "Law of Arbitration has raised its lofty throne and wields the sceptre of justice o'er conflicting nations. Questions that years ago cost nations thousands of her bravest citizens, millions of their wealth, and both contesting nations to be bathed in their noblest blood, are to-day settled in the assembly of a few master minds, not with contention and bloodshed, but with peace and safety. Genius in co-operation with valor worked wonders for the Romans. In co-operation with civilization Genius is working apparent miracles for us. By their united effort the globe has been encircled in less than seventy days. By their aid man may stand on the shore of the boundless ocean and speak around the world in a few moments of time. With these united Benjamin Franklin charmed even the fiery thunder bolt, and man now holds its power subservient to his will. And by their union man is now trying to mount upward through the air, as on eagle's wings, and soaring aloft to defy even the angels themselves in their ethereal flights. Shall this next step be taken? Shall the present geometrical progression be mentioned? Certainly. To stand still is impossible. To think of retrograding would call forth the shouts of the millions, "Onward, upward, until the race shall achieve its ineffable destiny." What shall that destiny be? Patrick Henry, in that memorable speech said, "We have no way of judging of the future than by the past." Standing upon the present height of civilization, viewing the past, who, with prophetic eye, can unroll the scroll of coming years and read to us their history? Can mortal imagination be so divine as to read that yet unwritten page? Edward Bellamy has tried it, and we hear the epithets, "Lunatic, fanatic, crank," hissed at him from the critics. But does this theory place the condition of man too high, when he claims that in the year 2000 man shall be so elevated that under a government of perfect communism, he shall live in peace and happiness? Judging from the past, especially from the last fifty years, if this present geometrical progression be continued, shall not man soon return to his primitive state? Shall he not soon be transformed into the likeness of that sinless image in whose form he was first created and from which he fell, by his own fault, to barbarism? Certainly he shall. Perfection is man's destiny. Angelage the goal of the human race. For on the immortal soul, touched by the love of Omnipotent Divinity, will burst the wall of mortality, and lay open to our view the sublimity of the mind. Then will be visible the likeness of the created and the Creator, the human and the Divine. Then, and then only, will the glorious possibilities of human nature be realized.

G. H.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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MARCH, 1891.

EFFORT should be as great as the acquisition is valuable.

THE power of concentration of mind on the one topic for thought, is a stepping stone to greatness.

A MAN is not always or necessarily in error when he entertains views and opinions widely differing from ours.

IT is better to develop our own faculties, however inferior they may be, than to appropriate those of another.

IF the end to be attained be just and good, then no powers, no time, no enthusiasm can rise beyond the demands of the work.

TAKE a retrospective view of the past and see if it is not true, that those whom the world once abused are now the world's idols.

THAT education, without the higher motive of benefiting mankind according to their need, is lacking of one of its essential elements.

A MAN whose chief ambition is publicity of name and fame, shows the world by its possession and exercise, his unfitness for that to which his ambition leads him.

IF we choose among great men for a subject of personal interest, our selection should be one from which spring new inspirations to a purer life and a nobler heroism.

TAKING up the work where our predecessors laid it down, it will be our aim to carry it on with earnestness, relying on our friends to help us, and make the paper a continued success by giving us encouragement and needed criticism.

As a whole body is needed for the abode of a whole soul, so we should do all in our power to fully develop this wonderful mechanism. It has lately become very noticeable that the old custom of athletics, is being revived, and it is to be hoped that all colleges will awake to the need of a thoroughly developed physical structure to be the counterpart of a well trained mind, and also that they will take steps to secure this much needed drill.

THE lecture given in the College Chapel, Friday evening, March 13, by Col. Sanford, was very interesting. The Colonel has been an extensive traveler; according to his own statement he has eaten his bread in every land on the face of the globe. The lecture, "My Travels in China and Japan," abounded in genial humor and pointed witticisms. Numerous anecdotes were repeated, descriptive of the peculiarities of the two peoples. The lecturer paid a high tribute to the sterling honesty and integrity of the Japanese. He regards the Chinese as more treacherous and

not nearly so far advanced in the arts of civilization. The next lecture of the course will be given some time in April by J. T. Hedley. Mr. Hedley is one of the most finished orators on the American platform. He has been here before and his many friends and admirers will be pleased to learn of his intended return.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

—A student's recital will be given before the close of the present term.

—During vacation the Quartette expect to make another tour. No definite arrangements have yet been made.

—That the concert given by the Westminster Quartette at Xenia, O., Feb. 23, was in every respect enjoyable, is evident from the following words of commendation by Rev. J. G. Carson, D. D., of that place: "The pieces rendered were such as are suited to the popular taste, and the accuracy of their rendering, and the harmony of their voices, served to give full effect to their music, and afforded gratification and pleasure to their audience, from beginning to end of their entertainment."

—The recital given by Prof. Leolla Edwards on the evening of March 10, was sufficient proof of her musical ability. The following is the programme:

Sonate Op 53.....Beethoven
MISS EDWARDS.
The Grenadiers.....Schumann
MR. CAMPBELL.
Rigoletto.....Liszt
MISS EDWARDS.
Notturno.....Dancla
MESSRS. RAMSEY AND LITTLE.
Momens Musical No. 3.....Schubert
Etude No 3, Op 10.....Chopin
MISS EDWARDS.
Variations.....Two pianos.....Saint Saens
MISS EDWARDS AND MR. McCLURE.
La Straniera.....Yalberg
MISS EDWARDS.
Honor and Arms.....Handel
MR. CAMPBELL.
La Consolation.....Dussek
MISS EDWARDS.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1859.

This class numbered twenty-three, seven ladies and sixteen gentlemen. Three have been called to their eternal reward.

Rev. A. B. Coleman graduated from the U. P. Seminary in Allegheny in 1861, was licensed in 1862, and sent by Board of Home Missions to Minnesota, where he labored until 1867, when he was transferred to Lebanon, Tenn., where he yet remains. He has labored midst difficulties, even under the reign of the famous "Ku Klux." He has been married twice. To Miss Taylor in 1868, and to Miss Jamison in 1887. He has one child. Present postoffice address is Fayetteville, Tenn.

Rev. A. H. Elder graduated at the United Presbyterian Seminary in Allegheny in 1863. He has held three charges. First at McKeesport, Pa., for twelve years, then at New Lisbon, Ohio, for five years, and at present is stationed at Cleveland, Ohio, as pastor of the Second U. P. church. This pulpit he has occupied for seven years. He was married to Miss Scroggs, of Ligonier, Pa., in 1864. He has two daughters. He writes: "I know of nothing in my humble life that would be of special interest to others, save that it may be pleasing to my fellows to know that a humble and unpretending brother desires to be faithful unto death: fully assured of the crown of eternal life."

Rev. J. B. McMichael, D. D., graduated at Xenia from the United Presbyterian Seminary in 1862. In August of that year he took charge of the Sugar Creek congregation, resigning in 1878. He held the chair of ecclesiastical history in the Xenia Seminary from 1873 until 1878, when he entered upon the duties of president of Monmouth College. To our question, "Married?" he responds with a big "*Yes, sir.*" He wedded Miss Mary Hanna, of Washington, Pa., in 1862.

He has five children living, one in the ministry at Spring Hill, Ind., another is professor of mathematics in the Indiana Normal, another at the seminary at Xenia, while a son and a daughter are still in school.

Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, D. D., graduated at Xenia Theological Seminary in 1863. Occupied the New Scottsville pulpit for three years and nine months and has been pastor of the Fifth U. P. church, Allegheny, for twenty-four years. He has been Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Freedman's Missions since 1870, Clerk of Presbytery for same length of time, and Secretary of the Board of this College for fifteen years. In 1863 he wedded Miss Annie Monroe, of Xenia, Ohio, and has five children living.

Rev. J. A. Bailey graduated at Allegheny Seminary in 1863. He has since occupied the pulpits of Sheakleyville for five years and nine months, Sidney, Ohio, seven years and three months, Wellsville, Ohio, six years, and is at present at Sharon, where he has been for the past eight years. He taught in the Espyville Academy for two years, and was married to Miss Isabella Porter in 1860.

Rev. Jas. Crowe has held the pulpit of the Ninth U. P. church of Philadelphia ever since he left the Seminary. He was married to Priscilla Kane in 1850 and has two children living.

Rev. Jno. McBurney Donaldson graduated at the Xenia United Presbyterian Seminary, and was licensed in 1862. He labored under the charge of the Board of Freedman's Mission at Davis Bend, Miss., as superintendent of a corps of teachers until September, 1864. In 1865 he was installed as pastor of the Mountville and Portersville congregations. In this year he married Miss Emma Drennen, of Northfield, Ohio In 1870 he took charge of the First U. P. church of New Wilmington, and was called from his labors Nov. 26, 1874. He was chairman of the Executive Committee and Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Westminster College. He was the father of four children, all of whom are living. His daughter Francis graduated in '87, and a son and daughter are now in College.

1860.

Rev. Jas. G. Madge graduated from the Allegheny U. P. Seminary in 1867. After graduation he engaged in home mission work for three years in Franklin county, New York, and for twenty-one years he has been pastor of the congregation at Dalton, Ohio. He taught in Turtle Creek Seminary for one year, and was for a time superintendent of schools at McKeesport, Pa. He married Miss Maggie Morton in 1869. He writes: "I have met with few reverses in the affairs of life. My successes have not been special; but always encouraging. My pastoral has been among prosperous and happy people.

Rev. Jos. M. Hutchinson graduated from the Seminary at Xenia, in the class of '63. He then entered the pulpit of the Tenth U. P. church in West Philadelphia. This pastorate he held for four years and six months. For twenty years he occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church of Jefferson, Indiana. In 1883 he married Miss Anna McCampbell and is the father of one child. In June 1883 the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Monmouth College. In '69 and '70 he traveled in Europe, Egypt and Palestine.

J. S. Armstrong taught school at Portsmouth, Ohio, during 1861; was lieutenant of a company of the 117th Ohio Volunteers from 1862 until he became lieutenant of one of the batteries of the 1st Ohio Regiment of heavy artillery. Since the war he has held positions on the P. C. & S. N. L. R. R., and has been United States Government Agent to the Ute Indians of New Mexico. In 1864 he wedded Esther Allison and became the father of five children. At present he prosecutes a successful business as United States claim attorney.

Rev. Geo. P. Raitt graduated at Xenia in

1862, afterwards spent five years in mission work, three years with the Taylorsville congregation, a few years in other mission work, six years as pastor of St. Charles congregation. At present his home is in Newburg, N. Y. In 1866 he wedded Jennette McFadden. They have six children. "He has caused the union with the church of 240 souls, and three congregations now live which he found without hope."

Rev. M. M. Gibson, D. D., graduated at Xenia in 1864, was pastor for two years at Sidney, was sent to San Francisco by the General Assembly in 1866, where he has since labored; was married in 1864 to Miss Frances Smeigh, and is the father of two children, one of which he followed to the tomb. He will, in a short time, celebrate his twenty-fifth year as pastor.

Mrs. Mary Dougherty (nee Mary A. Hunter) taught school at Polard, Ohio, Salem, Ohio, and in this college held the position of instructor. In 1864 she married Agustus Dougherty. She is the mother of one child—a daughter.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—We notice a growing dissatisfaction with the old custom of senior orations amongst our exchanges.

—Miss Morhart won second place on the Ohio State Oratorical Contest. Her subject was "Materialism."

—Stepniak is going the rounds of other colleges. We predict that he will not be wanted the second time.

—An inter-collegiate athletic association has been formed, consisting of Washington and Jefferson, Westminster, Western University, Geneva and Allegheny Colleges.

—The penitence of those who are guilty of misdeeds, when they confront the majesty of civil law, is truly sublime.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—The latest out—HOLCAD staff.

—H. B. VanEaton, '90, is here visiting friends.

—A. M. Robb, '88, visited friends here a short time ago.

—Rev. Mr. Nevin, of Verona, visited his brothers here lately.

—Miss Daisie Morris is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Ramsey.

—Miss Minnie Lewis, '89, has finished her school and returned home.

—Why such a hub-bub when Mr. M. receives a letter from Miss ———?

—Rev. I. T. Wright, '69, of Wattsville, O., attended the funeral of Mrs. Farrar.

—J. W. Witherspoon, D. D., of Allegheny, visited his son James on March 10.

—Miss Wilson, of Eastbrook, visited her sister, Bertha, at the Hall a week ago.

—Prof. Chaney, of Thiel College, has been visiting the college for the past week.

—Miss Emma Campbell will not be in college next term. She is going to teach.

—Mrs. Edwards, of Oil City, is visiting her daughter, Miss Leola, instructress in music.

—Rev. Davis, Springfield, Mercer county, recently visited his son who is attending college.

—Mr. C. now has a novel way of receiving his mail. For further information inquire of Pete.

—Miss Whissen was recently called home for a few days owing to the illness of her mother.

—Mr. McMasters was recently summoned home on account of the death of his grandmother.

—Rev. A. J. Herries, '80, has left his charge at El Paso, Ill., having accepted a call to Ipava, Ill.

—The Juniors in biology are now studying

"Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought."

—Miss A. to Mr. S., leaving the art studio —"Good-bye, honey." Mr. S.—"Good-bye" (Collapse.)

—Junius S. Alexander, formerly of the class of '92, has obtained a position in a store near Wilkinsburg.

—Owing to the illness of R. A. Browne, D. D., of New Castle, Prof. Ferguson filled his pulpit on March 1.

—The Seniors now appear more "potent and reverened" than ever, having finished their course in physics.

—Miss Ella Madge, '89, of Bethel, and Miss Jessie McNaugher, '90, of Allegheny, are visiting friends in town.

—The preliminary contest in oratory, to select the contestant in the intercollegiate contest will be held April 16th.

—Miss Mary Stewart has elicited the sincere gratitude of the Chrestomath Society by presenting it with a fine oil painting.

—Miss. A. has entered into a correspondence with Miss R. of a neighboring village much to the discomfiture of Mr. S.

—Prof. M., collecting fees at the conservatory. Mr. S. goes to pay his dues. Prof. M: "Have you come to pay your boarding?"

—Prof. Mitchell delivered his lecture, "Our Scottish Ancestry," before the students of the Allegheny U. P. Theological Seminary on February 28.

—The lecture, "Travel in Japan and China," delivered by Col. J. R. Sanford, on Friday evening, March 13th, was enjoyed by a large audience.

—Messrs. A. and A. should consult the directory before visiting their sweethearts, thereby avoiding the necessity of arousing their neighbors.

—Mrs. Robinson, of Turtle Creek, accompanied by Miss Haymaker, of Braddock, spent Saturday, March 8th, with her daughter, Miss Irene.

—Prof. (to Sophomore): "Mr. R., what was Miles Standish's favorite maxium?" Mr. R., after a slight hesitation: "It is not good for man to be alone."

—The new seats in the college chapel are evidently comfortable to Mr. R., as he enjoyed the hour of devotional exercises on a Sabbath night in peaceful repose.

—The recital given at the Conservatory on March 9th was highly appreciated, and the program rendered consisted of selections from the most noted composers.

—The Westminster Quartet sang to large and appreciative audiences at Clifton, O., Monday evening, February 23, and at Xenia on the following evening.

—Any one who could see the drawings of the Sophomores in botany would conclude that the love ofthe æsthetic had not faded from the zenith of Westminster.

—R. N. McGranahan, professor of Latin, who has been attending the Allegheny United Presbyterian Theological Seminary, will occupy his former position next term.

—Harry Mealy, who has been attending medical college in Cleveland, now in the office of Drs. Bunts & Weed, of that city, spent a few days with his parents recently.

—Rev. J. M. Farrar, '75, of New York, and his sister, Mrs. Coller, of Youngstown, O., were recently called home to attend the funeral of their mother, who died March 13th.

—Mr. K., reading Xenophon: "The Greeks were advancing in an oval square." Prof. M: "What?" Mr. K. repeats. Prof. M: "Please define that figure." (Laughter.)

—Prof. McGranahan, of Westminster College, was sent to Muskingum by the students' Missionary Society to present the interests of the association to the students of that institution.

—Miss McLaughry (in German): "What do you do, Mr. Mc., when it is dark in your room?" Mr. Mc: "I light the lamp." Miss M: "And how is it then?" Mr. Mc: "Es ist hell."

—The Freshman class has adopted the following class yell and motto: Yell—"Raw yip, ki yip, once more your loudest roar; ki yip, raw yip, '94! '94!" Motto—"Semper in summo."

—The alumni of the college will hold a banquet at the Hotel Schlosser, Pittsburgh, March 26th. Music will be furnished by the Westminster Quartet, a mixed quartet and the college orchestra.

—The Juniors now have a good way of easing their consciences, as Miss McLaughry told them recently that it did not make any difference whether they told the truth or not in German.

—Mr. A: "Professor, isn't the angels dancing a proof that dancing is right?" Prof: "No, I don't think so." Mr. A: "I don't see why." Prof: "Well, be sure you get an angel to dance with."

—The Gymnasium Association at a recent meeting granted to each of its members the privilege of extending his rights in the gymnasium to any lady friend in the college on Mondays from 8 A. M. to 12 M.

—W. A. Leeper, of the Sophomore class, has been elected assistant librarian in the place of Mr. Given, '91, who will resign at the end of this term. Mr. Given has held this position for three years, and has been uniformly courteous and accommodating.

—Dr. Ferguson (in moral science): "I knew of a young man who pointed a gun at a lady friend and, not knowing that it was loaded, shot her. Was that morally wrong, Mr. Koonce?" Mr. Koonce: "Well, he could not be accused of manslaughter."

—The elocutionary entertainment given by C. M. McKelvy, a pupil of Byron W. King, Curry School of Elocution, Pittsburgh, in the college chapel on Thursday, March 19th, was a credit to both Mr. McKelvy and his preceptor.

—The two new street lamps added to the premises of the college are much appreciated. We hope that the town council, which is always abreast with the times in other public improvements, will profit by the example set by the college authorities.

—Prof. Austin, who is pursuing his musical studies in Berlin, has been chosen to sing in one of the churches, an honor which Westminster should not fail to appreciate. There seems to be no foundation for the report that he is to return home sooner than he intended.

—Cannot some method be devised by which a young gentleman can ascertain whether or not his "fair one" has taken her lesson at the conservatory and departed? The cogitations of Mr. B. on the veranda one evening at 11 o'clock might furnish a solution of the problem.

—The recital at the conservatory on Tuesday evening, March 17th, was enjoyed by as large an audience as the seating capacity of the hall would permit. The manner in which the program was rendered certainly proved Miss Edwards and Miss Whissen adepts in their departments.

—At a meeting of the delegates of the colleges of Western Pennsylvania held March 16th, at the Hotel Duquesne, Pittsburgh, an Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association was formed. It was decided to hold a field day in Allegheny on May 30th. The date and place of the oratorical contest have not been definitely fixed.

—Why did Mr. R. buy a wooden bucket?

—Miss M. to Sophomores in literature—"When will Mr. Nye lecture in New Castle? Class—"To-morrow evening." Miss M.—"I wish that we could all go." Mr. B.—"Let's go." Miss M.—"All right."

—Mr. M. reading in the Anabasis: "The however Cyrus." Prof. M.—"Who?" Mr. M.—"The however Cyrus." Prof. M.—"What was his first name?" Mr. M.—"Oh, I don't know what his first name was." Prof. M.—"You have just now given it."—(Collapse.)

—One of the most pleasant social events of the season was the ball given by the young ladies of the conservatory on Saturday evening, March 7. All were dressed in costumes appropriate to the occasion, and artistic programs were distributed. Miss Edwards furnished the music. It is unnecessary to say that ladies only were permitted to enjoy the festivities of the occasion.

—Miss McC. and Mr. K. going down street during a heavy gale. Mr. K's hat is blown off and lodges in a tree. Mr. K. with dishevelled hair and a cat-in-a-strange-garret expression, unceremoniously quits the side of the fair one, and proceeds to climb the tree with the agility of a cat, under the admiring gaze of Miss McC. Moral:—"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

—Prof. Thompson has very magnanimously offered to donate five hundred dollars to the building of a gymnasium, if the students will take hold of the matter. One of these conditions is that they procure a competent instructor for two years. If the students do not close with this offer and take hold of the matter energetically, they will show a decided lack of appreciation of a good thing.

—No better evidence of the lack of physical culture and the need of a gymnasium Westminster can be given than the following: Mr. S. challenges Miss A. to a glove contest, under London prize ring rules; place, room of W. G. C. First round—Mr. S. advances confidently and leads out with a feint which is responded to by a sharp upper-cut. Some sharp in-fighting follows when time is called. Second round—Mr. S. advances looking a little groggy and leads out with his left and in return receives a right-hander from Miss A. on the jaw which knocked him over the rope. When time is called, Mr. S. is unable to respond and the victory is awarded to Miss S.

ALUMNI.

—We have word of an Alumni banquet at Pittsburg, on March 27.

—Rev. Davis, of Pardoe, gave an interesting address to the students in chapel recently.

—A. M. Robb, '88, spent a few days with us (?) last week.

—W. B. Peters, '87, of Volant, has answered the universal summons and is mourned by many friends.

—Let all the strong lunged Alumni attend the coming contest and howl their best for their "Alma Mater."

SOMETHING UNUSUAL.

It costs the Americans about $1,000,000 a year to stop their teeth.

A French physician has declared in favor of a "good cry." He says that groaning and crying during a surgical operation bring down the pulse and benefit the patient.

The Socialists of Germany number 1,400,000, and those of France 1,000,000. They have 104 newspapers, with 600,000 subscribers.

A Hartford, Conn., investor in Kansas lands recently sent an interest coupon of $30 to a debtor in Wichita. The latter genially responded that he had joined the Alliance and had stopped paying his debts.

It is perhaps not generally known that every important factory in Russia is opened with divine services. A great brandy distillery was opened near Kazon, on the Volga, with services conducted by the clergy of that locality.

EXCHANGES.

On taking up the Olio we think it a weighty matter, and on examination the impression is found to be a true one, for it contains twenty-four pages of good heavy paper besides an amount of printer's ink. It presents an attractive appearance and the reader soon discovers there is material therein for careful perusal.

The Vidette gives several characteristics of a good book to which, no doubt, a large number of college students would take exception. This fact, however, does not detract from the truthfulness of the statements. If such books as are there described were read more the moral atmosphere would be purer and healthier.

Ohio State University may justly congratulate herself on the result of the recent oratorical contest. It has been the feeling of lady students for some time that they have been slighted in this literary race. This fact only adds to the glory of the victory and the ladies of the college unite in congratulating Miss Morhart, and wish like success to crown her efforts at the interstate.

The following is sound doctrine and, written by the pen of one whose memory is sacred to Americans, deserves to be brought to the attention of students. "In order to have any success in life you must have surplus power. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let everyone know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy you are too small for it." —*Ex.*

The subject of commencement performances is receiving much attention in different colleges. The question is being asked and answered affirmatively by the Seniors: Would it not be more beneficial to substitute for orations and essays of the class the thought and oratory of some eminent person? If this plan were adopted, the graduate would not have the opportunity of impressing the audience with a sense of his profound knowledge, but this loss would be made good by faithful study in the additional six weeks.

An editorial in the Delaware Review strongly advocates the organization of fraternities in that college, urging that if the members be carefully chosen, "disorganization and disruption, so objectionable and unfortunate to many organizations, would be guarded against and generally prevented; also the firm embodiment of ideas and associations; the formation of friendly relationships to be adhered to firmly and as a means of keeping alive the memories of college life. Most all other colleges have one or more of them and in nearly every case they are successfully carried on, and Delaware can also." The mere fact that other colleges have been so unfortunate is no reason why Delaware should spoil her record. The recollections of college days should be pleasant and be kept vividly in mind after graduation, preserving an interest in students and student life; but that membership in a fraternity would add to the pleasures of these memories, is doubtful. Instead of being conducted through college by acknowledged leaders, let the young man learn to be independent and secure the training which will enable him to take care of himself when he leaves college and college associates. Let him be known to the college world as an upright, useful citizen, and not remembered only as a member of a certain secret college order.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. VII. NEW WILMINGTON, PA., APRIL, 1891. NO. 8

THE WARNING OF GREECE.

The bright summer afternoon is drawing to a close; the descending sun shoots his lances athwart the landscape. All nature seems at rest, all the world at peace. The Greeks, overshadowed by mountains crowned with eternal snow, are viewing the beauties of another day. They look out upon beautiful inland seas and bays, studded with islands, flecked with fleecy clouds that hovered light and vapory, as if a troop of angels in their flight had dropped their mantles and left them floating in mid air. Such is the scenery of Greece.

Greece, the ancient teacher of all nations; the scientific metropolis of the world; the country to which all nations pay homage; the civilizer of mankind. Her capitols have been adorned by a thousand triumphs; her hills clothed with honor to her conquerors; but her valleys strewn with the bones of her oppressed. Here the morning dawned to welcome the sinewy hero; there the twilight faded behind the commands of a cruel tyrant. Here it arose to cheer the countenance of a weeping widow; there it sank to darken the deeds of despots. Here smiling valleys ran with the blood of enemies. Here plains resounded with the clash of contending arms, the triumphs of the victorious, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. Her rivers have been stained with the blood of the slain, crimsoned with the life of her enemies. What mean these fruitful valleys crimsoned with blood?

Athens' and Sparta's relations are severed. The friendly relations of Greece have been broken. As long as the different parts of Greece were in harmony with each other, as long as the love of liberty was their guiding star, they resisted the world.

With Leuctra and Marathon as their inspiration, their forefathers at Thermopylae in memory, they fought for home and native land.

Alexander, when dying, was asked to whom he would give his kingdom, he said: "To the most worthy." But, there seems to have been no worthy one; for from this period the history of Greece tells of nothing but misfortunes, crimes and revolutions.

Whom do we see approaching from the north? It is the fate of Greece. As she arose by the means of force so she fell. She was destitute of true morality; that which Christ taught in a single sentence: "Do to others as you would have others do to you." She wanted that true religion which teaches that all power founded on injustice must perish. Her splendor was acquired by robbery and her fame by crushing other kingdoms beneath her feet; so this imperial kingdom was itself trodden down by the northern nations of Europe.

As in Greece so in other nations. In the words of another: "The world's scepter passed from Persia to Greece, from Greece to Italy, from Italy to Great Britain, and from Great Britain it is departing westward." Like

the star in the east which guided the three kings to the cradle of the Messiah, so the guiding star of the Mayflower was liberty. Liberty of person and above all liberty of conscience. Driven from Greece, exiled from Italy, oppressed in all countries, it cannot die. It is the guiding star of a lonely vessel across the broad Atlantic. It still burns as a pure star fixed in the principles of our government to illuminate the ages in the future. For liberty our forefathers sought the throne of grace. For Liberty they fell at Lexington. We can almost hear the thunder of the broadsides that ushered in that eventful morning. We can see Prescott and his gallant host pausing from their labor to listen to an invocation to him before whom many before nightfall were to appear.

Battles have been fought, blood shed to preserve those principles upon which our happiness depends. Only four times in our history have we been obliged to call a halt in our march to quell disturbances from within and without. And to-day what nation would think of gaining a foothold in our republic? What need we fear from fishery disputes. England loves her people as she ought and will never sacrifice them upon the altar of conquest? No! We are not endangered by foreign power. The fiercest struggle the world ever knew was not between strange lands; but when brother lifted the sword against brother, son against father. Our fiercest struggle was when our nation was torn by civil war and both armies fought upon their own soil. Here, if anywhere, we must look for our future struggles. We are now entering upon the last decade of this century. Everything looks prosperous and bright. The hum of the busy mill is heard upon all sides. Men are hurrying to and from their work; capitalists are not afraid to invest; laborers are purchasing homes and merchants are bearing a smile of satisfaction.

We begin to hope that the era of conflict is past. That our national institutions are founded upon a rock that danger cannot reach. But our hopes are soon blasted. A cloud again appears in our national sky charged with all the elements of danger. An evil spirit has come upon us. A spirit born of old world despotism, arising from the hearts of oppressed and enslaved people, strengthened by the slums and prisons of the land, comes to our shores on the tide of emigration. A name which for nearly a century has been the terror of European governments; a name embracing the Communism of France; the Nihilism of Russia and the Agrarianism of all Europe—the Anarchism of America. This is the name of the power which is attacking our free institutions. It is the cause of the throes of social revolutions. It is a menace and a curse. It was born under the despotism of the old world, has survived all the plagues and miseries of many generations and is sleeping to-day along the banks of our fair streams.

The work of the Commune of Paris was the result of the spirit of Anarchism. The scenes which horrified the people of France during that frightful reign are now threatening this fair land. Its blood red flag has already been waved under the stars and stripes. The streets of Chicago have witnessed its presence. It still plots. Its hands are stained with blood. It increases. How shall the cancer be treated? Nothing but the surgery of sure and swift penalty will cure it. The slumbering virtue of the people must be aroused. Our institutions must be protected, our liberties preserved; our land is an inheritance too sacred to be given to their control. They must be taught that the liberty which the Greeks refused, the spirit of liberty which has been offered to all the nations of the world and rejected, has not appealed to us in vain; that here amid our free institutions, under the protection of our flag she will find a home forever.

G. W. McIntire.

DUALISM IN NATURE AND LIFE.

It is a universal tendency of the mind to seek out the analogy between nature's laws and those of our being. Education may strengthen this tendency, but the untutored savage also feels it and acts according to its promptings. The Druid wishing to make clear to the mind of his savage listeners, man's dependence upon a god, found an illustration of the truth in the growth of the mistletoe on the oak. Nothing can illustrate truth which does not contain truth, and in nature, as the embodiment of truth, we may find reflected the laws which govern thought and action. The close observer of nature is struck with a dualism present in all her forms. So forcible is the impression that new light illumines all her features, and the harmony of her workings is made doubly apparent. Darkness, light, heat, cold, life, death, are the more obvious illustrations of this dualism. The seed, "except it die," shall not be followed by the "blade," the ear or the full corn in the ear. The vine does not possess the strength of the oak, yet its weak tendrils have the power to climb. The dying year is bright with autumn leaves. Where nature has made a gain in one direction she has done so at the expense of a corresponding loss. Here she suppressed beauty to give strength; there she sacrifices strength to beauty. The forms and habits of many of her creatures are illustrative of this law. To the weak and defenseless she has given various modes of self-protection denied to those possessing more effective powers. Where she has bestowed great strength, this strength is a means of livelihood. She even carries this law beyond the requirements of necessity, giving to the eagle his wondrous flight, to the thrush the gift of song. What one enjoys another is denied, and thus everything in nature has its peculiar place and power. In view of this fact one is urged to inquire—is this dualism, so clearly followed in nature, reflected in life? The analogy here may be subtile and evading, but yet may be operating with the utmost harmony. Working in silence, at times lost in the maze of conflicting phenomena, this law is itself the exponent of its justice.

Indeed, as a law, its completeness is displayed by our failure to recognize it as such. We all, knowingly or not, express by our actions a disbelief in a nemesis of justice who allots to all, day by day, their deserved dues. Natural sensitiveness is strengthened and broadened by experience, and we unconsciously recognize this law by agreeing that to fully sympathize with another's pain we must have experienced it. Our sensitiveness, possibly a source of pain to ourselves, is only a disquieted form of power. This dualism governs alike our souls, and the bodies given to their care. Every day we see physical wrecks, the living evidences of the operation of this law.

We are impressed with the fact that the disease of any part of our physical organization weakens it, and that its abuse destroys it. We look for strength as a consequence of proper exertion; health, of temperance; and in every point we must obey these unwritten laws, or suffer. What mysterious power is it that depicts on the face every phase of the life within? Which omits no question of childhood, no weakness of youth, no decision of manhood. The crowded ways are filled with faces which tell of despair, of selfish pleasure, of stoic indifference, of honest, earnest toil. One man's evil face is the herald of his wicked deeds; grief, piously endured, has covered another face with the patient lines of resignation. To the one searching for evidence of this law, the face becomes the manifestation of the life, and the conclusion is unavoidable that the thought of the soul finds a just compensation in the expression of the

face. But deeper than the face this law is working. On the mind it draws its eternal lines. Every regret reveals the truth of Milton's words, "the mind is its own palace, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." Here the law of dualism exhibits its earnest and most striking evidences. The mind of the criminal is never at rest, for maddening remorse is filling it with thoughts of his deed. He seeks to fortify his mind, but the very jest of another unsteadies his hand, and makes his heart beat fast. Even nature turns against him; the winds are even whispering his secret; and his soul grows faint and sick at the thought of eternity. Shakespeare has given us a striking example of this law in the tragedy of Macbeth. Lady Macbeth poured into her husband's ear the poison of a murderous thought, instigated him to do a deed from which he shrank, yet the day came when she found herself the victim of her own murderous thoughts; deep despair seized on her soul. Believing every sound of nature to be instigated by some fiend to increase her torment, in vain she rubbed her hand to wash away the imagined stain of blood. Nor did Macbeth escape. His weaker nature became a prey to evil thoughts, the ghosts of his victims closed the last window of his soul, and fear and hopelessness held fearful sway within. If, for the sake of applause, we clothe our thoughts with exaggerations and absurdities we lose the power to make plain, direct statements; or, if we continually offer cynical criticisms, we shall soon fail to see real beauty. The lives of others will seem like parodies, and our own become doubly wretched. The happy attitude of mind gained through long continued effort for good is the greatest recompense possible in this world. So the ancients believed and practiced. One of them deemed the consciousness of a well spent life and the record of many good deeds done the happiest possessions of old age. If a man attain to this, he has planted within himself a fountain of unfailing joy, and become a source of power and usefulness among others What matters it then if his life be obscure or his actions hampered by poverty; he has the noblest possession on earth—a pure mind.

Again we see this law in the distribution of wealth and poverty. Undoubtedly wealth secures many advantages, but poverty retains the greater influence upon the character. The one is always heavily freighted with care; the other carries us to a higher plane. Horace tells us that poverty drove him to poetry, and poetry gave him his three friends. Horace recognized that wealth was given to his friend, but to himself the gift of song. And he delighted to sing, and that alone was wealth and power and happiness. His experience has been that of many famous men, who found in exile, in destitution, in blindness, a scope and depth of thought till then unfathomed. The separation of the rich and poor in this country is due perhaps to American civilization, yet the poor is not justified in the assumption that providence is less just than nature, for how often do we find great mental power bestowed where material prosperity is denied. The Hebrew prophet recognized the dualism of life when he said, "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," and the noblest lives have testified to the truth of his words, human experience being their one great fulfilment. Indeed struggle and hardships have fostered the truest development of some whose lives would otherwise have been poor and barren. Native aptitude is as often indicated by defeat in one pursuit as by success in the direction of natural talent. How many men failing in one profession have been led to choose another, in it finding fame. Cowper failed at the bar, yet afterward relit the poetic fires of English literature. Goldsmith was no surgeon, but the story of "Sweet Auburn" finds listeners the world over. Failure is the greatest teaching force in human experience. Men learn through her that which neither

poverty, praise, nor necessity can teach. Failure often precedes success, for by taking away false estimates of power, by pointing out the difficulties of our path, she imparts that self-control, that experience without which success may turn again to greater failure. A great mind needs these rude shocks to break it up into activity, and requires the night of failure to give strength for the day of success. The mountain daisy, "wee modest flower," found immortal remembrance when, about to be buried under the sod, it caught the poetic eye of Burns. So we may receive from poverty a stimulus to action; we may make a failure a stepping-stone to success; in death we may find the noblest, broadest life. This is the equalizing force in the world of matter and mind, under its phases of life, seemingly incompatible, are adding strength each to each. Hence it becomes at once a warning and an encouragement. A warning in that it follows evil with evil, good with good. Its encouragement is best expressed in Milton's words, "Our greatness will appear then most conspicuous when great things of small, useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse, we can create, and in what place soe'er thrive under evil and work ease out of pain through labor and endurance." F. B.

THE LOST CHORD OF LIFE.

There's a deep pure tone in the music of life,
But perfection on earth is not given;
There's a low sweet chord in the musical tone,
But the sweetest chord comes from Heaven.

Perfect happiness has been sought in all ages and by all nations. To our first parents this was for a time granted; but the tempter appeared and led them to believe they were still deprived of many pleasures which he alone could give. Although the sound of their Creator's words had scarce died away they yielded, and thus brought the human family into a sinful and unhappy state. In this state it ever seeks happiness, but finds much discord, chiefly because man is ever forgetful of the source of all that is pure and beautiful, and thus does not realize the perfection of the divine being.

In some respects the body is to the soul what a house is to its occupant, yet how superior the structure which God erected to that which man has built. Its foundation is much more firm, and it contains that into which God alone can find an entrance. Were it possible for man to see how much greater is his anxiety concerning the wants of the body than those of the soul, he would have a clearer perception of why trials come when pleasures are desired. In the music of life the harmony is by no means perfect. Its tones are as varied as the hearts into which they flow. In each breast there is a battle going on between earth's pleasures and the higher joys developed in the soul. The true inner man is not revealed until his secret thoughts are overcome by his evil desires, and every such desire, however natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. In whatever path we walk we scatter seeds which will yield abundant harvest to our future destiny.

It is said that on the banks of the Rhine the sound of a trumpet may be heard at different periods on opposite sides of the river alternately, and if a bar of music be played upon a bugle, the notes will be repeated by an echo three times, each time lower than before. How enchanting would be the effect! But had the sounds been harsh and grating, the echoes would have been the same. So the music of life is frequently jarred by failing to send forth

such a series of notes as unite in perfect harmony. The music of every soul begins when the infant feet take the first steps into the outside world, and the tender fingers so free and yet so willing to be burdened are gathering the first daises of spring. As yet all is melody, and care so deep that it cannot be dismissed at the voice of mirth or the song of a bird is unknown to the heart as yet so pure and happy. It is then that the voice of nature is most heeded, as she bids all come and enter her portals, for nature's realm is, indeed, a structure of God, built on earth for man. She receives youth within her walls not only to be entertained but also to be taught. Among her pupils are the painter and poet, and the minds of these become as emblems of herself.

What a lesson may be gathered from the germination of the seed; how uniformly the germs obey their destiny! However carelessly a seed may be placed in the ground, the germ which forms the root, and that which is the architect of the stem, will seek their way —the one to light, the other to darkness—to fulfil their destiny. Nature teaches by the pure instinct of her own purity, and thus elevates and refines the affections, and impresses upon the mind of man the author of all that is beautiful and good and opens the way to the real mission of life. Years pass by and the child is developed into manhood. But God has given talents which must be exercised in other spheres than that of nature, and so he leaves her portals to return when he may bring with him wealth and honor. The harmony of life by degrees is broken; and he realizes that the music which he enjoyed in earlier years must have been furnished by another, or that on the way to manhood he has lost some note which in early life blended with others to form a perfect chord. This suggests to him the thought that as he is reaping from seeds sown not alone by his own hand but by others as well, so his works through life will tend to ennoble or degrade his fellow man, and that each act of every man contributes either to the harmony or discord of life. Each is his brother's keeper, and may use his influence either to ripen a soul for Heaven or sink it to hell. For him whose will is weak Satan strives to make his friend, as he appears not in the form of a serpent, but rather in that of an angel; on his countenance plays a false but fascinating smile. If victorious, he soon leads his victim so far into the way of sin that to turn him to the right may seem impossible. But so long as among even many vices one virtue can be found he may still attain to much that is true and noble; for to every one has been given some talent, which if rightly used must bring him peace and honor. This, however, cannot be obtained in a day—it may require years. But as the body is stronger at noonday than in the morning of life, so the soul will be strengthened by each temptation it has overcome.

> The heights by great men scaled and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night.

If this active principle reside in man, although he has not perfect control over the materials with which his daily thoughts are woven, yet in such a soul the delusions of the world will certainly not find a resting place. Every age proves the ambition of man, and that it is of such a nature as not to be broken down by oppression nor crushed by indulgence. No conqueror ever yet subdued kingdoms enough. When Bonaparte had become Emperor of France he aspired to the throne of Europe. But where would be our happiness and security if the truly great of our country's most brilliant characters had not set weakness at defiance and gone forth fearlessly looking beyond their own day and destiny? It is an ordinance of God that man must be employed or be unhappy. When labor is begun the comfort which enables us to endure, is the prospect of victory in the end. Were it not for this, life

would seem but a blank. Could we have no future prospects, the work of the present would pass undone, and mankind would pass into indifference and despair. But as he who on earth plants the seed, watches the swelling bud and opening bloom and gathers in the fruit, so in Heaven there is one watching the hearts and guiding the steps through childhood's weakness and through manhood's strength. Old age he leads homeward, back by the way of childhood. This is a second childhood. The years in which his worldly possessions were obtained he has forgotten. He now returns to nature. She has the same charms as ever, and although he is changed by time, she welcomes him. He again gathers flowers, but they are the last flowers of autumn. Nature, although happy in the joys of youth, does not forget to reverence old age. As a gentle admonition to him of his frailty, she lays aside her brighter hues and the earth is clothed in white. Thus by her own change she tells him that he is approaching the evening of life. Yet he knows it is but the promise of a coming dawn. He sees a river near—on the other side there is music. Before another day has dawned on earth its notes become clearer, for he has crossed the river. He has played his part in the music of life, and his joy is complete, for he has found the last chord.

BELLE GALBREATH.

"THE AMERICAN KOHINOOR."

The fittest study of mankind is man. All knowledge is profitable that tends to promote the happiness and elevate the condition of humanity. But it is of special importance that society be enlightened with regard to man in his manifold relations. That it should know him in his original condition, in the history of his growth and development, in his rights, his duties, his privileges and his responsibilities. But the relationships of man is determined by his nature and his constitution. His nature, which is akin to the divine, brings him into the sweep of the elements and principles of a moral government. Hence his relationship to the divine nature and government. He sustains also a strong and mysterious relationship to the individual soul with which he is best acquainted—himself. Hence the duties, responsiblities and possibilities of selt-government.

The characteristics of his nature which differentiate him from the other orders of creation and which tend to promote his happiness by companionship and association with his fellow beings, bring him under the sway of social law, which finds its highest expression in a political constitution. This relation defines the duties, and responsibilities of men as citizens in a political government. The forms of political government have not always been the same, but in the developments of past history have been marked by changes which have swept over a wide field. At one period, by the immediate and wonderful sweep of divine power in the splendid scintillations of unerring wisdom in Theocratic control, impulse and restraint; on through the moulding forces of family ties, associations and instructions to the form of government under which we now live. The government of the people, for the people and by the people; in which the citizen is king and monarch.

As we believe the republic to be the best form of government possible, so also we believe that as a citizen of this republic man attains the full fruition of his highest political possibilities and has reached the final product of his political development.

But we have not gained this government in a day. It was established through repeated attempts and failures. Hurled back now by tyrants, kings and conquerors; now by pope and priest; it has brought us through the most disgraceful slavery and severe religious bondage and has at length broken the chains from our hands and given us a new spirit with the true idea of our rights. And now we are citizens.

Such a government has for its aim the security to legitimate human activity of safety and freedom. There is within the soul a thirst for freedom which with irresistible force has led humanity upward from political darkness into the blessedness of political light and liberty. In the enjoyment of the privileges and the dignity of citizenship what a weight of responsibility is ours. But we must not forget that dangers are threatening us on every side. Among these it is easy to trace the ghost of centralization of power, showing itself now in the halls of legislation and again in the details of political action. And again it is seen where would least be expected, in the lack of appreciation of the worth of citizenship, by the individual citizen himself. There is another danger which is more subtle, because it is more philosophical, but on this account more fatal, and that is what might be termed the insinuating power of materialism.

The American citizen is never weary exhibiting the trophies of his genius and the triumphs of his invention. But the laborious student of principles; the lover of the muse is looked upon by him with pity or scorn. The plodding student is too often set aside for the active business manager. In this a danger lies which may well be studied and carefully provided against by planting in the breast of every citizen a profound and persevering interest in the dissemination of knowledge and moral principles. Out of the relation of a citizen to the government grow mutual duties and responsibilities. The citizen then should be deeply impressed with the greatness of his mission and his reflections must tell him perpetually of a work to be carried steadily forward to the end of time.

The happiness of the world depends on our faithfulness. Let us proudly maintain, therefore, the dignity and faithfully perform the duties and responsibilities of citizens in order that imperishable honors may be showered upon our native land, that still through all coming time may be perpetuated the heritage bequeathed to us, and that our institutions may become as lofty as the firmament of heaven and as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself. Then, the unseen power which has presided over our history in the past, as our political conceptions have grown in clearness and grandeur of realization, will open the way in the coming centuries to patriotic effort and devotion and lead us on to the sun-lit heights of national supremacy and moral excellence. And then, too, the elements of human nature, which proclaim both the greatness and the need of man, shall have found their highest development and freest action in the perfected order of civil government in which the authority and will of the Eternal Father shall be recognized, and the glory of the regulated freedom of the individual shall be established and glitter and shine on the bosom of citizenship in a government "of the people, by the people and for the people," bright as the morning star, *The American Kohinoor.* J. E. Mealy.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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APRIL, 1891.

THE Westminster base ball club was organized Tuesday last. It consists of ten members, viz: Campbell, Lindsey, Kennedy, McElree, Spencer, Sr., Hood, Nevin, Sr., Dunn, Snodgrass, Sr., Miller. Manager, A. L. Russell; Captain, J. H. Spencer.

WE would call attention to the Alumni History now being published in the HOLCAD, and especially would we bring it to the notice of the alumni who are members of the classes of '60–65. It is our intention to publish a short personal history of each member of the class, but some cannot be found, and we would be glad if the alumni would let us know of any changes they make.

THE ball club has been put under the control of the Athletic Association. The association has charge of the finances of the club, and selects the players, elects the manager, &c. The field used last year for a ball ground has been secured, a back stop erected and parties engaged to clear off the diamond. We may soon expect to hear the stentorian tones of the coacher, "Steal away off there!" "Go down on the first pitch!" "Pick out a juicy one!" "That's a beauty!" &c., &c.

THE social held in the Philomath and Chrestomath Halls on April 21st, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. was a very enjoyable affair, and very useful also, for its intention was to make the new students and others acquainted with each other. It appears that this part was well performed, for all appeared to be acquainted with each other before the social closed. It is to be hoped that the meeting there may strengthen the social ties which bind the members of the college together.

THE contest held on the evening of April 16, to determine who should represent Westminster in the Inter-Collegiate contest at Geneva, May 29, was one which will reflect honor upon the contestants, and through them upon the college. The thought of the orations was fine indeed, and the men deserve great credit for the manner in which they delivered their performances, there being no hesitancy in their speaking, and each selection was given in a clear, firm voice, very pleasing to the audience. The progam was as follows: Prayer, music, an oration by Mr. W. W. Campbell, subject, "A Man of Destiny;" the second oration was delivered by Mr. A. A. Graham, his subject being, "Preparation for American Citizenship;" music; the third oration was by C. G. Jordan, his subject, "The Philosophy of Government;" fourth, an oration by Mr. T. W. Kennedy, his subject, "Political Evolution;" music; the fifth was by Mr. U. G. Marks, the subject, "The Worship of the Enduring;" the last oration of the evening was given by Mr. T. P. Trimbell, his subject being the "Inscription on the Cross, the Emblem of National Permanency." According to the decision of

the judges, Mr. C. G. Jordan was declared the winner of the contest, and therefore will represent the college at the Inter-Collegiate. The HOLCAD extends its hearty congratulations to the contestants, and wish our orator success at his next trial.

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1861.

Rev. W. G. Spencer, graduating in 1861, attended the Seminary at Xenia. Held the pulpit at Portland Mills, Ind., thirteen years, then at Somerville, Ind., for four years, resigning on account of ill health; he sought a change in Home Mission work in Ohio. In 1865 he was married to Miss R. C. Hayes. Had five children, one a graduate from this institution and two now in college. He preached his last sermon at Wellsville, Ohio.

Mrs. U. G. Spencer, after graduation, taught seven terms of school in Mercer and Lawrence counties, Pa., and Park Co., Ind.

Daniel W. Campbell, after graduation, had poor health and abandoned his books to enter business in Albany, N. Y. In 1865 he went to Johnstown, N. Y., where he yet remains, engaged in the manufacture of gloves. He married Margaret Fulton in 1868 and is the father of four children.

Mrs. M. H. Jones has taught school for twenty-four years. Has been twice married, in 1863 to Rev. S. N. Moore, and ten years after his death she married (in 1878) W. B. Jones. She has no children. Her school work has called her to Pennsylvania, Illinois, Tennessee and Minnesota. She now lives in Excelsior, Minn., a noted summer resort, and extends through the HOLCAD an invitation to old school friends to come and visit her.

Wm. N. Aiken was principal of East New Castle Public schools eight years, Superintendent of Lawrence county schools nine years, of New Castle Public Schools three years. In all he has spent over twenty years in the school room. He married Miss Margaret Loughridge, of Youngstown, Ohio, in 1865. He has two children, a son and a daughter. The son is now in college. Mr. Aiken is now agent of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company and resides in New Castle.

Rev. David Strang answers our question as to his present occupation thus: "Country Parson." He was ordained in the U. P. Mission in Egypt in 1866. He served his country in the 100th Pa. Vol. Infantry. In 1861 he married Miss Cotton. Has two sons and two daughters. The eldest daughter spent nine years as a missionary in Egypt, marrying J. M. Lansing, M. D. The younger daughter has been five years a missionary in Egypt. His sons are machinists, but expect to take a college course. He has been pastor of Hopewell congregation, Lincoln, Tenn., for thirteen years.

Jas H. Welsh is now a farmer in Washington county. After graduating he taught two terms of school. In 1861 he wedded Sadie Gibson. He is the father of thirteen children, ten of whom are yet living. He chose the farm inasmuch as ill health forbade the pursuit of further education.

Rev. M. S. Telford, graduated at Allegheny Seminary in 1864. He has held charges as follows: Jacksonville and Crete nine years, Beaver nine years, Hanover six years, and since 1888 occupies the pulpit at Wurtemburg. In 1863 he married Anna S. Barr. He is the father of five children, two are dead. One son attends college.

George W. McCracken, after graduation, shouldered a musket and stayed with it until carrying them went out of fashion. He then taught school two years, was County Superintendent three years, State Representative three years, Senator four years, farmer eight years, civil engineer seven years and is now an editor. In 1865 he wedded Mary E. McCreary, and gives answer to our questions, "Children?

'How many?"— "o o o o." We are glad to publish their children's photos, as furnished by Mr. McCracken.

Mary Hezless Harshaw taught seven years, marrying Rev. A. A. Harshaw in 1879. She says: "Have a comfortable home, a kind husband, and am as happy and contented as when a school girl roaming through campus or college halls." Her address is 426 W. 58th street, New York city.

Mrs. J. P. McKee (nee Margaret Dickey), taught in the Freedmens' Mission two years, and in 1869 married Rev. J. P. McKee. Has three living children. One daughter is in college. Their home is in Gujranwalla, but Mrs. McKee has returned to America twice in the last twenty years. Their occupation, "Trying to help our heathen sisters to a higher plane of life."

COLLEGE WORLD.

—Said Atom unto Molly Cule
"Will you unite with me?"
And Molly Cule did quick retort
"There's no affinity."

Beneath electric light plant's shade
Poor Atom hoped he'd metre;
But she eloped with the rascal, base,
And her name is now Saltpetre.

—*Varsity.*

—Lectures in Volapuk are now delivered at Yale.

—Students stand in chapel at Hardin College, Mo.

—Since 1806 thirty publications have been started at Yale.

—The Persian language is taught at but one college in the United States—Cornell.

—W. A. Little, of Coe College, won the Iowa Oratorical Contest on "The Evolution of Democracy."

—A negro won first place in a Harvard Oratorical Contest, and Phillips Exeter will have a colored class orator.

—R. G. Ingersoll has been invited to deliver the address to the graduating class in the Law department of Cornell.

—The evils of oratorical contests are being reviewed in the sanctums of the College World. There's lots of room for it.

—Pan-hellenism, could it be put into successful execution would be a vast improvement over the present methods in some colleges.

—The experiment of allowing the students a voice in the government of the college is being tried with great success by some of the southern institutions.

—All the first class colleges are either in possession of or talking of building an "annex." They are great institutions. We speak from experience.

—The Western Pa. Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association, have adopted the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, as those by which their contests will be governed.

—The faculty of Boston University count editorial work in with the students' other grades. Why not? Surely when working in the interests of the school the editor should receive credit for his labors.

MUSIC NOTES.

—There will be three senior recitals this term.

—The new term opens with an encouraging increase in the number of music students.

—The famous Sherwood will give his recital in the chapel on Saturday evening, May 2nd.

—The Philomath Orchestra intend making a concert tour in the summer vacation through Lawrence, Mercer, and Washington counties.

—An enjoyable part of the program at the Oratorical Concert was the music, which consisted of a piano solo, by Prof. Edwards, a violin solo, by Miss Whissen, and vocal solos, by Miss Comin and Mr. Campbell.

ALUMNI.

—J. R. Vance, '85, has been among old friends recently.

—W. R. Dickson, '90, visited friend(s) here a short time since.

—R. K. Aiken and E. H. Wallace, of the class of '90, attended the recent preliminary contest.

—Miss Franc Donaldson, '87, having finished her term's school work, will spend the summer at her home in this place.

—Prof. J. N. Swan, '86, having resigned the professorship of Mathematics and Chemistry, will attend Johns Hopkins University.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—A. R. Robinson, '89, was in town during vacation.

—Why is Petie so passionately found of Ayer's Sarsaparilla?

—"The Flowing Bowl" will be given at Poland on the 30th.

—Rev. Gordon, '87, of Richmond, O., was here during vacation.

—Miss Etta Reed, '90, spent vacation in Pittsburgh, visiting friends.

—Miss Maud Haney and mother spent vacation in Washington county.

—Prof. Aiken, of New Castle, visited his son Will at the close of last term.

—Miss Bertha Armstrong and mother spent their vacation in Warren, Ohio.

—For information on the new method of shampooing, inquire of Mr. McV.

—Rev. Morse, pastor of the M. E. church, is teaching a class in stenography.

—Mrs. Duffield, of Reno, Pa., visited her daughter, Mrs. Swanson, March 20th.

—Rev. J. A. Kennedy has received a call to the First U. P. church of Philadelphia.

—Mrs. Gordon and Miss Clingan spent several days in New Castle during vacation.

—Miss Hodgen was unable to come back the first of the term on account of sickness.

—W. R. Dickson and lady are registered at the St. Cloud.—*New Castle cor. Pitts. Leader.*

—Miss Emma Campbell is visiting her brother, Rev. A. M. Campbell, of Sewickley.

—Miss Daisy Barnes, '89, and Miss Prue, were the guests of the former's mother recently.

—Mrs. Swan has returned after a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Duffield, of Reno, Pa.

—Miss Carrie Byers, '90, of Pulaski, paid her numerous friends in town a flying visit on March 23d.

—Miss Maskrey, of Chambersburg, Pa., was the guest of Miss Mary Ferguson, '90, a short time ago.

—Prof. Thompson now requires the Sophomores to press and mount ten specimens by the 1st of May.

—J. P. Vance, '85, of the Xenia Theological Seminary, is the guest of Misses Carrie and Minerva Hope.

—Miss Hutton, of New Castle, visited her friend Miss Bertha Wilson at the hall a short time ago.

—Prof. McGranahan has resumed his duties as professor of Latin and Prof. Barr is assisting Prof. Thompson.

—We are sorry to hear that W. B. Williamson, '84, of Kenton, Ohio, is in a very critical state of health.

—The college quartet sang to large and appreciative audiences in Butler, Saltsburg and Indiana during vacation.

—Mrs. Dr. Donaldson, *nee* Miss Bella Campbell, '80, was a guest of her mother, Mrs. Rev. Campbell, during vacation.

—Miss Franc Donaldson, '87, who has been

teaching school near New Castle during the winter, has returned home.

—Mr. W. R. Dickson, '90, a student of the medical college, Pittsburgh, visited his friend(s) here at the close of last term.

—O. A. Hamill was sent as delegate to the State convention of the Y. M. C. A., which was held in Harrisburg last week.

—The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. held a very enjoyable social in the Philo and Chrestomath society halls, last Tuesday evening.

—The houses of Mrs. Burgess and Mr. Caldwell were entered recently by thieves, and about $30 was taken from the latter.

—Rev. A. A. Mealy, '77, of Allegheny, was here during vacation attending the wedding of his niece, Miss Florence Mealy.

—Prof. Austin's vocal teacher praises his voice very highly and advises him to give up teaching and to engage in concert work.

—Mr. D. S. L. McNary, '90, a student of the Allegheny U. P. Theological Seminary, visited friend(s) in town during vacation.

—By a fortuitous circumstance Miss R. was most agreeably disappointed in not meeting her sister at the train, but Mr. R. instead.

—Messrs. Hummel and Thompson and Misses Gibson and Dale of Grove City College, paid the town a flying visit on the 10th inst.

—We are delighted to inform the patrons of the college that the car on the Sharpsville R. R. has been thoroughly renovated and repainted.

—The Bostonians have now reached such a degree of culture that with them a sauce-pan is no longer a sauce-pan but the "insolent cooking utensil."

—W. E. Purvis, '88, of Allegheny, and Miss Florence Mealy, '89, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the home of the bride's parents on April 2d.

—W. R. Irons, M. D., of Charles street, Allegheny, visited his mother and sister during vacation. He has been tendered a position in the government hospital of Siam.

—We had the pleasure recently of witnessing Mr. T. and Mr. M., two "potent and reverend Seniors," jumping the rope. Such a prostration of dignity at times is truly exhilarating.

—Messrs. Aiken, '90, Moffat and Campbell, of New Castle, and Wallace, 90, of Mt. Jackson, and Misses Frew, Hutton and the Miss Woodworths, of New Castle, attended the oratorical contest.

—Miss W. to a number of young ladies at the hall. "Oh! there comes Mac; I want to see him." To her great delight, doubtless, it was a case of mistaken identity—it was Mr. J. W. who greeted her.

—Dr. Ferguson (in Political Economy)—"It used to be that nearly everything for the family was made in the family. Now nearly everything is put on the market, bread and even fried potatoes. They don't call them fried potatoes though."

—Mr. D. and Miss D., in a photographer's studio in New Castle. Miss D. to the photographer: "What do you think would be the most becoming style?" Photographer: "Here's a lovely style," handing her a picture with two heads together.

—Mr. S. and Mr. M. sitting on the veranda of the ladies hall one Friday evening in company with a number of the young ladies, Mr. M. to Mr. S.—"It is nine o'clock. The bell will soon ring." Mr. S.—"I have a notion to go and hug (hide) the belle (bell)." Mr. M.—"Here she is."

—We regret to say that Prof. Swan has handed in his resignation. During his two years' stay he has proved himself an efficient teacher, and is generally liked by the students. He will remain here until after Normal, then he will go to Johns Hopkins University to continue the study of chemistry.

—The following are the names and ad-

dresses of the new students: Miss McNitt, Reedsville, Pa.; Eleanor Schoss, New Wilmington; Ford, Ohio, and Moorehead, McDonald; Messrs. Bruce Snodgrass, West Middlesex, Pa.; A. B. Coleman, Livermore, Pa.; Jackson, Apollo, Pa.: and Harry E. Anderson and James M. Ferguson, New Wilmington.

—Dr. Ferguson in class one day recently asked one of the Seniors the difference between a horse and a Sophomore seeking botanical specimens. Now Doctor, we do not believe that you are in the habit of proposing conundrums and therefore we shall not make any objection to this comparison provided you make the distinction wide enough.

—Prof. E. P. Thompson, at present attending Johns Hopkins University, has been elected to fill the position of professor of mathematics and chemistry, made vacant by Professor Swan's resignation, and has accepted. Professor Thompson has been very successful in the class-room. He has been elected as professor of mathematics twice before.

—Mr. A. (the professor reading those who have taken ninety per cent. or over)—"methinks I hear not mine own name. There must be some mistake. You didn't read out my name, professor." Professor.—"Mr. A., if I graded you according to the amount of talking you have done I would give you 150." Mr. A.—"Well, I think you might make it ninety."

—The banquet at Pittsburgh was enjoyed by about eighty of the Alumni. A great many were detained owing to the prevalence of la grippe. Informal speeches were indulged in by a number of those present and music was furnished by the college quartet. An association of the Alumni of Pittsburgh was formed.

—The oratorical association held its second preliminary contest on Thursday evening, April 16th, in the college chapel. A large number was in attendance, and judging from the comments of those from a distance and of the friends of other colleges, the entertainment was of no mean order. Six members of the association contested. Mr. C. G. Jordan, of Harlansburg, Pa., won first honor, and nothing preventing will represent the association in the intercollegiate contest at Geneva. Mr. T. W. Kennedy, of Lowellville, O., won second honor and will represent the association in case Mr. Jordan cannot attend.

EXCHANGES.

The *Haverfordian* deserves to be mentioned as as one of our best exchanges.

The *Lampoon*, March 26, contains a picture which might be suggestive to the habitual talker in the reading room. The time to talk—when is it?

The Journal has changed hands and now appears as the *Grove City Collegian*, under the management of the faculty. The paper is attractive in its style and contains interesting reading matter.

The *Washington Jeffersonian* has an article entitled "Price of Promotion," written by one who ranks high in his profession. The truth is very clearly brought out that promotion does not come without severe discipline and the cravings of ambition are satisfied only by the payment of a forfeit.

The Pleiad, a neat monthly, introduces its last issue with the concluding paper on "Comparative Merits of the Lecture and Text Book Methods of Teaching." Not only those who already are engaged in the work, but also those who expect to enter the profession of teaching would read these articles with profit as well as interest. The writer mentions the good features of both methods, but rather advocates the lecture system somewhat modified. The

same number contains some practical thoughts penned by Joseph Cook.

Many of the exchanges come to us this time with one or more of their columns draped in black. Among those who have been called from the ranks of instructors to occupy a higher place are Prof. N. C. Long, of Geneva College, and Dr. Douglas, L. L. D., of Oberlin Theological Seminary. Both were prominent educators and men of strong character, whose lives were devoted to the best interests of their fellowmen.

The *E. and E. League Record* honored our last number by publishing in its exchange column the index of the literary department. The subjects look very well in different type. Such a favor should not pass unnoticed and we tender our thanks for the compliment. Mention is also made in a vague way of the HOLCAD editors and "a new barrel." Permit one word by way of return for such kindness. "Do not measure others by your own yard stick." Westminster's students, exceptional though they may be, are intellectual enough to furnish their college paper and the general public with interesting and educating literature of their own producing, and thus freeing themselves from the expense apparently necessary among students of some other institutions.

—Jay Gould complains that he has been victimized by a reporter. It is a shame that a member of so honorable a profession as journalism should take advantage of the frankness and unsuspiciousness of a man so well known for his childlike trust in his fellow creatures.—*Baltimore American.*

—The customs officers attached to the post office at New York have found that the plan of smuggling dutiable articles in old books has been resumed. Mrs. C. Dodd, of Cincinnati, had a book addressed to her from Germany, in which were found a pair of kid gloves. Miss E. Kay, of Pawtucket, R. I., was the address on a book from England, which was found to contain a breastpin, finger ring and a pair of earrings. Mr. P. B. Hanlon, of No. 332 Thirtieth street, Brooklyn, if he had succeeded in receiving the old book sent to him from England, would also have received a handsome wallet that was embedded within the cut out leaves. As all these cases showed an evident intent to evade the duties, the goods were seized and sent to the Custom House for forfeiture.

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THE HOLCAD.

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HARMONY DESTROYED AND RESTORED.

There was sounded at the creation the key-note of the grandest concert that has ever thrilled the soul of man or angel. Jehovah spake, and out of chaos not only the earth but all the countless worlds which illumine the heavens sprang into existence. These, suspended in boundless space, ever remain as enduring memorials of their creator's power. The mighty chorus of adoration and praise, begun by angel tongues around the great white throne, is echoed and re-echoed from sun to sun, from star to star, and at last penetrating earth's dominions, is there taken up by her inhabitants and again wafted by heavenly messengers to mansions above.

Of this universal concert man was appointed the terrestrial leader. Fashioned after the similitude of God himself, every faculty fully developed, surrounded by everything which could add to his comfort and enjoyment, man starts on his journey to immortality under the most auspicious circumstances. But already the clouds of adversity are hovering o'er him; already the counsels of the wicked are plotting his downfall.

Prior to the creation anarchy had broken out in heaven. Satan, one of the most powerful of the celestial beings, becoming dissatisfied, had led a revolt against the supreme power. Baffled in his attempt to usurp the throne, and completely vanquished, he and his colleagues had been driven from heaven and consigned to a place of everlasting torment. There, revolving in their minds means whereby they might revenge themselves upon their all-powerful foe, they remember a tradition which had been circulated in heaven, that about this time a new world was to be created, the home of a race called man. Realizing their inability to cope with their victorious enemies in open combat, they resolve to strike a blow at the creator through his creatures. The Archfiend himself volunteers and is sent to spy out the dwelling place of man. He finds him in a garden of surpassing beauty, singing praise to his divine protector. Contrasting his own unhappy lot with the peaceful scene before him, Satan is filled with all the envy and malice which arises from disappointed ambition. With infernal audacity he tempts man to transgress his maker's laws. All hell resounds with shouts of triumph at the result. Man has fallen! And by that fall has placed himself and his posterity under the wrath and curse of the Almighty.

By a single act of disobedience the entire human race has forfeited all claim to divine favor. The fearful consequences of sin pre-

sent themselves on every hand. The warring elements testify that it cast its baleful influence over the physical world. Man's moral nature was changed. His soul which formerly had filled with gratitude as he contemplated the visible manifestations of his Master's goodness is now the seat of bitter contention and envious hatred. His tongue which had been tuned to sing songs of sweetest praise is now engaged in deifying the works of his own hands ; or, as though touched by the fires of hell, gives utterance to execrations and blasphemy. The discordant shouts of warring hosts, mingling with the clash of arms and the shrieks and groans of the dying, continually ascend to the ears of heaven s King. The evening breeze, which once bore on its wings the echo of celestial harmonies, is now laden with the proud boasts of the oppressor and the wailings of the downtrodden. Man's body, destined in the counsels of the infinite to immortality with the soul, is subjected to wasting disease and dissolution.

As the holy angels looked down from their home above must they not have been filled with grief and distress, as they saw this mighty instrument of praise, by a single blow, shattered and seemingly forever unstrung ?

Shall the earth forever resound with the cursings of impiety and the groanings of distress ? Can none be found in whom is skill divine and power sufficient to restore her to her wonted place in the universal orchestra ? Search is made throughout the celestial regions. The angels stand aside in awe. None but the eternal son of God himself is found able to undertake the work of man's redemption. The sacrifice is made. Leaving his throne on high he takes upon himself man's nature, treads the hills and valleys of Palestine, bearing comfort and healing wherever he goes. The surging billows and tempestuous winds on the Sea of Gallilee respond to his command, "Peace, be still," and wherever his gracious words penetrate they bring peace and comfort to the troubled soul of man. His victorious cry, "It is finished !" borne by attendant angels back to heaven, furnishes a new theme of triumph for the heavenly choir.

The influence of Christianity, acting as the leaven, silently though none the less effectually, brings light out of darkness, order out of confusion, harmony out of discord. The mournful minor chants of superstition and idolatry are changed to triumphant pæns of victory. Although the mission of the divine workman was complete, its application, to a great extent, was left to his followers.

As we look back over the history of nineteen centuries, we see the gospel stream arising in obscurity, gaining tributary after tributary, nation after nation, kingdom after kingdom, flowing into its placid waters, until now it promises soon to bear on its mighty bosom all the kingdoms and nations of the earth. Although its progress has at times been impeded, its onward flow has been continuous. The lofty wall of Paganism for a time raised itself as an apparently insurmountable obstacle in the way of the gospel flood, but directed by the divine hand it still flows on, making a breach here and an opening there, Christianity is victorious. The towering wall of Paganism is fast crumbling to the earth. Romanism, with all its subtle influences, although gaining a foothold in our own country, its progress is more than offset by its reverses in other lands.

What means those ruined sanctuaries and dilapidated palaces in Central America, where once vast throngs of faithful though deluded followers of the Romish church assembled for worship, owls, bats and beasts of prey now congregate ? Where now are those gorgeous edifices and dismal dungeons which once testified to the inquisitor's presence in China and Japan? The arm of Jehovah is bared. The powers of darkness must succumb. The lessons of history and the condition of mankind teach that the time is rapidly approaching

when he whose advent was ushered in by angel tongues with "Peace on earth, good will to men," shall take possession of his inheritance, when earth's inhabitants shall perceive the reality of that panoramic view which passed before the vision of the inspired apostle on the Isle of Patmos. Then shall harmony be completely restored, then shall the vacancies in the heavenly choir caused by Satan's revolt be supplied by the innumerable hosts of earth's redeemed.

J. H. SPENCER, '92.

A MENACE TO LIBERTY.

Individual freedom has become the cornerstone of political philosophy. It sprang from the wreck of medieval thought, and came forth to be the converter of society and the maker of history—the great idea which should give breadth and power to a new order of institutions. It was a world thought which knew no limit. It swept the sea and the wilderness stood transformed by the power of a mighty conception. To this idea of human rights are due America's splendid achievements. American homes and American spindles have become a mighty testimony to its worth. Her citizens have been furnished with the superb equipments of energy and independence and to-night she challenges the world by the wisdom of her laws and the peerless activity of her industries.

But along with this idea of freedom came that of equality. How men can be both free and equal socially as well as politically, has become the leading problem of this period, in which it is seeking a practical solution. Its effects are telling upon the nation. Every day this thought is gaining a deeper hold on the hearts of the people, and with strong appeal to their feelings and their convictions is fast becoming a part of national thought. Equality of right has been proclaimed, but that inequality of conditions still continues to exist is a fact which cannot be denied.

Modern inventions, while elevating the condition of the whole race, have, by falling into the hands of the few, severed the bond between man and man, and involved capital and labor in a conflict upon the issue of which largely depends the future of the nation. Capital, crazed by its greed for gain and the desire to accumulate wealth, is lost to all sympathy, all respect for the working man, and would reduce his wages to the limit of a mere subsistence. Labor, stung by a sense of injustice, cries for a more equitable distribution of the wealth which it has by toil and privation helped to create.

Our Republic is gradually drifting from the grand conception of our forefathers into a Plutocracy in which the poor are subservient to the interests of the rich. The wealthy leaders of industry are now "the masters and rulers of the economic world." But all history confirms the teachings of reason, that tyranny cannot hush the cry of the oppressed, that no social or moral growth can be the result of glaring injustice. Only a few years have passed since the noblest blood was drawn to rid our land of a foul form of human slavery. The war was over. He who had been as the brute now stood erect in the strength of conscious manhood. But only part of the labor problem had been solved. Soon a new form of slavery fastened itself upon the country which, while not so repulsive in appearance, is scarcely less to be dreaded in its results,—that of grasping monopoly. Its tendency is to limit the liberty and diminish the prosperity of the people. It has converted legitimate competition, that

great source of industrial activity and power, into a state of incessant agitation and strife. It sinks the personal identity of the workingman into a machine force, leaving him without motive or opportunity to exercise any higher gift than that of his physical power and endurance.

Against this enemy labor organizations have been formed which, by their strikes and boycotts occasion untold misery and suffering. It is this condition of society which has given rise to socialism and anarchism, the enemies and disgrace of our Nation. Evidences are everywhere abundant to show the working of that growing, deadly spirit which "hates excellence, tramples on superiority, burns what it cannot appropriate; which studies, works and fights to level all the bright projects of human civilization to the dead, materialistic plane of the common herd." This bitter burning in the hearts of the oppressed, fanned by socialist leaders and political demagogues, is fast developing into a mighty conflagration, destructive alike to the social system and the government. If equality cannot be secured in freedom it will be welcomed in slavery.

Before us of the present generation lies the solution of this problem. It is a choice between ignorance and anarchy, or intelligence and liberty. Not only our prosperity, but our very existence as a nation depends upon an intelligent body politic. Ignorance is the "parent of vice, the opponent of progress, the bane of the Republic, a destroying element in society, the precursor of death and decay." All classes must receive a highly moral education. The genius of our institutions demands it, the safety, the peace, the prosperity, the strength and the moral condition of our citizens depend upon it.

If the solution of the labor problem is to be found in co-operation, the basis of co-operation and the share of each class is still a question. Thus equal intelligence becomes necessary to an adjustment of this difference, and whatever be the means by which these two conflicting interests become identical, there must be an educational equality, that Labor may know the limit of its rights and Capital the extent of its duties.

It is the intelligent Christian sentiment of the land which has gone boldly forth to meet this issue. It is the conservative element which is calmly viewing the situation to-day, and which will finally settle the difficulty. The demands of labor must be moderated by judgment and the ambition of capital softened by justice. But education and Christianity will give a new inspiration to the workingman and a new heart to the employer, and inspiration and charity will unite to become the moving force in that mighty stride which will bring peace to the industrial world.

J. S. D.

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

Back in the dim vistas of mythology, there lived a race ot gods and men, whose movements fill the mind as with the impressions of a dream. Yet from this dream-land there have issued truths that have touched the lives of all the men of intervening ages, and which stand in the present century, illumined by the light of an advanced civilization.

Prometheus was one of the gods of ancient Greece, and his heart was touched to pity for mortal men in their low condition. 'Twas then he gifted them with fire, taught them in the useful arts, revealed to them the movements of the stars, by means of which they might know the seasons, instructed them in letters, showed them how to plow the sea with ships, and gave to them the art of healing. Then soon followed the decree of Zeus,

condemning him to torture for his actions. Upon the lonely Scythian crags he is bound to the rocks, where he is exposed to the fiery heat by day and the freezing cold by night. And thus the benefactor of a race is left to suffer centuries of agony alone, except for the rugged mountain's brow, and the roar of the low voiced sea.

Time rolls on, and the visions of mythology fade into the realities of a later age. Yet Prometheus, as the promoter of the good of mankind, is still in chains. Now Socrates, with his philosophy and learning, advances with the noble purpose of leading his fellow men on and upward into a new and better life; a life filled with the delights of scientific investigations, the throwing aside of selfish principles, and the living for the good of others. But no; Prometheus is bound, and one of the noblest characters of ancient history is condemned to death, and in one cup of hemlock perishes the hopes of an age. Each following century brought some such men as Socrates, but they found no answering chord in the hearts of men. Prometheus is still bound, and every advance for the promotion of mankind is fought back, and scientists and discoverers are met with imprisonment and death. Oh, mortal man! Why will you thus live in darkness, when from the heights of the world you might revel on a light almost divine?

But lo, what is that which lights up the inky blackness of the midnight sky? It is, it is the star of Bethlehem! The lonely shepherds on the mountain tops gaze in wonder, and the wise men press forward to find the promised one by the guidance of that star, which was the symbol of that purer light that has dawned upon the world. To wretched man has been sent the most precious gift, of the infinite one himself, and that star has announced His arrival to the world. Man had wandered in the darkness for ages, yet here was one whose wholy precepts would, if followed, bring joy and gladness, and who would change the world from midnight darkness to the light of a glorious midsummer day. Will man accept the change, and receive with a shout of joy the deliverance from his wretchedness and woe? Surely there can be but one result. Yet what mean those mighty masses of men that surge like sea billows towards yonder hill! The crowds press forward and behold the grandest drama that has ever been presented to the eye of mortal man. Nailed to the cross is the benefactor of the ages. The sun is darkened, yet that darkness is not to be compared with that which envelopes the souls of men. Humanity turns away from the promised land to wander amid the parching sands of the desert, and the groans from Calvary's mount have echoed down through the intervening ages, and have been answered and re-answered back again from the hearts of suffering mortals. Scarce a ray of light penetrated the deep gloom of the dark ages.

Prometheus is still bound and no one dare point to a higher condition for mankind. Yet this long night of ever increasing darkness must have a dawn. The first streak of light from over the hills of God's kingdom becomes the harbinger of the world, with the brightness of noonday. Slowly but surely man begins to emerge from his low condition, and to strive after something higher and more sublime. Education begins its mission of elevation. Science and discovery spring forward with a new impetus. A new era is ushered in, and those who give to humanity the beneficial results of their labors are given a crown of everlasting glory. The followers of him who died upon the cross have kept alive the immortal principles laid down by him, and from the depths of the dark ages they have led the way to a glorious height of civilization.

Prometheus bound has become Prometheus unbound, and the dirge of sadness is being transformed into an anthem of gladness. The

curse of the lips of humanity against the "Prince of Men" is fast changing into a song of praise that echoes and re-echoes around the world. Slowly man has advanced from his chains on the dark rock bound cliffs up to a height where he can almost hear the rustle of angels' wings around the throne of God. And so shall be his course, ever onward and upward, sustained by the hand of the Infinite, until the dawn of that day, the light of which shall never fade. J. S. C.

THE ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENT.

The great object of government is the maintenance of justice and right among men. When we inquire what is the origin of government, we are first led to consider, what is the origin of the nation, of which government is simply the sovereign agent. Whence the origin of the nation? Aristotle would answer "in the nature of man." And indeed we believe that the nation has its foundations laid in the very nature of man Some claim, however, that in ancient time mankind actually existed apart from the state, and that in that remote period the conflict of right and wrong was unknown. Inthe lives of men there was neither toil, care nor endeavor; neither chief nor law, judge nor police, home nor marriage. Property was unrecognized; the bounteous gifts of nature were at that time held in common by all. The individual existed in the full enjoyment of all his powers. Such a state they claim could not continue. The impulses of nature aroused; men were merged into conflict, toil became necessary, the lives of men were harassed by care, division and mistrust sprang into being. Some power now was needed to maintain security, punish fraud, and restrain violence; and it was now the advocates of this theory claim that the state with its organ government, arose out of necessity. that these evils and violence must be suppressed.

This theory condemns itself, as it divests man of the actual circumstances and relations of life, and has foundation neither in the history or nature of man.

Again we seek another source, and find those who claim the nation to be a necessary evil, having arisen simply as a sequence and resultant of the evil existing in the world. This hypothesis also fails as it posits evil, a destructive force, as the constructive cause of society. Evil can, however, create nothing; from its necessary character it is not a formative but a destructive force, can only consume and destroy. It has within itself no element of order and can produce none. Evil holds no type after which to fashion good; but only changes and disturbs them. Then can the nation, its unity, progress and order, be derivative from evil and an evil condition?

There have also been those who claimed for the state that it is simply an historical accident, which grew out of the outward circumstances of the life of man upon the earth.

This proposition, however, is as false as it is absurd; for the nation is not the characteristic of a single epoch, which would follow if it were only an accident in the life of the race. It is a power in the continuous development of history. It is no ephemeral mode of existence, and surely not the accident, but the very essence of history.

Again the nation is presented to us as nothing more than a jural society. Its sole object the maintenance of private interests and the protection of private rights. Its process is a system of police. It is a vast constabulary force, whose sole aim is to prevent disorder in certain limits of the earth. This is so

unjust and unreasonable a position as hardly to require a critical glance to discover its lurking fallacies. For what, in such a foundation for the state and its government, could ever cause a heart to throb with that veneration for his holy state, which has, throughout history, ever characterized the true patriot to his idolized government.

Again we find the nation robbed of its true position and import by those who see in it only an economic society. Postulating that it is only a temporary organization for the promotion of the physical well-being of man, and has its foundation laid in the necessities which arise from the co-existence of man.

All these theories contradict the moral personality and highest rights of the individual and add nothing which would ennoble humanity. Now we must turn in disgust from these skeptical views, and again inquire what is the origin of the nation and of its representative organ government? Again are we confronted by those who, deceived themselves would deceive others, and who advocate the delusive doctrine that the state is founded on might, mere force. And again on the social contract, of which no trace can be found in legend or in history, and which is as delusive as it is destructive.

Delusive, because the state is the natural and normal existence. The individual instead of entering the state under the stipulations of a contract is born into and educated in it, his spirit and purpose moulded not into but by the state. The contract is a contradiction of terms, since they who advocate it claim that the people formed this contract, while yet they are not a people; not, indeed, an association of men. A contract must be a voluntary act and according to the alternative of the contracting parties, may or may not be. Now, would it be reason to suppose that justice and the institution of rights, the necessary being and end of the state could be thus formed? Indeed, if the nation was thus originated, then government is no authority, but only an agency limited to the securance of the private interests of the contracting parties, society no permanence beyond her formal bond. Would you question who is the author and originator of government? Then answer: What causes the grass which covers our plains, the forests which skirt our hills, the power which rules the earth and holds firm the canopy of the heavens? Can not He who fills the universe with evidence of his physical laws have a place in the nation and government? Men were by the great creator endowed with natures which could never endure isolation. By their very (nature of their) social and moral nature they must live in society, for they were destined for society. So we see them uniting together very naturally into the state. Yes, the nation is a divine institution, having its issue in the divine prevision, the nature of man, its end the divine purpose in history.

The nation is the holiest bond on earth. Rob it of its divine origin and you take away all its reverend authority, for do not the President and Congress, the Crown and the Parliament, by their own acknowledgement, rule by the grace of God? The divine origin of the nation is attested by our own conscience, by its own organic unity, by its personality of which the elements are justice and reason, wisdom and courage, and also is this divine origin attested by history. In Judea this was the central principle of national existence. It is recorded in all Grecian traditions, was sung by Homer and Hesiod, was taught by Socrates and Plato and even was the last word of all Grecian philosophy. It moulded the very institutions of Rome and her religion was the witness to the sacredness of the family and the state.

No nation, however savage or superstitious, has ever been known which did not venerate, yes, worship some superior agency which they believed the moulder and ruler of their destiny. And shall we who live in an enlightened age,

the dawn of Christianity breaking throughout the world, deny the power of God in the nation and government? Although we can not from historical evidence point out the exact method, time and origin of the nation, yet this we know, that whether it developed from the simplest element and unit of society, the family or by other means, that God breathed into man an eternal flame, the breath of life, and that from a natural development of this God given nature the nation arose, and that government, the representative of the state, is a divine power, which unfolding its true elements, justice, reason, wisdom and courage, ever guards the holy rights of the individual and family, and cradles, nurtures and expands that everlasting flame, the human soul, until God, its author, calls it home to him in Heaven to realize his perfect government.

W. E. McBride.

EXCHANGES.

Subjects such as energy, ambition, etc., are so much written on by students that they become monotonous and nothing new is looked for in their treatment. *The Delaware* has an article on "Self Control," which is an exception. It has a pleasing style and presents some practical, common sense ideas. The closing sentence deserves to be read and remembered: "Chastity rules virtue; truth rules honor; but a guarded life overrules all."

—*The Simpsonian* contains an article on "Eastern Colleges," written by M. R. Harnard, who has been traveling on the eastern continent and visiting different institutions of learning. In one school of theology in Rome were found nearly seven hundred of America's young men being taught the delusions of Roman Catholicism. In a short time these will return to aid the present force in gaining a strong foothold in America.

Cheating in the class room is growing more and more in disfavor. No institution of learning is entirely free from it and it is practiced to an alarming degree even in professedly Christian colleges. Cornell is taking the lead in attempts to uproot this custom, for so it has come to be in very many instances. By careful investigation at a recent examination six of the students were found to be dishonest and were as soon suspended. It is thought there are others who will fare no better.

The general tone of the college papers is improving. There appears to be more interest taken in the work of preparation and selection of matter for the paper. More attention is paid to the wishes of the reader, thus widening its circulation and increasing its usefulness as a college organ. The remark has been made, and it bears repetition, that much can be told of the moral standing of a college by the character of the paper it sends out.

Mount Union is justly proud of her intimate connection with Bishop J. H. Vincent *The Dynamo* gives a sketch of his life, showing him not to be an exception to the rule that the most useful men have been and are those who, thrown upon their own resources, have struggled on in spite of all obstacles in the way. "One secret of Bishop Vincent's success is, that his enthusiasm and sympathy never fail. His humor, his genial face, his magnetic manner, his confidence in work to achieve anything and everything for a man, make him the idol of his audiences, while his energy, his own capacity for endless work, and his executive power fit him for this leadership."

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Address all communications to THE HOLCAD, New Wilmington, Pa.

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THE HOLCAD.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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HANNAH PEEBLES, '92 EXCHANGES
WILL H. KING, '91, ... BUSINESS MANAGER

MAY, 1891.

THE next number of the HOLCAD will contain accounts of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical and Athletic Contests, also the commencement news. We hope to make it a fitting souvenir of last year's college work and so be worth preserving.

THE seniors have completed their class work and are now enjoying their vacation. We are glad to note that our former editor-in-chief, Mr. E. C. Little, took first honor in the classical course and Miss Huver first in the literary. The class is unusually large, numbering forty-five. We extend our congratulations and assure the class that it has our best wishes.

PERHAPS there is now no subject claiming greater attention among our students than college athletics. The interest manifested by all on field day is abundant proof of this. It was clearly demonstrated by the results of that day that Westminster possesses a goodly share of physical as well as intellectual ability. All that is needed is an equal footing with other colleges and her honor will be preserved by her aspiring sons. Would that a gymnasium were considered here as an essential department as is the case in other colleges.

THE Y. M. C. A. recently adopted a new constitution and is now better equipped for work. Possibly no question is harder to answer than, why should our Y. M. C. A. be so neglected by a majority of our students? This is distinctly understood to be a Christian college, fitting men to enter the ministry. It is a sad mistake for one aiming at this to pass through the whole college course without engaging in any religious work. Many enter the seminary from here, who during their stay of years have not opened their lips even in a prayer meeting. We would lift up our voice against this neglect of spiritual culture. Shall not our Christian Associations receive their just recognition by our students in the future? We sincerely hope it may be so.

MR. W. H. SHERWOOD, director of music in the Chicago Conservatory gave a piano recital in the chapel, May 2. He was favored with a large and unusually appreciative audience. Mr. Sherwood is among the first of American pianists. His rendition of the program was faultless, possessing a rare delicacy of touch and executing the difficult selections with wonderful expression. The recital as a whole was a decided success and will aid to expel the common idea that classical music is not entertaining. We think that a college boasting of a conservatory of music should have more of such recitals. There is no doubt but by a little cultivation that even those of us having limited musical appreciation will be enabled to enjoy recitals of a high classical order.

THERE is a noticeably increasing tendency among students to be careless about giving

credit to authors quoted in literary productions. That this is a dangerous tendency, leading to immorality, must be conceded. We see no other way of putting it than that one, using a quotation without giving due credit, is claiming for himself the property of another. Our own college, not unlike others, possesses students similar to those above described. The faculty recently took a step toward the extermination of this evil. We refer to the case of the one taking third place in the preliminary contest. His oration on "A Man of Destiny" was found to nearly coincide with one given at a State contest in the West. It was a clear case of plagiarism. He was treated as mildly as the circumstances would permit, receiving only a public exposure. Although the whole affair was leniently treated, yet we hope it may prove to be an aid in dissuading others from participating in such practice.

THE last lecture of the course was given by John DeWitt Miller, May 18th. Mr. Miller is one of the favorites of New Wilmington audiences. His command of language is excellent and his power of description vivid and striking. He handled his subject, "The Stranger at Our Gate," with his usual pleasing manner, treating the great social problem of emigration. His solution of it seemed to be plausible, although somewhat utopian. He would not have the American citizen restricted to any distinct nationality, but rather many, blending them into an harmonious one. Not less instructive and interesting was his informal talk on journalism, to the Seniors and Juniors, the following morning. He showed himself to be well informed and to have a decided opinion about the leading journals of the day. The lecture course this year has not been surpassed by any previous one. With hardly an exception the entertainments were of an high order and appreciated accordingly by all. We should not forget that this success is due to the untiring zeal of our lecture committee.

ART NOTES.

—Miss Ford is just completing a picture of mountain scenery, with a small stream of water flowing along the base of the mountain.

—Miss McConnell is at work on an oil painting of a ship on the ocean waters.

—Miss Frances Barr is working on an oil painting showing children at play on a hill side and an old stone wall as a background.

—W. W. Barr has finished a work in crayon showing an expanse of water and trees in the background.

—Misses Lytle and Armstrong are working in crayon, representing three very beautiful snow white horses.

—Miss Ada McKee is devoting her time on an oil painting.

—Under the brush of Miss Andrews a picture of a beautiful dog is nearing completion.

—Great interest is shown in this department by both pupils and teachers. The work done and the increasing number of pupils are a sufficient proof.

MUSIC NOTES.

—We print below the program of the recital given by two members of the graduating class on Thursday evening, May 14. The selections were well rendered.

Beethoven.....Sonate Op. 14, No. 2
Mary Ferguson.
Beethoven.....Sonate Op. 10, No. 1
Etta McClelland.
Shelley.....The Resurrection
Jessie McNaugher.
Wagner-Liszt.....Abendstern (Taunhauser)
Schubert-Tausig March Militaire
Mary Fergnson.
Henselt..... Bird Song
Weber.....Grand Polonaise Op. 21
Etta McClelland.
Vocal Solo.....Selected
Jessie McNaugher.
Verdi-Alberti.....Il Trovatore, Piana Duo
1st piano, Mary Ferguson,
2d piano, Etta McClelland.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—A wise professor here had we,
And wisely oft quoth he.
"The men who haven't N R G
Are men who R N G. —*Dynamo.*

—At a recent Oratorical Contest at Harvard a negro took the prize.—*Ex.*

—Yale's college physician has advised the discontinuance of the tug-of-war.—*Ex.*

—The tuition of Cornell, except in the technical courses, has been reduced to $100.

—A volunteer mission band of seven members has been organized at Marietta College.

—An inter-collegiate press association is soon to be formed by representatives of Western college papers.

—The Greek and Latin formerly required for entrance at Harvard may now be substituted by Japanese and Chinese.

—Sixteen women graduated from the law department of the University of the city of New York April 10th.—*Review.*

—"Why is there so much learning in college!" "Because the Freshmen bring it in and the Seniors don't take it out."

—Ann Arbor leads this year with the largest number of students, 2,475; Harvard, 2,271; Oberlin, 1,800; Columbia, 1,656; Yale, 1,625.

—Of last year's graduating class at Cornell only ten per cent. were ladies, but these ten were enough to carry off sixty per cent. of the honors.

—There are few institutions who can say as Park College, that they have yet to send out their first graduate who is a non-professing Christian.

—It is said that Wm. Waldorf, the heir of John Jacob Astor's large fortune, has promised $1,000,000 for the endowment of a negro school at Oklahoma.

—The University of New York has received the medal awarded it at the Paris Exposition for the best system for higher education of any State or country.—*Illini.*

—At Boston University the faculty have voted to permit work on the college paper to count as hours in the course, allowing seven hours per week to the managing editor and two hours per week to each of the assistants. —*Ex.*

—Nothing in this country more astonishes an English university bred man than our college yells. He never takes this practice as a bit of fun, but seriously sets to prove how even educated Americans follow the customs of the savage Indians, his war-whoop being perpetuated in the college yell.—*Ex.*

—"The graduating class of thirty-three members at Emory have subscribed over six thousand dollars to complete the endowment of the Stone Professorship of Mathematics." If W. C.'s students had more of this live spirit a good offer would not be lost and they would soon enjoy the advantages of a fine gymnasium.

—Oberlin has been doubly beaten. Withdrawing from the Oratorical Association she connected with brighter lights which have completely blinded her by their dazzling brilliancy. Her representative came out just 14½ points behind the next higher man. The following day Ann Arbor effectually whipped them on the ball field, the score standing Ann Arbor 25 runs, Oberlin 0.

—One morning recently, when the members of the faculty came to the chapel prior to the usual exercises, they found an urchin in one of their chairs on the platform, having been induced by some of the students to sit there. Dr. Ferguson, who is always "equal to the occasion," greeted him with the same cordiality with which he is accustomed to greet members of the clerical profession, and was followed by the other members of the faculty in succession, furnishing great amusement for the students.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Rev. E. N. McElree is visiting his family here.

—S. G. Huey, '88, was in town a short time ago.

—The base ball club gave an ice cream festival last week.

—Mr. Best, an aged citizen of this town, died on the 14th inst.

—R. H. Zundel, of Beaver, is in town tuning the pianos at the Hall.

—Miss Jessie McNaugher, '89, is visiting friends here at present.

—New mashes:—Rev. F. and Miss H.; Mr. W. and Miss McN.

—Rev. J. W. Best, '75, was here attending the funeral of his father.

—Miss Mattie Woodworth, of New Castle, attended the Senior party.

—Miss Maud Hanna, '90, is the guest of her uncle, Prof. Thompson.

—Miss Bessie Stritmater, of New Castle, is a student in music this term.

—The person who planned the freshman hats is certainly a millinery genius.

—Miss Ella Adams visited her sister, Miss Kate Adams, at the Hall last week.

—Lawyer McCormick, of Mercer, visited his sons in college a short time ago.

—Miss Dyer, secretary of the State Y. W. C. A., visited Prof. McLaughry last week.

—Miss Eva Donaldson, '88, has finished her school in Middlesex and returned home.

—How strange that the "Little" man of the class should carry off the weighty honors of '92.

—Miss Mattie McMichael, of New Castle, attended the recital and Senior party last week.

—At the meeting of Mercer Presbytery at New Bedford, on April 27, Prof. Mitchell was licensed to preach.

—The business men and doctors kindly contributed prizes for the successful contestants on field day.

—Miss Nannie Spencer, '90, who has been teaching in Sharpsville, has finished her school and returned home.

—Miss McLaughry will know what to do now when she wants Mr. H. to read his German lesson well.

—Why are the juniors like capital seniors? answer, because they possess great staying power, (in a tug-of-war.)

—Mr. Porter, '90, who has been attending the Western Theological Seminary, in Allegheny, has returned home.

—The Presbyterians gave a cob-web party last week. It was largely attended and all present enjoyed themselves.

—Dr. Ferguson and Prof. Mitchell attended the meeting of Mercer Presbytery at New Bedford on April 27.

—Miss Levina Mealy, '89, who has been teaching in Greenville this winter, has finished her school and returned home.

—Miss Jennie Wilson, '87, is here visiting her friends. She expects to go to Persia in September as a medical missionary.

—Percy H. Gordon, our editor-in-chief, and J. H. Spencer are now enjoying the inevitable pleasure of having the measles.

—Miss McLaughry, (asking question on *Outre-Mer*)—"What became of the merchant Franc?" Mr. D.—"He busted up."

—Miss McLaughry has undertaken to protect the Freshman hats while they are in her room. It is certainly a *great* charge.

—Miss Evalena Porter, musical graduate of '89, who has been visiting her friends in this place this winter, has returned to St. Paul, Minn.

—The last lecture of the course will be given by Jahu Dewitt Miller on the 18th. Mr. Miller lectured here last season and was very much liked.

—Rev. H. N. Freeman, '91, has received a call to the Stone Valley church, McAlevy's

Fort, Pa. He will enter on his duties there in September.

—Rev. J. A. Kennedy has accepted the call to the First U. P. church of Philadelphia and will depart soon to assume the pastorate.

—Miss Maud Hanna, '90, who has been teaching this winter in Knoxville, O., has finished her school and will be in college for the rest of this term.

—Seven couples from among the students picniced at Trout Island on the 11th. A very enjoyable time was spent in boat riding and other amusements.

—The latest attraction in base ball circles is the match game between the boarding clubs, the defeated club agreeing to entertain the victors at supper after the game.

—A new rule in base ball according to a recent decision of Umpire Young:—If the ball is thrown across the line in front of the batter while running to first base he is out.

—The members of the Senior class and the faculty were entertained as usual at the home of the President on Friday evening, the 15th inst., in the Doctor's accustomed hospitable manner.

—The class spirit among the different classes has been revived by the Juniors appearing on field-day with new caps of the class colors, and the Freshmen with farmers' straw hats trimmed in class colors.

—Wilson and Witherspoon, two members of the picnicing excursion to Trout Island, instead of going directly to the island, spent some time in building fences on an adjoining farm. They reported an enjoyable (?) time.

—Miss M. in German class to Mr. King—"If I were to tell you that this is my birthday and you were to present your compliments, what should I say?" Mr. King—"Ich weissnicht." Miss M.—"Ich danke dir," (I thank you dear).

—The following is the roll of the ball club: "Spencer, c; Campbell and Runinger, p; Lindsay, s. s.; McElree, 1st b; Kennedy, 2d b; Snodgrass, 3d b; Nevin, r. f; Miller, c. f., and Hood, l. f. Runinger, captain, and Russell, manager.

—Teacher (in English Language)—"The English word 'enough' comes from the same origin as the German 'genug.' 'Ich habe genug' in German means 'I have enough.'"

Student (in stage whisper)—"Ich habe genug Lounsbury."

—Mr. Porter, from Washington, Pa., has been taking pictures in the college. The Faculty and the Seniors and Juniors have had their pictures taken and the glass is still (w)hole, so if the rest of the classes wish to try it they can feel perfectly safe.

—The cat is the most graceful of all animals and the duck the most awkward, but you must not use that as a foundation when you call your sweetheart pet names.

—Miss A. arriving at the art studio one day recently, found it locked. Resolving that she would accomplish her purpose, she climbed in at the window. Faculty please take notice that there are more than the sterner sex who can get into the college otherwise than through the doors if any mischief should be done.

—The piano recital for graduation on Thursday, May 14th, by Miss Mary Ferguson and Miss Etta McClelland, assisted by Miss Jessie McNaugher, soprano, and Miss Leola Edwards, accompanist, was a very enjoyable entertainment. The performance of the graduates evinced great talent and diligent application. A noteworthy feature was the exquisite programs that were distributed.

—The piano recital given by Mr. Sherwood, director of the piano department in the Chicago Conservatory of Music, in the college chapel, Saturday evening, May 2d, was an entertainment of a very high order. While the selections were from the most noted composers and were rendered in a manner evincing great skill and cultivation, yet they were such as could be appreciated by the most uncultivated.

—The friends of Mr. R. were very much astonished at an entertainment given recently by the mesmerist, Prof. Dayton, when the former arose suddenly and started for the door as if suffering from delirium tremens. Fortunately, however, he was caught at the door, and being resuscitated, it was discovered that he was suffering from a delusion that the hal l was infested with snakes or that it was a little too "snaky" at least.

—The concert given recently in the First U. P. church by the Junior Cornet Band, assisted by some local talent, was very creditable to all of the performers. We extend our congratulations to the members of the band upon their rapid improvement, with the hope that they may contribute their share in maintaining the reputation of New Wilmington of always being abreast of the times in the divine art.

—The college nine played a match game with the New Castle team on May 9 and were defeated by a score of 17 to 5. This was no disgrace, however, as the latter team was composed of professional players; among them, one who played some last year with Anson's team. The boys not being discouraged by their defeat, came home and redeemed their former reputation by defeating the Grove City College team by a score of 13 to 7.

—The prizes for field day victors were as follows: 100 yds. dash, pair kid gloves by Lininger Bros.; 220 yds. dash, silk suspenders by Williams & Blevins; 440 yds. dash, pocket knife by Milligan; hurdle race, $1.00, by association; 1 mile bicycle race, pair patent leather shoes, by Moreland; one mile run, $1.00, by Dr. Elliott; standing high jump, hair brush, by Mitchell & Moore, and $1.00 by association; standing broad jump, hair cut and shave, by Shaffer; running high jump, hair cut and shave by Brooks; running broad jump, fountain pen by Dr. Mealy, M. D.; hop, step and jump, 50 cents, by Kelly; high kick, pocket knife, by Prather; putting 16 lb. shot, necktie, by Dr. Smith; throwing 16 lb. hammer, box of cigars, by J. H Smith; throwing base ball, pair fine calf skin shoes, by J. M. C. Anderson.

—The first annual field day of the W. A. A. was held on May 12. Considering the disadvantage of unsuitable grounds, the result was sufficient to satisfy the most sanguine. The list of events and the results were as follows: Mile run, won by W. K. Ramsey, Rock Point, 4–52; 100 yard dash, by J. C. Hanley, East Liverpool, 10½; putting shot, W. E. McBride, Harrisville, 31 feet 3 inches; throwing base ball, J. L. Stright, Sandy Lake, 97 yards; 440 yard dash, H. E. Ferguson, New Wilmington, 56 sec.; hurdle race, James Witherspoon, Allegheny, 19 sec.; throwing hammer, W. E. McBride, 71 feet 2 inches; 220 yard dash, J. C. Hanley, 23 sec.; standing broad jump, W. H. King, 9½ ft.; high kick, A. M. Wilson, Eastbrook, 8 ft.; mile bicycle race, A. H. Elliott, New Wilmington, 3–51; running high jump, James Witherspoon, 5 ft.; hop ,step and jump, James Witherspoon, 38 ft. 6 in.; standing high jump, W. B. Anderson, 4 ft. 6 in.; running broad jump, James Witherspoon, 16 ft. 6 in.; the final event, the tug of war between the seniors and juniors, was declared a draw.

—The ball team of the college, with a number of its admirers, went to Beaver Falls on May 4th to play a match game with the college nine of Geneva College. Upon arriving there it was discovered that the Geneva nine was "packed," having the pitcher from East Liverpool, the catcher from Greensburg, and the short stop from the Beaver Gray nine. Notwithstanding this fact the Westminster nine agreed to play them, but the game was stopped in the fourth inning by rain. The score at even innings was 2 to 1, in favor of Geneva. At that time the latter nine agreed to play the former on their own grounds on the 15th inst., but at a later date they canceled the engagement. Probably the hiring of professional players to play with college nines is too

expensive. To avoid this difficulty we request the Geneva club to bring a "straight nine" to New Wilmington at any time suitable to both clubs, and the Westminster nine will play them a match game. We do not agree to pay any traveling expenses, but shall endeavor to treat you with all the hospitality in our power while you are here. Gentlemen, please don't flunk.

—Curiosity seems to have surpassed good manners in some young ladies of the college, or their interest in the welfare of our young men has overcome their modesty. Not long ago a party of four, two preps., and a representative from each of the classes '91 and '92, respectively, determined to investigate the culinary department of a young men's boarding club on Mercer street. On Friday afternoon the attempt was made but was gratified only by a single glance through the half open door. The sudden appearance of the ladies of the house prevented their further intrusion. The fair investigators were so inclined to a hasty departure that no inquiries could be made as to the nature of their desires. The gentlemen friends of these ladies are not members of this club. so we can only conclude that the motive prompting such strange action was not anxiety arising from their knowledge of the importance of the laws of dietetics, but rather the gratification of a desire inconsistent with all their pretentions to a strict observance of the rules of etiquette.

NOTICE.—By request we announce that Battery B, First Light Artillery Pa. Reserves, will hold an annual reunion at Mt. Jackson on Monday, June 8. Arrangements are being made to make the reunion a success.

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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. VII. NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE, 1891. NO. 10

EVOLUTION VS. REVOLUTION.

Society is organic. It develops with human relations—relations that widen with thought and mount with aspiration. These are confirmed and transmitted through the organs of government. But such unfolding relations tend to outgrow political institutions; they break the crust of form and liberate truth, and truth freed becomes a principle of human action: a world thought seeking adequate expression in new forms. As such they rise above existing institutions and become the ideals which find embodiment in new systems. The adjustment, therefore, of the institutions of government to these growing demands of society, of social forms to social relations, has been the problem of every civilization and the crowning glory of enlightened statesmanship. In the old order of things this adjustment was accomplished by means of revolution. Until the close of the middle ages many so-called political revolutions were but variations in the same system—contests of kings for supremacy, waves of might which swept away thrones but bore on their bosoms no new ideas. But love began an epoch in politics in which the masses were to be an active factor in government. The ennobling instincts of the race quickened with the consciousness of individual worth and human relations which had heretofore been a philosophical fiction now became a political fact. Under such conditions governmental revolutions were to be more than incidents in history. They were to be part of society's great internal struggle to maintain its equilibrium. They were to teach the world that mighty truth that intellect belongs to no class and that thought is an universal prerogative.

Such revolutions were the result of the inertia of old forms. Absolutism had been written in the history of every empire; it had governed every race. A system of government thus coeval with human society and with the prestige of experience would yield no concession until compelled by some internal force. And in addition to the spirit which clings to the antique because it has endured and overestimates the tried, because it has sufficed, there was the incapacity of the masses to hold new forms in ideal. But when humanity, whose bleeding forehead had been pressed in the dust, at last rose from its thrall, conscious of its worth and its destiny, it found no conscience to which it could appeal. Thus open revolution became the necessary and legitimate weapon of an outraged people.

But revolution is the method of a society in which passion dominates reflection. It is preeminently destructive, crushing alike the odious and that which experience vindicates. It is where the few are lifted on the shoulders of birth and intellect and genius, while the many, crushed and impassioned, would hurl them from their eminence and overthrow every

institution which supports them. Of such material men have built a temple of liberty, but they have taken a sword and dipped it in their own blood to write upon its walls those shining truths that shall not die. But amid all this wreck and ruin there survived that one enduring element, the truth that lives forever.

As revolutions are native to certain social conditions, they disappear with those conditions. A new order of relations demands a new method of adjustment, political evolution, an unfolding, the parallel growth of society and government. Evolution is occasioned by the increased complexity of human interests. Life in this day is intense. A year of the old is crowded into a day of the new. Changes which would have occurred at intervals of a century now occur annually. If, then, there is to be any social order, such transitions must be unattended by commotion. And every advance of society gives it an increased capacity for further development. This along industrial and commercial lines alone is uniting the world in one vast workshop. And the day is not far distant when all the nations will be interdependent and revolutions suicidal.

But further, political evolution results from the union of the governing and the governed. The antagonism of the classes furnished the occasion of revolution. But the democratic spirit is reaching down with a vital touch to the lowly of every clime, and, lifting the bowed head in the strength of conscious manhood, is leading them up to a plane of freedom and accountability. The union of these opposing classes makes their political interests identical. It vindicates a divine right of kings, but it is the right of every man to be his own sovereign. As thus the slow movement of the masses eliminates these differences, the method of revolt gives place to the unfolding process of evolution.

But political evolution also follows the growth of a national conscience. Under the old system an injured people appeals to a sense of fear, under the new it appeals to a sense of right. And this conscience, whether it be accounted for on the ground of utility or be traced back to the cross, is still a forceful reality which is uplifting the nations. It is infusing a soul of warmth and feeling into the cold body of intellect like a spark from the altar of heaven, and turning the vital energies of States from the antagonism of classes to the pursuit of peace and justice.

The American Revolution was such in name only. It was properly a restoration and an evolution. It destroyed no British institution, but it deprived England of a part of her territory that it might restore the ancient and acknowledged privileges of her subjects and give them a new application adapted to different soil and conditions. But the French struggle of the same period was a perfect type of revolution. It overthrew every institution; it created the liberties which it gave the people. The French conception of freedom was the thought of the philosopher, the American was part of the universal mind. France, with one sweep, discarded state and church, loyalty and reverence, and embraced a philosophy which denied that spiritual life which alone makes man worthy of freedom.

Revolutions, therefore, have marked the triumph of ideas long matured by time and experience, but evolution takes thought new born and adapts to it the forms of government. The unequal development of social relations and political institutions caused revolution, their parallel growth is evolution. And with the awakening of national conscience evolution, whose worth and truth will gather to its standard the throbbing nations, will be the only method of political advancement. And in a dim but certain future we can see the destiny of the race dedicated to truth and to God, when peace shall lay down the seal of blood, and love, forever bright, forever crowned, shall rule in the affairs of men.

A. H. Elliott.

THE WILL THE ARBITER OF LIFE.

It is true in chemistry that results vary as the ingredients and the conditions of preparation. The same elements, but in different proportions and conditions, produce sugar and oil. In character, too, does this law of variation bear sway. The degraded wretch and the ideal man possess the same powers, the proportions and conditions alone being different. In two characters thought and feeling may be relatively equal; yet one has strength, the other has not, because they have different degrees of a third element. To the strong, thought and feeling are essential, but they are not sufficient to create strength. Thought may be vigorous, broad and deep, and yet results in no mature fruition. The feelings may be intense and sensitive and yet be wasted on abortive schemes. Some element is needed to make effective these powers of thought and feeling, and what is it but that in man which says, "I will"—the grand yet dread ability to choose? The degree in which this power is present in a man determines his strength or weakness, in truth his whole development. What he shall be is no unimportant question and this the will alone can answer. The mental activity must be determined. As man has tamed the elements of nature, it is the will's prerogative to control and utilize the mental powers. The mill wheel of life must be turned by the stream of thought, but some force besides gravitation must be exerted to make the stream effective. The object of thought-energy must be chosen, and the measure of energy expended, determined. The stream, scattered and shallow, must be concentrated and deepened, and guided in the line of its greatest advantage.

Ignorance makes thought shallow and prejudice misguides it. Hence these obstacles to its clear, deep flow must be removed. Ignorance gives away only before determined struggle after truth. Without this struggle there can be no mental culture or attainment. The poetry of Milton, the art products of Michael Angelo, and the generalship of Grant were no accidents of untrained thought, but the achievements of minds guided and concentrated by a mighty will power. Prejudice, too, may be overcome only when the faculties of reason and judgment are under legitimate control. In order to secure success, the will must be the mind's master. But not more fiercely do sea waves beat on rock-bound coasts than do man's restless passions, driven by the winds of circumstance and the tides of nature, break on the rocks of sober thought, making them tremble and often crumble and fall, and then with wilder dash over the fallen fragments, assail the inner life and utterly distroy the reign of peace. True possession of one's mind involves that government of self, characteristic of so few, control of feelings. What is so pitiable as a man at the mercy of his passions; who cannot claim command of his own spirit, who cannot say, "I will be thus; I will conquer this feeling and yield myself to that?"

When right choice is made among motive powers as to which shall bear sway, a victory is gained grander than the victories of nations. An Alexander or a Napoleon vie but poorly with him whose will is master of his spirit. 'Tis not those thoughts which come to the mind only to be crushed that stamp the man with "So is he," but those which he wills to think, wills and wills again until they mold his mind to fit themselves and in them exert their influence on his will. As one has said, "it is the reiterated choice of good or evil" that "gradually determine character." Born of this repeated choice is a force which is the safe-guard of pure character, but the slave chain of the degraded nature, the potent force of habit. 'Tis thus that "we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds," the capital mo-

ment in our lives." For no one lives entirely within himself. Environment is the great testing apparatus in the laboratory of character. A man's habitual attitude towards his surroundings is the index to the conscious or unconscious depths of character within, and is the measure of his success. Had less resolution and perseverance in the face of seemingly unsurmountable difficulties characterized Columbus, American history would be very different from what it is. He who cringes and draws back before each adverse circumstance, yielding his nobler aspirations a costly sacrifice to his dread of doubtful combat, possesses little force of character, and his will is being constantly dwarfed and weakened by inaction. If he reaches success, it must be by a stormless voyage, and whoever discovered such a course to any end worth gaining. It is related of the great Admiral Coligni that he claimed "superiority over Alexander, over Scipio, over Cæsar. They," said he, "won great battles it is true. I have lost four great battles, and yet I show to the enemy a more formidable front than ever." By the strange alchemy of determination defeat is made to yield victory, and the possessor of such a will stands on a vantage ground he could not otherwise have gained. In this way circumstances are made to serve him whom they have threatened and seemed to crush, because his will is mighter than they, for

> "Men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

It is within the scope of man, consciously, to mold his circumstances, making his unpromising surroundings to yield a rich harvest of opportunity and success. To realize the truth of this we have but to glance up at the stars of our national firmament. But for this principle we could not read there the names of Lincoln or Garfield, of Washington or Grant; their names, and many others, would, instead, be mouldering in oblivion. Unconsciously, whether we will or no, we mold our circumstances; but as conscious virtue is better than untried innocence, so it is nobler consciously to carve the pathway of our lives.

But this force of will springs up neither spontaneously nor in a moment. The seed must be there and the conditions favorable for growth. The essential condition of its growth is exercise. As an acorn, the germ of a possible perfect oak, may be made by unfavorable conditions to yield but a gnarled and stunted libel on its kind, or even die with no development, so the will-germ of grand possibilities may result in nothing better than culpable self-will, or imbecile dependence on others, for lack of healthful exercise. It is the continual choosing between good and evil that builds up character and lends that texture to the will that scorns to bend before the storm of tyranny's mandates. Where there's a will, earnest, founded on conviction, what power can break it? What though the enemy close in on every side? Will it quail or give up? Die he may who is possessed of such a will; but he will die a freeman—free in spirit, triumphant over those who can but kill the body. Grand, indeed, is such a will. It makes a Socrates, a Luther or a Paul, resisting the foes of liberty and truth. Thrice grand the will that conquers and controls itself, and follows close where conscience leads the way, bowing to Him who created it with liberty of choice. It indicates no weakness, but the greatest strength, when the will is bowed in homage that is due. In yielding to its maker the will receives a hundred fold for all its sacrifice, for Omnipotence breathes on it, and inspires it with a strength like his who, the perfect representative of our race, displayed a perfect will.

Not trivial, then, O, man, are the questions of thy life, and their answers teem with all thy destiny. Success or failure, life or death are there. Thy will must give the answers, for in each man's life the will is arbiter.

JEAN A. ROBERTSON.

A HIGHER STANDARD OF EDUCATED MANHOOD.

It is a marvelous fact that although men are constantly crying out for rest, humanity is never satisfied to be idle. Up and down, like the surge of the ocean, rise and fall the efforts of mankind. We are a struggling race. We have struggled from the day of Eden, and shall struggle to the Day of Judgment. The slave drives the oxen which drag the stones for the pyramid. The overseer drives the slave. The officer drives the overseer. Pharaoh drives the officer. Desire for fame drives Pharaoh. Each driver is himself driven. So the world progresses; not so much from will as from necessity. Men groan and grumble and sweat at their task, but, like Sisyphus, dare not take their shoulder from the rock.

"If a man will not work neither should he eat," becomes advice in the purest form of religion, as well as a motto for the sagest political economy. Let law and gospel and public sentiment goad to the utmost the wretch who refuses to do his part in wrestling from the soil her fruits and from the forces of nature their energy.

We need not seek to conceal the fact that this earth in which we dwell is a workshop. We come into it to find the artisan's cap and apron waiting for us. Here are tools ready to our hands. Here are manuals handed down by other generations. Books open, with leaves worn and corners turned over, and pages soiled with finger marks. Here is material to be wrought upon and manufactured. Strength, skill and science are called for. Endurance, energy, earnestness are needed. He who with folded arms and knotted brow wishes to sit, and shirk, and sulk, had better never have been born upon a planet in which life and not mere existence is required.

Philosophers may question as to the relative value of civilization and barbarism. Philosophers may ask whether it is of advantage to discover necessities and invent new comforts and luxuries. Philosophers may refer in glowing terms to the simplicity of the savage, but what philosopher would care to leave his study table, his paper and his pen, his well stocked shelves, his periodicals, for Patagonian pursuits and Australian happiness.

In these days we hear the strangest problems seriously discussed: "Is life worth living?" And those who sustain the negative in the debate instead of committing suicide when they close their argument and so proving that they die martyrs to their convictions, grotesquely enough continue to live on. Ah, friend, the philosopher is a wiser man than his poor dupe whose breathless body was but just now dragged from the Thames or Seine. The philosopher can draw subtle distinction between theory and practice which common men in their obtuseness fail to perceive. None but morbid minds will ever stop to question whether life is worth living. He whose moments are occupied in a great mission, whose mind is filled with a great message, will not loiter to juggle with possibilities, but will labor to achieve successes. He will take life as his heritage, and, whether it is worth living or not, will make the most of its fleeting hours. Without wasting time in words, he will leave his works to answer the problem. As long as there are wrongs to be righted and evils to be redressed, and sins to be crushed and temptations to be resisted, and passions to be subdued, and mysteries to be revealed, and facts to be established and issues to be faced, life is worth living and it is a blessed privilege to live. We rejoice that as men we were placed here to subdue the earth and to have dominion. The kingdom is not ours until we make it ours by conquest. First subdue, then have dominion. We made the dumb brute bear the yoke.

We were not satisfied with this. We checked the stream and made its current turn our wheels. We said to the wind: "Fill out our sails;" to the vapor, "Assist us by your power;" to the lightning, "Carry our messages." We laid natural forces under tribute. Dame Nature may not be a shrew, but she is a jealous mistress. She keeps her secrets until compelled to relinquish them. Her laws must be sought out and discovered. Her treasures must be brought from their hiding places. And all rewards are to him that overcometh. It is well to examine carefully the purpose of one's endeavor and research. Plato in discussing causes has given to us a term which expresses this idea. He speaks of the final cause. Now, what is the final cause of human effort? Is the final cause to be found in human selfishness? Is the final cause to be found in the love of conquest? Is the final cause to be found in human greed? Are these the incentives which stimulate the development of our race. If this be true we need a higher standard of educated manhood. To attain the purest ends there must be self-forgetfulness and self-relinquishment.

The world calls for martyrs still. More blood of sacrifice. He who drifts with the tide may be a successful and popular man in his community, but he will never be a leader in reform. He may be gifted, but he cannot be great. The ocean current is silent in carrying chips but thunders against the rocks. He who compromises with his conscience will be forgotten or execrated by mankind. Paul of Tarsus was never greater than when his headless body fell without the walls of Rome. Martin Luther was never greater than when he heard the angry roar of the papacy and rested under its anathema. William Lloyd Garrison never rose to higher eminence than when they dragged him through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck. Haddock never deserved wider fame than when that cowardly shot was fired in the streets of Sioux City. The cause of religion, liberty, or reform was never more secure than when its supporters were made to suffer for their opinions. Truth craves the light. Martyrdom may be the electric flash which reveals truth to the darkened eyes of the world, but in every conflict truth will be beaten down a hundred times before it can raise its head in triumph. Sophistry will aim a blow at it; prejudice will aim a blow at it; bigotry will aim a blow at it; superstition will aim a blow at it; conservatism will aim a blow at it; ignorance will aim a blow at it; intolerance will aim a blow at it; sin will aim a blow at it. When it rises it will rise as one against an hundred. Truth must fight its way upon the platform, must fight its way in the pulpit, must fight its way at the bar of justice, must fight its way in the halls of congress, must fight its way in the audience of the people. Truth will be betrayed by its friends; it will be misinterpreted, misconstrued and misunderstood by its enemies. Those who were supposed to be its champions will often prove themselves to be its foes. When after long delay and endless discussion it becomes possible for men to do something practical they will dodge great issues and vote against important measures. The work will have to be done over twenty times before it is done correctly. It is remarkable how blind a man can be when self interest or popularity are at stake.

The times require men of deep conviction—men of conscience—fearless men. It is a mistake to suppose that there is nothing to be done. There are wrongs to be put down and rights to be defended. There are grave issues to be met and important problems to be solved. The fault of our people lies in their indifference. They submit to knavery and injustice until public sentiment becomes superheated and wrathful; then they burst forth with the violence of a geyser. Better the cool and ever-flowing fountain.

Nothing to be done! Do you think there is nothing to be done when a Chief Justice re-

quired the protection of a United States Marshal, when a deputy marshal was shot down while in the quiet discharge of his duty, when mob rule gains control of an American city, when a large portion of voters are denied the the right of suffrage, when a city official can rob the treasury of two millions of dollars, when politics are manipulated from the saloon, when the Anglo Saxon Sabbath is menaced by ignorant emigrants, when constitutional prohibition is defeated in the great State of Pennsylvania? Do you think there is nothing to be done? Let me say that there is much to be done, and that men of well trained mind, of well stored mind, of active mind, are needed to do the work. Never was wisdom more potent, never was knowledge more powerful than it is to-day. Education has busied herself preparing the way for regeneration. Now let men of brain and action, through pen and press, through voice and vote, carry on the great work. Let these leaders of thought mold the clay that is ready for the hand of the potter—let them not lose the opportunity which is offered.

In an engagement during the late war a color bearer had carried the flag so far in advance of his regiment that the commanding officer shouted for him to return. The soldier replied: "I cannot carry back the colors; bring the men up to the standard." And if the conscientious manhood of this country has reached a point far beyond the rank and file, it can only say, "We cannot carry back the colors; bring the men up to the standard."

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Rev. Dr. Ferguson was greeted by an immense audience at the Second U. P. church to hear the reverend gentleman preach the baccalaureate sermon to the Senior class. Owing to lack of space only a synopsis of the sermon is given:

Obedience is conformity to law. Men stand in awe before the majesty of the law as with unvarying uniformity it reigns in the material universe. Would that we could make it clear that the obedience of an immortal soul is even more admirable than the obedient earth and sky.

Precepts fail to give as vivid conception of the excellence of duty or to attract us to it. Let us rather look upon a man embodying the divine ideal, illustrating the beauty of goodness by a blameless life. Magnifying the moral law and making it honorable. Where shall such an attractive example be found? There has been but one faultless man in all ages. His example of obedience is enhanced in value by the fact that he is also the son of God. See him subordinating, suppressing, veiling his deity—becoming a real man, subject to the law. All this was preparatory to the obedience which he rendered. Clothed now with all the attributes of humanity he lived his life, did his work, died his death. And what was the essential quality—the distinguishing glory of it? It may be expressed in a single word—obedience. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Two main points were considered:

I. Christ's complete obedience to God.

II. The attractive example his obedience furnishes to his followers.

The sermon closed with the following address to the class:

Ladies and gentlemen of the class of 1891:

I shall be glad if I have been able to fasten in your minds the idea of obedience commended to you by the example of Jesus. I trust you will go forth from Westminster College to be law abiding citizens, consistent church mem-

bers, true friends, dutiful sons and daughters, faithful husbands and wives—above all loyal subjects of our Peerless Chief—Jesus of Nazareth. Count it not beneath you to sit at his feet and learn. Think it no infringement of your liberty to be hedged about by the Ten Commandments. Ask no longer tether line—no longer sphere than the will of God allows you.

First of all be obedient to the command of the Gospel, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." That will settle the question of your salvation and leave you free to serve him further with a loving, willing mind. Then wait upon him for orders. Raise every day the question, "What wilt thou have me to do?" To the call of providence, "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?" Let your heart respond, "Here am I; send me." Keep in touch with Christ; like Enoch, walk with God, and whether in the Gospel ministry or in secular callings, in our own or in other lands, fulfil the duty of the time and the hour.

Are you attracted by the thought of doing good to others? Do you long to be serviceable to mankind, and, whether recognized or unrecognized, to be among the worlds benefactors according to your measure? The story of Jesus grandly illustrates the fact that service to man and obedience to God are only different phases of the same thing—of one life. Within sight of the coast of Africa the English vessel Birkenhead went down to the bottom of the sea with four hundred and fifty men on deck. Called suddenly from their hammocks, they were apprized of their danger that was imminent. The boats were only sufficient to save the women and children, and before the boats could return to rescue the men, the awful catastrophe was soon to come. Yet the command came to the men, "Fall in on deck by companies," and with sublime heroism, as soon as they knew what it all meant, they obeyed instantly with scarce an exception. The captain's wise order secured the safety of the women by the self sacrifice of the noble men. The path of obedience was the path of glorious service.

The captain of our salvation is in command and the world is sinking to its doom. How shall the helpless ones be saved! Let us wait on the order of our Commander. Let us go down with him into the depths.

My young friends, be obedient unto him, and all will be noble and well with you. Be obedient unto him, and your life will be a continuous blessing unto others. "Whomsoever will be great among you let him be your minister; and whomsoever will be chief among you let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many."

SERMON TO Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A.

The First U. P. church was crowded to hear the sermon of D. C. Marquis, D. D., L. L. D., of Chicago, to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. The substance of the sermon was as follows:

TEXT—"The glory of young men is their strength." —Rev. xx, 29.

When the inspired penman uttered these words he was doubtless thinking of bodily strength. The picture before his mind was that of a man perfect in all that pertains to the body. Physical strength, while the lowest form of strength, is yet not unattractive, it produces an emotion of pleasure in most of us and the hero worship of physical force still lives. The boy, unrestrained, soon learns to measure his ability with his companions and every boy of the street knows his superiority in this respect.

A higher form of all this is found in the friendly contest of the gymnasium, the ball field and the boat race. All these are nothing but the continuation of the scenes and lessons of the Greek stadium and the tournament of the middle ages. All this cultivation of physical strength, if used as a means to an end, is not to be despised. But if it is gained for its own sake, it must degrade human strength to the level of the beast. For the same crowd that cheers the winning side in a game of ball will shout with equal energy for the victory of the four footed trotter. * * * Time was when one man ruled a nation or a company of nations. But this can be so no more. Now human ambition tries to carry out its wish by combinations of various kinds. But some one man must direct, and he must do so without showing himself as the master. Yet even then his power is short-lived. He is deposed, his plans thwarted, and another takes his place only to share the same fate. All this is vanity. The forces that constitute mental strength are just as unsatisfactory as those which constitute physical power.

But there is a strength which brings satisfaction to its possessor. It gives to the man an identity, a force, an individuality. It is a strength like Paul's, making king's tremble; like Luther's, defying popes and emperors, a strength like that of Knox, Latimer and Huss, men whose courage kings could not quench nor fire destroy. It is better than the brawniest arm, or the biggest brain, and stronger than the mightiest combination. It makes man the superior of all these. The tendency of the times is to hinder the manifestation of individuality, to hide the man in the multitude. There is need, therefore, for the cultivation of that which emphasizes the position of the individual. This is the strength of self sacrifice or self control. * * * There are two ways of reaching happiness—the one by ruling others, the other by ruling one's self. Most men try the wrong way. Such men were Haman and Napoleon. But Paul was of the latter class. The world poured all its bitterness in this man's cup. He was scorned and persecuted, yet he said, "I have all and abound." His will held him in subjection to the will of his Master. And above all mere men Paul deserves the title of a king of men. The great secret of his happiness was, "I keep my body under."

The passions of the soul are not to be destroyed. They are to be controlled. They are given to the elements of power. When controlled they are such, but otherwise they are elements of weakness. The soul left to itself will take the downward course. It has always done so. There is not a single example to prove that the opposite is true. It is this uncontrolled nature that breaks up homes, destroys nations and stains the earth with the blood of men. It is like the devastating fire, the overflowing river, or the raging storm. It is not that we would destroy fire, nor the water, nor the wind. We do not fear these. They are agents of comfort and blessing. It is the uncontrolled in them that terrifies and destroys. So the passion force in subjection becomes a power to bless men and glorify God.

How is self-control to be achieved? Faith as the ally of reason must use the Word of God to enlighten the conscience, influence the will and direct the whole life. God's Word is the last arbiter, from whose decisions there is no appeal. Under such government there will be order, peace, harmony. You who would influence others, govern yourself. If you would lead men to the knowledge of Him whom you profess to serve, put yourself entirely into subjection to your own will and let your will be ever subject to the will and the word of God.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 1st of each month.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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JUNE, 1891.

ANOTHER Commencement day has come and gone. The class of '91 have separated. The joys and griefs, the pleasures and discouragements, of another year will soon be forgotten. The memories which the graduating class have left with us, will not so soon pass away, but we hope that all bad impressions made will not thus stay until another year. The college year has closed, but it only ushers in a new one with all its hopes and fears. May the failures of the year be a stepping stone, to better things in next year. The "Junior Cornet Band," of New Wilmington, furnished excellent music for the day. They most certainly should be encouraged. Everything passed off quietly on this memorable day, and may it long be remembered by all friends of Westminster. "Ring out the old, ring in the new."

WE are glad to note that during the term which is now about to close more than ordinary attention has been given to temperance. Each of the four literary societies devoted one night to this subject. Recitations, declamations, essays, orations, and debates, all relating to this cause, were given. To spend part of our time in the interest of this movement is doubtless a good thing, as it keeps us better posted and will enable us to act more wisely in the matter.

THAT a warm missionary spirit exists in our college is evident from the large gathering that we had at our last meeting and from the interest that was shown by those who took part. The meeting was devoted specially to Persia. Very interesting and instructive papers on "The Geography and History of Persia," "How the Persians Live," "The Religion of Persia," and "Missionary Work in Persia," were read by different members of the school. Dr. Jessie Wilson was present and read a paper entitled, "A Medical Missionary." The paper was highly appreciated by all, and contained much that should be known and remembered by every Christian student. Miss Wilson expects to leave for Persia in the fall, where she will be engaged as a medical missionary. She was graduated at this place in 1887, seems to be fully consecrated to the service of her Master, and certainly deserves the prayers and good will of the college.

DOES it pay to advertise our college? Most assuredly it does. And in our opinion there is no better way of doing this than by having our quartette and orchestra visit the most places possible, and if necessary compensate them for their service. We are confident that much good has resulted from the entertainments given by these students. Our institution has become more widely known, and the name Westminster is now familiar to many who six months ago were not aware that such a college existed. This is true not only out-

side of our church, but in our church as well. When talking to our own members about Westminster, it is no uncommon occurrence to be asked where and what the college is. Just think of it, members of our own church, not fifty miles from here, who don't know that such a school is in operation. Can this be avoided? Certainly, to some extent. Take the places that have been visited by the clubs mentioned, and compare them with other similar places and you will find that the former know much more about our school. Even the bills and posters that are circulated in the different towns have their good results, and the name Westminster looms up in the minds of our alumni and friends of the institution, as it has never done before. The people become more enthusiastic, the college is talked about at the table, in the store and on the street. College spirit is kindled anew. Whole families go to the entertainment, and are always favorably impressed. A desire to attend Westminster is created in the minds of the boys and girls, and parents who never before thought of sending here are led to inquire, and then to believe, that this is the place to send their children. That our college is not more widely known is partly our fault, and perhaps partly that of our alumni. On the part of some there seems to be a lack of interest. We should make ourselves known. We cannot be too active. Every alumnus should have the interests of his alma mater at heart, and it should be the aim of every student to bring two or three new ones each year. Make the effort at least. Do all that is possible to advertise the school. We have virtues and excellencies that are not to be had in every town, and these should be widely circulated so that others may have the benefit of them as well as ourselves. Let us make each year better than the preceding one. This is possible, and all that we need is the determination, and then an effort to carry out the determination, by faculty, students, and alumni.

LETTER FROM BRITISH INDIA.

In Camp at Hafizbad, Gujranwala District, British India, March 10, 1891.

Miss Hannah Peebles, Sec'y of Westminster College Missionary Society:

Dear Friend—Yours of October 13th came about the time I last wrote your association. Since then we have had another epistle from you which was done up in an envelop only partly linen, the contents of which were rather weighty, being about two hundred pounds avoirdupois, and usually wearing a placid smile, not a grin. This was a rather notable letter. At least its arrival was the occasion of no small stir among the inhabitants of the city of Gujranwala. Several thousands turned out and were present at the station to welcome Mr. McKee, as you must know by this time, is the person to whom I have reference. He was greeted with cheers from hundreds of throats, and boquets were thrown in his face, and fireworks announced his arrival to the whole community. Then a company of the elite of the city accompanied him to his residence, and all this was followed by a reception a few evenings later. This was all by the people of the city, not by the Christian population. Of course the Christians had a part in it. But the movers in it were Hindus and Mahommedans. This is the reception of a Christian minister in a heathen land. This is rather unusual, but Mr. McKee is very popular. He has been in in Gujranwala a long time, and the people have found him a great benefactor, and this accounts for his general popularity, which extends over the whole district. Wherever I go I find that the people know "McKee Sahib" and speak of him in the kindest of terms, and for this reason he can accomplish a great deal among them. He seems to have gotten hold of them, and understands them, and knows how to reach them. It was my pleasure to spend some time with him this winter. I wanted to get some ideas from him as to how to manage the work. It was a well spent time, and

I have gotten much help from him in many ways. He does not hesitate to tell them of their sins, and they think none the less of him for the scathings he often gives them. But it was not my intention to give brother McKee a lift when I began. However, it may not be uninteresting to you to know that the man who spends his life for the good of others does not often fail of something of a reward even in this life. It is not often that a genuine benefactor is not appreciated. It is in men to love those who seek their good.

In your letter you mention the fact that Mrs. McKee and her two daughters will likely join him next autumn. Since then I have heard that one of the daughters has joined somebody else. It is hard to tell what the other may do, but we are in hopes that we may at least be allowed to welcome the other daughter and Mrs. McKee next cold season. I hear all Mr. McKee's friends, both native and foreign, asking about the family, and all seem to be glad of their return.

Miss Given, of whose health you heard bad reports, is one of the strongest we have now, and gives promise for a lot of hard work in the future. She was transferred to Sialkot, and is now at work there.

Of course I congratulate you on the good reports from your college. The reports are always so encouraging both as to the college and the association that it does us good out here. We are a long way off from you, but the condition of the church at home affects us very materially. We feel every movement out here more or less.

You ask for any suggestions as to how to keep up a missionary interest. I think that the plan you pursue is as good as I could suggest. The meeting you mention, the one at which Dr. Ferguson presided and at which Mr. Beaver spoke is just the kind of a meeting to have. Of course the spiritual condition of the college has much to do with the missionary interest, for the spirit of Christ is the only true missionary spirit and the more you get of Christ into you the more you will love the souls of men and the more you will love God.

Then as to your special work, our mission report will soon be out and I am going to write you in regard to some things in it. I think I will do some complaining. I mean that I am going to tell you some of the discouragements. Why not, as it is your work as well as mine, and you ought to be allowed to know both sides and be allowed to help us lift the burden?

Then I have gotten a map, on a large scale, of this district. It is one of the government maps and will show you all the villages. I will mark those in which there are Christians so that you will be able to see in a moment the condition of affairs. It will be sent home with Mr. Scott and will be in the hands, probably, of Prof. McClenahan to whom I send several.

We are grateful to you for an interest in your prayers. But we expect them as a matter of course. I have more confidence in what you may do by your prayers than what we may be able to do in the field. Here I am back on my old hobby that what the church is in need of to-day is the prayers of God's people. "Salvation belongs to the Lord and not to men." "It is not by might nor by power but by my Spirit," is not merely a nice sounding verse of scripture but a burning truth which cannot be gotten over. If the spirit is not with us I want to go home at once.

Just now we are having some trouble. We camped here last week to begin work on our house. I have often told you that Gujranwala is so far from our work that we have been trying to get a house. When I last wrote I think we had not yet gotten the land. But we did get it about the first of December. We did not begin on the house at once as we wanted to use the winter season at our itin-

erating work. The season is not yet over, but we came here last week to get the foundation started as the hot season will soon be on and the rains soon follow, so that if we should get caught in the rains with a half finished building there would be great loss, as the larger part of the brick are only sun dried. We began our work and had been at it only a day or two when we received a "haqi shufa" notice. The land here is all owned by a land owning class and is divided off into villages like our townships at home. If any man sells land any land owner in that village has a right called "haqi shufa" to take the land or the right of refusal at the price the purchaser may be willing to give. This right extends up to a year. So any time from now till next December any land owner in this village may claim this right and may take the land from us if he will only pay me the original price and any expense I may put on the land. If I get my house up then he would have to pay for the house and all other improvements. So if we get a little further on they will not likely touch it for they would have no use for the house. We are trying to get them to recall it. They are afraid that we will interfere with their religion. If we cannot get the matter straight the man I always fall back on, Mr. McKee, is coming out to set the matter right, so that I have no fear of the ultimate issue though we are at present being much hindered with our work.

I might give you some report of our work for the winter, but my letter is already long enough and I will have something to say on the work as soon as the reports are out and I am able to send you one. I am very sincerely, your brother in Christ, J. H. MARTIN,

Am. Misson, Gujranwala, British India.

—Miss H., suffering with extreme heat, to her cousin Mr. H., one evening during chapel service: "Where is your fan?" Mr. H.: "She is sitting in the next seat behind us."

ALUMNI HISTORY.

1862.

This class was composed of fourteen members, three of whom are now dead, yet only seven have answered our letters. The first one on the roll does not answer to his name, Rev. Alexander S. Abbey.

Rev. Samuel J. Bogle writes us from Kenton, Ohio, where he is pastor of the Presbyterian church. After leaving college he goes to Allegheny Seminary and then goes to Monmouth Seminary. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Monmouth in April, 1863, having taken one term at a Theological Seminary before graduating at college. He supplied in the U. P. church until January, 1864, at that time leaving the U. P. church and uniting with the Presbyterian church, in which he has been working since 1864. In 1864-65 he was located at Upper Sandusky, O.; a home missionary in Missouri one year; pastor at Mason City, Ill., fourteen years, and at Kenton, O., from April, 1882, to the present. In April, 1864, at New Concord, O., he was married to Miss Sarah E. McKinney, and has three sons and one daughter.

Rev. Newton E. Brown is situated at Evansburg, Pa. Mr. Brown entered Allegheny Seminary soon after graduating at college, and graduated from there in 1864. Intending to go as a missionary to Syria, his plans were changed by sickness prostrating him just as he was making preparations for the journey, and when he recovered a door of usefulness was opened to him in this country. He taught in Dayton Academy in the summer of 1864; preached in Slippery Rock and Harlansburg from 1866 to 1886, and at Evansburg and Watson's Run from 1888 to the present. Yes, he says he was married December 21, 1865, to Miss Euphema Black, of Harrisville, Pa. Four children bless their home, one boy and three girls.

Rev. Wm. Harvey, the next on the roll, is

the foreign missionary of the class, now located at Cairo, Egypt. He is a graduate of Allegheny Seminary, and was married soon after he was ordained to Miss Henrietta Maria Lee. This event took place September 7, 1865, and September 30th of that year they sailed for their future home in Egypt. Two daughters live to honor them. He returned to the United States on a furlough in July, 1875, and sailed for Egypt the second time in April, 1877, and again returned to this country July 11, 1890. He purposes remaining here until the fall, when he will resume his work in the foreign field. His labors also extend into other lines.

Next comes the name of Rev. S. C. Hubbell, now at Wooster, O. He was graduated from Allegheny Seminary in 1866, and was licensed to preach by Lake Presbytery in 1865. From the seminary he went to do mission work on the frontier, thus working for two years; at Barnett, Vt., for one year; at Plymouth, O., one year; Scotch Ridge from 1871 to 1877; Missionary in Iowa for one year. In 1867 he was married to Miss Mary S. McWilliams, from which union four children were born, two boys and two girls. In 1879, they moved to Wooster, O., to educate these children. He reports that he was a coal dealer for five years and a small fruit grower from that time to the present.

Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D., answers that he is a clergyman and editor, situated at Philadelphia, Pa. He was graduated from the Allegheny Seminary in April, 1867. After graduating he preached in the First U. P. church of this place for two years; then in the Philadelphia Presbyterian churches until date. On Jan. 22, 1870, he was married to Miss Louis E. King, of Argyle, N. Y. They have three children. Dr. Miller has been and is yet a great worker, and his habits are worthy of being copied by many students of to-day. As examples of his literary work we may cite "Week Day Religion," "Practical Religion," "Home Making," "Marriage Altar," "Silent Times," "Come Ye Afar," "In His Steps," "Bits of Pasture," and many others. He is a great worker in Sabbath school helps.

Rev. Samuel McKee, the next on the class roll, died August 17, 1885.

Joseph McNabb and Jos. H. Montgomery were not heard from.

Rev. Samael N. Moore died June 19, 1868, and Samuel Taggart was killed in the United States service in 1863.

Rev. William Weir, of Washington, Pa., writes that he graduated at Allegheny Seminary and was called to East Union for three years; from there he went to Cannonsburg, Pa., staying at that place three years; at Martin's Ferry, O., for ten years, and is now engaged as District Secretary of the National Reform Association. He was married to Miss Elizabeth H. King, October 9, 1862. They have three children to care for them. While he says that his life has not been especially marked, that just gives the impression that he is doing much good.

Mrs. J. P. Caldwell is the only lady in this class and she took a scientific course. Her present profession has the title M. D. A. (Mistress of Domestic Affairs). She was educated for this profession at the paternal residence during a course of nine years in post graduate course. She was engaged in the work eighteen years in Pittsburgh and Allegheny and over a year in New Wilmington. She, believing that concentration of effort and thought are the surest means of success, has devoted her entire time to her profession. She was married on Nov. 15, 1871, to Mr. J. P. Caldwell, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Four children were born, one daughter and three sons. She thinks that it is needless to say anything about this profession as the members of it are so numerous and its details so thoroughly understood. Surely Mrs. Caldwell must have been the humorist of the class of '62.

JUNIOR CONTEST.

The Junior contest took place on Monday evening. The contestants were greeted by the largest audience that has been present, on this occasion for years. The orations were first class and showed careful thought and preparation. Miss Jean Robertson, of New Wilmington, Pa., by a unanimous vote of the judges, was awarded the first medal. The second was more closely contested but resulted in a victory for Andrew H. Elliott, of New Wilmington, Pa. The judges were Rev. J. A. Greer, D. D., of Allegheny Theological Seminary; Rev. Schouller, Greenville, Pa.; and Prof. Trendley, of Youngstown, Ohio. The following is the program:

Prayer.

Piano Solo—May McCreary.

The Revelation of Childhood in Literature—Miss Theodore J. Barr, Zafarwal, India.

Truth the Conqueror—Miss Hannah Peebles, Harlansburg, Pa.

Piano Solo—Alice Semple.

Evolution vs. Revolution—Andrew H. Elliott, New Wilmington, Pa.

Piano Solo—Maud Haney.

The Will the Arbiter of Life—Miss Jean Robertson, New Wilmington, Pa.

Perils of the Republic—Miss Mary M. Stewart, Stewart Station, Pa.

Piano Duet—Misses Stafford and Foster.

Decision of Judges and Presentation of Medals.

WESTMINSTER ALUMNI.

The Alumni of Westminster College held a meeting in committee rooms on Saturday evening, May 30, at 8 o'clock. Rev. J. C. Taggart called the meeting to order and Rev. A. H. Elder called the roll of classes, which was responded to as follows:

Class of 1857, Rev. D. S. Littell, D. D.; 1858, Rev D. S. Kennedy, D. D.; 1859, Rev. A. H. Elder, Rev J. B. McMichael; 1860, Rev. J. G. Madge; 1862, Rev. N. E. Brown, Rev. Wm. Harvey; 1863, Rev. John Williamson, D. D.; 1864, Rev. J. M. Wallace, Rev. M. M. Pollock, Rev. J. A. Wilson, D. D.; 1866, Rev. J. C. Taggart; 1867, Rev. W. S. Owens, D. D.; 1868, Rev. D. R. Imbrie; 1869, Rev. Joseph Calhoun, Rev. I. T. Wright, Rev. David Dodds, Ph. D., Rev. J. S. Dice, Rev. E. Z. Thomas; 1871, Rev. W. R. Bruce; 1873, Rev. George M. Reed; 1874, Rev. R. A. Gilfillan, Rev. J. H. Braden, Nathan Winegart; 1875, Rev. J. W. Best; 1877, Rev. L. E. Hawk; 1879, Rev. J. B. Irwin; 1880, Rev. H. H. Wallace; 1881, Rev. J. A Shaw, S. B. Donaldson, Esq., Rev. Geo. E. Carnahan, Rev. J. A. Littell; 1884, Rev. N. L. Heidger; 1886, Rev. R. L. Hay, Rev. J. A. Alexander.

While refreshments were being served and partaken of, the following were responded to: "The Fathers," Dr. John Williamson; "Our Mother," Dr. W. S. Owens; "Our First Baby," Rev. J. M. Wallace; "Evangelistic Lights," Dr. D. S. Littell; "Legal Lights," S. B. Donaldson, Esq.; "The Law and the Gospel," Dr. John Wilson; "The Gimlet," Rev. A. H. Elder; "Augers," Rev. L. E. Hawk; "The World without Westminster," Rev. D. Dodds; "The World with Westminster," Rev. Wm. Harvey.

Rev. D. S. Kennedy acted as toast-master. On motion it was ordered that the proceedings of the meeting be published in the *Daily Clarion* and a copy be sent to the HOLCAD of Westminster. The very pleasant and social meeting closed with earnest prayer by Dr. D. S. Littell for God's blessing upon Westminster and her Alumni.

MUSIC NOTES.

—The farewell concert on the evening of June 20th was up to the usual high standard of the entertainments given by the Westminster Quartette. The selection entitled "Night Witchery" is one of the loveliest pieces of music one can listen to. The other songs too were all good and received hearty encores.

Each member of the Quartette also rendered a solo, all of which were excellent, Mr. Barr's and Mr. Nevin's being especially adapted to bring out their really remarkable voices.

—Mr. R. R. McClure gave his graduating recital June 11th. He rendered some very excellent piano music. Prof. J. D. Barr, who furnished the vocal music for the evening was heartily encored on his rendition of "Erin on the Rhine."

—Miss Lizzie McDowell's graduating recital was given on the 16th. Her well chosen selections were also nicely executed. Mr. W. W. Campbell, the vocalist of this evening, sang some excellent pieces. A selection from Gounod, entitled "Nazarette," was particularly beautiful.

—The pupils' recital at the Second church, Monday afternoon, was well attended and highly appreciated.

—The graduates' recital was given at the Second church Tuesday afternoon. This, too, was very much enjoyed by all present. The last selection was a duo, played by the four music graduates of the class of '91. Following is the program:

Piano Solo—Scherzo in B flat minor.....Chopin
Miss Mary Ferguson.
Piano Solo—Spinning Song.....Wagner-Liszt
Miss Lizzie McDowell.
Vocal Solo—Nydia's Love Song.....Adams
Miss Laughlin.
Piano Solo—Bird Song.....Henselt
Miss Etta McClelland.
Violin Solo—La Sonambula.....Singlee
Mr. W. K. Ramsey.
Piano Solo—Sonata Pathetique.....Beethoven
Mr. Reed McClure.
Piano Duo—Ruy Blas.....Mendelssohn
Misses Chapin, Haney, McCreary and Semple.

—The Grove City and Westminster nines crossed bats on the grounds of the former on May 24. Score 10 to 9 in favor of Westminster.

ART NOTES.

Perhaps no other department of the college has made such rapid progress during the past year as the art department. This was shown during commencement week by the display of over fifty of the best products of the pupils' pencils and brushes. Among the most note-worthy of these is a portrait crayoned by Miss Anderson, which evinced both talent and diligence. Then there were displayed drawings of casts, upon which Miss Anderson has been at work during the past year.

A large pastoral scene in oil by Miss McConnell shows a flock of sheep huddled together at the foot of a mountain, seeming to look wonderingly at a fire, and at a hunter's accoutrements lying on the ground below. Miss McConnell had also a number of smaller paintings among which may be mention a boquet of lilacs, and a vase filled with roses, sitting on a table. A natural effect is produced in the latter by the shadows thrown upon the smooth surface of the table.

Miss Stewart has produced an excellent representation in oil of a large bird swooping down upon its, to us, invisible prey in the water beneath. The lake is situated among hills, giving to the whole a beautiful, though quiet effect.

Miss Anderson has been doing good work in oil. Her most attractive production is the picture of a large dog sitting by a table. Probably the first criticism that we would make is that the dog is too intelligent looking. Among other large pictures worthy of notice is Mr. Barr's "Stag," as beautiful as Walter Scott's novel picture on the same subject; Mr. Russell's "Castle by the Sea, ' and Miss Lytle's country scene.

Miss Elliott's "Angelus" and "Priscilla," are fine representations of the attitude of prayer and the renowned Puritan maiden.

Among the smaller pictures, there may be mentioned some which can best be described, in school-girl vernacular, as "cute."

Miss Anderson and Miss McConnell each had a bunch of fruit, drawn from still life. They were almost exact representations of bananas and oranges, although the color was not quite deep enough for natural oranges and too deep for a lemon. On the whole the production evinced, in many cases talent, in all, conscientious work.

SOCIETY CONTEST.

Following is the program between the Philomath and Adelphic Literary Societies, June 24, 1891:

Music. Prayer. Music

Essay—Ethics as a Factor in Economics and Sociology
John M. Donaldson, North Star, Pa.

The Soul Discovered—C. S. McKinney, West Sunbury

Music.

Debate—Question: Should the Public Observance of the Sabbath be Enforced by Civil Law.

Affirm.....J. Y. McKinney, West Sunbury, Pa.
Negative.....Andrew L. Russell, Bulger, Pa.

Music.

Oration—Competition's Complement,
Albert B. Smith, Allegheny, Pa.

Democracy: The Ideal Government,
C. G. Jordan, Harlansburg, Pa.

Music.

Declamation: Parrhasius and the Captive,
T. W. Kennedy, Lowellville, Ohio

The Cobra.....D. P. Smith, Topeka, Kan

C. S. McKinney won essay; A. L. Russell was decided to have won the debate, two judges for, one against. Oration was given to A. B. Smith, and declamation given to D. P. Smith, eight points for Philomath and two points to Adelphic. This is the decision of the judges, but as in every contest there are those who are not satisfied with all the decisions. Adelphics, get to work; Philos, do not glory too much in your victory and become careless.

PRESIDENT FERGUSON'S ADDRESS TO THE GRUDUATES.

My young friends of the class of 91, you stand here to-day a goodly company of more than forty. For years you have been looking toward this hour. Sometimes you may have been disheartened by failure and sometimes elated by success. By both experiences you have been seasoned for the work of life. If you have some regretful thoughts as you look back upon neglected opportunities, you have, I trust, the sweet consciousness that the years spent here have in the main been usefully and profitably employed.

There is yet very much land to be possessed. To know this is no minor attainment. It is something important to have learned that you have not quite compassed the whole realm of knowledge and of thought. How shall you push the conquest into the regions beyond? How shall you take possession of your entire heritage? How shall you forty-five young men and women, having the advantage of liberal education, adequately impress your generation?

I commend to you a sturdy quality in homely phrase. 'Tis *pluck—upright, downright, honest pluck.* It contains at least two elements, courage to undertake and persistency to prosecute a worthy purpose.

I do not mean that spurious pluck that is quick to resent an insult, that plunges headlong into quarrels reckless of results—the pluck of a game-cock that sacrifices itself to no other purpose than the amusement of onlookers. I mean the courage to undertake things worthy to be done. The thing to be done may not be great in itself considered, but may require greatness in you. It may be nothing larger than to teach a class or pray in a meeting or break unpleasant news or rebuke an offender. It may be nothing more than to solve a difficult problem or master a logical argument. But he who bends his powers to the task without flinching has

found the key to the solution—the way to achievement.

Perhaps the thing to be done is great in itself, worthy of the devotion of a life-time, far-reaching in its effects upon mankind, but it is confronted with dangers and encompassed with difficulties. Shall it be undertaken? Carlyle says, "Every noble work is at first impossible." So seemed the missionary enterprise to the cotemporaries of Carey. So seemed the abolition of slavery to a besotted nation. If the hour has struck for the birth of any noble enterprise, any great reform, let us be willing to share in its nurture. Let us have faith in God and a strong right arm and undertake the work of the hour, however impossible it seem. It was Christian pluck that found expression in the words of Dr. Duff, "Undertake great things for God; expect great things from God."

A second element is continuity, persistence in endeavor. Courage will avail little if it is soon spent. Said Pastor John Robinson to the Pilgrim Fathers, "It is not with us as with some other men, whom small things discourage and small discontents cause to wish themselves home again." They counted the cost and believed that liberty of conscience was worth the sacrifice of present ease, and the heroic endeavors of themselves and their descendants.

Choose then a work worthy of your best powers and abide in it.

"Be firm! One constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base and greets the sunrise still."

Be not tossed about by every wind of doctrine or opportunity. Be not shaken from your base by every shock of opposition. Be firm in your adherence to the old Bible, the old Gospel, the old morality. Be firm in your hatred of the vices of the time—intemperance, impurity, gambling, profanity. Be firm in your loyalty to Christ, and may the Lord bless you every one, keep your eyes from tears and your feet from falling; keep you faithful unto death that you may receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Mr. R. evidently possesses the key to the situation.

—The art display was finer this commencement than ever before.

—A. M. Robb, '87, spent Sabbath, May 31, with friends in town.

—Mr. and Mrs. Trimble and Miss Trimble attended the commencement exercises.

—W. B. Williamson, '84, died at his home in Kenton, O., on the 15th of this month.

—The Philomath orchestra gave entertainments at Wampum and Wurtemburg recently.

—Alumni, who were at commencement, we do not mention your names for lack of space.

—Prof. Austin's numerous friends will be delighted to hear that he will soon sail for home.

—Prof. McGranahan occupied the pulpit of Rev. J. H. Breeden, West Sunbury, Pa., on June 7th.

—Miss Susie Hover, '91, was married to Mr. Atwood, of Jamestown, on Thursday, June 25.

—W. M. Bigger, '94, was called home on June, 4, on account of the sudden death of his mother.

—Miss Blanche Thompson, a former student of Westminster, attended the commencement exercises.

—Prof. Swan was absent for a short time since our last issue on account of the serious illness of his father.

—Mr. Claudius Thompson, a former student of Westminster, recently graduated at the Volant Academy.

—Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Butler, visited their son, A. L. Russell, of the Junior class, during commencement.

—The festival given by the members of the Leagorian society on June 5th, was a success both financially and socially.

—Rev. R. T. Campbell, '86, spent Sabbath, June 7th, with his mother and preached in the college chapel in the evening.

—At the request of the Y. W. C. T. U. each society of the college devoted an evening recently to the temperance cause.

—Did Mr. R., the "young minister," visit Shenango township as a candidate for a call or for the purpose of making a call?

—R. K. Aiken, '90, who is a law student in the office of D. S. Morris, New Castle, paid the college a flying visit on May 27.

—From a reliable source we learn that some of the students of Westminster are adepts in the aquatic as well as the divine art.

—A number of the students went to Grove City to attend the commencement exercises there, which took place on Thursday, June 25.

—The "Flowing Bowl," given on Saturday evening, June 13th, for the benefit of the base ball club, realized about $30 in net proceeds.

—The Alethean medal given to the lady who had the best written and delivered essay, was awarded this year to Miss Birdie Clingan.

—President Ferguson preached the baccalaureate sermon in the 2nd U. P. church on Sabbath evening, June 21, his text. "Obedient unto death."

—Two recitals were given this week, one by the undergraduates in music, and the other by the graduating class. They were both very fine.

—A large bakery is to be opened in the near future by Frederick Brunne, of New Castle, in the building above the New Wilmington House.

—The undergraduates of the conservatory of music gave a very enjoyable entertainment in the hall of the conservatory on Tuesday evening, May 26.

—Prof. Thompson, of Johns Hopkin's University, who will occupy the chair of mathematics and chemistry next year, paid the college a short visit on June 6 and made quite a favorable impression upon the students.

—The class spirit of the Sophomore and Freshmen classes has again been revived by the mortar boards of the former and the new canes of the latter.

—The Westminster nine played the Kiskiminetas nine on the latter's grounds on June 1. Score, 13 to 12 in favor of the Kiskiminetas nine in a game of ten innings.

—The members of the Leagorean Society served ice-cream, cake and strawberries on Tuesday afternoon and evening of commencement week. They realized quite a sum.

—The Philomath orchestra assisted by W. W. Campbell, soloist, and T. W. Kennedy, elocutionist, gave an entertainment to a very large and appreciative audience on June 8.

—A large number of the young ladies of the college secured a hay wagon and four horses and picniced at Neshannock Falls on June 15th. A very enjoyable time was reported.

—Rev. Dr. Marquis, President of the McCormick Theological Seminary, of Chicago, preached the annual sermon before the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s on Sabbath morning, June 21.

—The recital for graduation given by Miss McDowell, assisted by W. W Campbell, on Wednesday evening, June 17th, was enjoyed by a large number of Miss M.'s numerous friends.

—Miss Frew, who attended college in 1888, entertained a number of her friends at her home near New Castle on Friday evening, June 19. Five couples from the college were

among the number. A very enjoyable time was reported.

—The Allegheny and Westminster college ball teams played a match game on the grounds of the latter on May 27, which resulted in a score of 13 to 0 in favor of Westminster.

—The annual contest between the Philomath and Adelphic literary societies was held on commencement evening, and resulted in favor of the Philos, the Adelphics gaining only the essay.

—Miss Berta Armstrong, of Marietta, Ga., who has been studying art and music here for the past year, returned home on Thursday, June 25. She does not expect to come back next year.

—This year no one was allowed to erect a stand about the campus on commencement day. This act is certainly very commendable as it took away from the exercises the appearance of a country fair.

—Another instance of the remarkable influence of association—Mr. M. and Miss M. were taken for brother and sister. Of course this was more due to their mutual resemblance than to their treatment of each other.

—The graduating recital given by R. R. McClure, assisted by Prof. J. D. Barr, on June 11, evinced great talent and careful training. Prof. Barr's rendition of "Ehren on the Rhine" evoked great applause.

—The Grove City and Westminster nines crossed bats on the grounds of the latter on the 22nd. The game resulted in a score of 8 to 2 in favor of Grove City. Runninger was not present and Grove City had a "crack" pitcher from Butler.

—"Some may grumble
And some complain,
But we still carry
The Freshman cane,"

is the song of the Freshmen in spite of the onslaught of the Sophs.

—Mr. D. invites Mr. R. to accompany him while calling on some lady friends in Grove City. Mr. D. soon takes his departure in company with one of the ladies leaving Mr. R. to entertain the other. Mr. R.'s wrath is unbounded when, upon the return of the former, he discovers that he has been unwittingly bestowing his attentions upon the mother while Mr. D. has been entertaining the daughter.

—The New Castle and Westminster nines played on the grounds of the latter on June 15. The game was stopped at the end of the seventh inning because certain members of the New Castle team were compelled to go home to attend to urgent business. Score, 9 to 7, in favor of New Castle.

—The alumni meeting Tuesday evening, June 23, was a very enjoyable one. Rev. D. M. Benham, '83, was orator. Mr. A. H. Mercer, '76, gave the history of the class. The essayist and poet were absent. Some very good music was rendered by the music students and the alumni.

—The annual Junior contest for the Stewart medals was held in the second U. P. church on Monday evening, June 22; the first medal was won by Miss Jean Robertson. Her subject, "The Will the Arbiter of Life." The second medal was won by A. H. Elliott. His subject, "Evolution vs. Revolution."

—In the inter-collegiate athletic contest held at Allegheny on Saturday, May 30, Westminster won three events. The mile run was won by W. K. Ramsey, of Rock Point; the standing broad jump by W. H. King, of Geneva, O., distance 9 ft. 9½ in.; the standing high jump by W. B. Anderson, of Mumford, N. Y., height, 4 ft. 6 in.

—The first prize in the inter-collegiate oratorical contest at Beaver Falls, on Friday evening, May 29, was won by W. W. Youngson, of Allegheny College. His subject, "The Philosophy of History." The second prize

was won by H. M. Chalfant, of Washington and Jefferson College. His subject, "International Arbitration."

—The farewell concert given by the Westminster Quartette, assisted by Miss Belle Comin, contralto, and Miss M. Louise Johnston, accompanist, on Saturday, June 20th, was an entertainment of a very high order. The many admirers of the Quartette will be disappointed to learn that it will be disorganized, since it is composed of three seniors and one alumnus.

—The members of the Adelphic Literary Society have renovated and very tastefully refitted their hall with new curtains and lamps. Invitations were issued and the graduating exercises of the class of '91 were held in the hall on Saturday evening, June 20; Dr. Marquis, of Chicago, a former member of the society, presented the diplomas. The class numbers eleven.

—The following is the advertisement of the quartette's farewell concert as it was written on the side-walk in front of the postoffice: "The quartette's farewell concert in the college *chaple* this eve. Come all." Soon some one came along, presumably a Junior, and thinking exultingly that he had detected an error in a Senior's spelling of the word chapel, wrote the following immediately under it: "A Senior did this. Please don't *critisise*."

—The reunion of the class of '76 was a very enjoyable meeting. The following program was used:

Music. Prayer. Music.
History of Class..... Rev. Mercer
Oration.....Rev. Benham
Music.
Speeches
Music.....Westminster Male Quartette

The class of '90 also had a reunion, thirteen being present.

—A very enjoyable event was the farewell reception tendered by the congregation of the Second U. P. church to their former pastor Rev. J. A. Kennedy, on the eve of his departure to his new field of labor in Philadelphia. Refreshments were served by the young ladies of the congregation and Dr. Ferguson, on behalf of the congregation presented Mr. Kennedy with a very fine gold watch and chain as a token of their appreciation of his faithful services.

—The Westminster and W. and J. nines crossed bats on the grounds of the latter on June 2d. The result was a victory of 17 to 0 in favor of W. and J. This signal defeat was mainly owing to the unusual number of passed balls of the catcher of the Westminster nine. He was not the regular catcher of the nine, but was chosen from the Washington team as a substitute for the regular catcher, who was hurt in a game with the Kiskiminta's nine on the preceding day. Runinger's speed tries the best of catchers.

EXCHANGES.

The Annex, although not so large as many of the exchanges, has a cheery air, which makes it a welcome visitor.

The value of an education is not in the amount of knowledge acquired, but in the use made of it.—*Western Plowman.*

To jeer at the perplexities of the agnostic is sacrilege; to censure the unsatisfied questionings of the skeptic is to dishonor truth.—*Olio.*

"In college life there is nothing more pleasing to a patriotic student than the advancement of his alma mater." This same patriotism should be manifest among the alumni of an institution.

"The Heir Apparent," the first prize oration at Inter-State Contest, Des Moines, has appeared on the pages of many of our ex-

changes. The production is certainly fine and merits the attention given it.

The student interested in athletics should read an article in the *Oberlin Review* entitled, History of Oberlin Athletics. The article is not confined to athletics, but gives interesting facts from the early history of the college.

To Cornell college alone probably belongs the honor of establishing a professorship of journalism, looking to a thorough training which will fit a man as well for this field as the other courses in college qualify him for their respective ends.—*Ex.*

Judging from the brilliant productions published lately in the exchanges, the outlook in the field of poetry is most encouraging. Longfellow's Hiawatha has been surpassed both in thought and beauty of expression by a late piece entitled, Junior Banquet. The piece is classical and must be read with care in order to obtain the full benefit of the fine points.

—An English shopkeeper found that on several occasions bottles of spirits were missing and he could obtain no clue to the thief. Finally he arranged an electric signaling device by means of which, if a bottle was disturbed, a bell would be rung. The affair worked admirably and the thief was caught red handed.

—Forty years ago the people of the town of Norway, Me., got into a dispute about naming the streets. There was a dead-lock, which was broken by H. I. Kimball, later of Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Kimball privately painted signs for all the streets, giving the names he wished. Then, in the night, nailed them up. In the morning the streets were all named and the quarrel was ended.

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